"I shall tell you about our trip and all the rest of our pilgrimage. But, first, I beg you in your kindness not to consider me vulgar because I speak plainly . . ."

FOR THE FIRST TIME—through the pages of a beautiful new book—Geoffrey Chaucer and his Canterbury pilgrims "speak plainly" to the modern reader. For the first time, THE CANTERBURY TALES have been rendered into idiomatic, 20th century prose as urbane, racy, and unaffected as Chaucer's own language was to his contemporaries.

Thanks to Professor Lumiansky's faithful translation, the reader may now relish—without recourse to footnote or dictionary—the Wife of Bath's robust quips, the Squire's romantic tale, and all the merry jibes and fancies, the quarrels and practical jokes and, above all, the tales—dramatic, sardonic, tragic, or slapstick—with which the pilgrims entertained themselves on their way to Canterbury.

The new Inner Sanctum Edition provides a delightful setting for this merriest treasure of English literature. It is illustrated with fifty-nine pictures, thirty-seven of them in dazzling colors, by H. Lawrence Hoffman.

THE INNER SANCTUM EDITION OF

The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer

Newly translated into modern prose by R. M. Lumiansky. With a preface by Mark Van Doren. Illustrated. Price $2.95 • Simon and Schuster

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OF GIRLS . . . We'd like to recommend this one. She's calm. She's courteous. She's competent. Her job is to get your call through, quickly and accurately, wherever you want it to go. She's one of 250,000 girls who help to give you good service, day and night, seven days a week. She's your telephone operator.

Bell Telephone System

This Week

December 4, 1948

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

PAGE

Features

THE DESTRUCTION OF SCIENCE IN THE USSR
By H. J. Muller 13
LITERARY HIGHLIGHTS OF 1948
By Amy Loveman 18
WHAT SRL REVIEWERS ARE GIVING FOR CHRISTMAS 19
STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN
By David L. Cohn 20
PAUL SACHS & HIS FRIENDS
By Francis Henry Tayler 52

Reviews

THE ROAD TO REASON
Reviewed by George N. Shuster 26
PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION
Reviewed by William S. Lynch 27
MENDELEYEV
Reviewed by Waldemar Kaempffert 28
WANDERING SCHOLAR
Reviewed by Asher Brynes 29
THE FIRST HOLY ONE
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt 30
ELIZABETH, CAPTIVE PRINCESS
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 31
THE CORNER THAT HELD THEM
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin 32
THE PEOPLE OPPOSITE
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay 33
THE ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY
Reviewed by John T. Winterich 36
THE POETRY AND PROSE OF HEINRICH HEINE
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 40
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
Reviewed by Lee Rogow 44
THE LOST ART OF PROFANITY
Reviewed by John T. Winterich 46

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 8
THE LITERARY SAMPLER 16
LITERARY I. Q. 21
EDITORIAL 22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 24
LITERARY CRYPT 42
THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby 50
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 54
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby 67
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton 68
THE FILM FORUM
By Raymond Spottiswoode 71
PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 72
DOUBLE-CROSTIC: No. 767 75

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 49, December 4, 1948. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1948 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

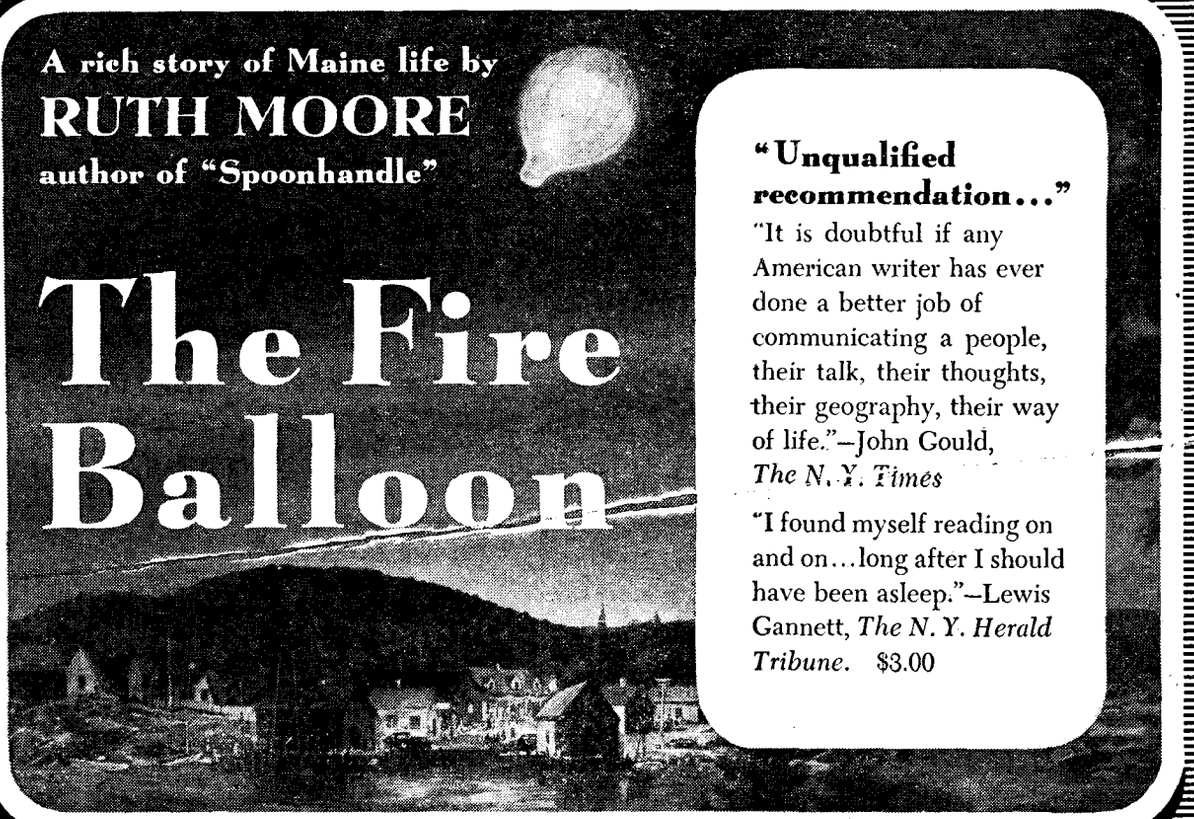
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A rich story of Maine life by

RUTH MOORE

author of "Spoonhandle"

The Fire Balloon



"Unqualified recommendation..."

"It is doubtful if any American writer has ever done a better job of communicating a people, their talk, their thoughts, their geography, their way of life."—John Gould, *The N. Y. Times*

"I found myself reading on and on...long after I should have been asleep."—Lewis Gannett, *The N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

The **Hickory Stick**

by VIRGIL SCOTT

"Packs a wallop!" says Harry Hansen (*New York World-Telegram*). "The best story in the Sinclair Lewis tradition of American realism in years! If you enjoy a real hard-hitting school scrap, Mr. Scott never lets you down." 750 pages. $3.95

ELIZABETH CADELL

Gay Pursuit

"Delicately perfect..." For Angela Thirkell fans, for admirers of the early Margery Sharp stories, for anyone who might like an amusing, delightful book . . . abundant in humor, neat in style."—Joanna Spencer, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

For Christmas — buy Give-A-Book Certificates for relatives and friends. At booksellers everywhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADDRESS TO THE READER

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THIS NATION began when the first settler from abroad of sensitive mind paused in his adventure long enough to feel that he was under a different sky, breathing new air, and that a New World was all before him with only his strength and Providence for guides. With him began a different emphasis upon an old theme in literature, the theme of cutting loose and faring forth, renewed under the powerful influence of a fresh continent for civilized man. It has provided, ever since those first days, an element in our native literature, whose other theme has come from a nostalgia for the rich culture of Europe, so much of which was perforce left behind.

It is not surprising that our own writers in the first three centuries of New World history were more often purveyors of this nostalgia than recorders of the warmth of the American imagination kindling in novel scenes. They believed that their mission was to be importers and middlemen for America of this European culture . . .

Yet the literature of the new country was to be shaped more by a hope for the future than by a clinging to the past. Observers from across the seas have noted from the beginning the buoyancy of our writing, its richness in spiritual conflicts, carried in such great writers as Poe and Melville, and in such moderns as William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, and Thomas Wolfe, to the bounds, and sometimes beyond the bounds, of neuroticism. They have been impressed by the vigorous self-assertion, expressed in the lesser men as naïve pride. The slow emergence of an articulate racial mixture — a race of races, as Whitman called it — has deeply interested them, for this was an experience not known in Europe since the Roman Empire . . .

The first historians of American literature wrote of it as if they were describing transplanted English flowers and trees. A later school of historians discovered its democratic, psychological, and economic differentiations; but in their zeal for argument and their eagerness to establish our originality, they often left unemphasized the timeless values in our writing.

The time has now come, and the materials of research and criticism are available, to strike a balance between those who protested against European dominance and those who did not. To draw a new and truer picture of our literary tradition is the intention of this book.

We shall tell in the following chapters the story of the importation into our New World of European ideas and shapes for the imagination. We shall show that American literature differs from all the modern literatures of Europe in that it depends both upon an imported culture and upon the circumstances of a New World radically different in human experience from the Old, and thus has a quality which will presumably be characteristic of the literature of the future in a world society more mobile and yet more integrated than our own.

We shall discuss the instruments of our national culture as they existed and developed. We shall set in order the progress from colonies to republic, from republic to democracy, from East to West, from sections and regions to a national unity.

We shall treat at length these regions and sections, and discuss the rise and fall of literary dominations, the schools and coteries, the prophets and mythmakers, the interactions of politics, economics, and religion with literary expression, and those strong impulses toward escape and refinement and toward revolt and the needs of the common man, so characteristic of the United States.

And we shall pause where genius emerges; for this is a history of literature, and literature, unlike politics, can never be measured by quantity, but only by the crystallization of strong imagination in words.

—THE EDITORS,
Literary History of the United States

At all bookstores
The Saturday Review

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HISTORY *of the United States*

Edited by ROBERT E. SPILLER, WILLARD THORP, THOMAS H. JOHNSON, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY *and their associates,* HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, DIXON WECTER, STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

Here, in three superb volumes, is a complete critical, biographical, and historical record of American literature and its makers. The planning, design, and assignment of chapters took a year of conferences among the four editors and their three associates. Some forty-eight contributors added their labors. Three years were given to the writing, two more to the editing and publishing. No pains were spared to make this work a monumental addition to our literary culture, a fascinating story to read, and an indispensable authority to consult.

The result is a magnificent history, beginning with the earliest known fragments touching on the New World, and concluding with the rich and complex flowering of our literary culture today. The first two volumes examine every facet of our literature: fiction, poetry, drama, folklore and humor, historical and political writing, memoirs and journals, philosophy, exploration and travel, our language itself. Social, cultural, and regional backgrounds are explored, and the technical problems of authorship, publishing, copyright, etc. are treated. The work of each author is evaluated — from Jonathan Edwards and Ralph Waldo Emerson to H. L. Mencken, from Charles Brockden Brown to Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck and Gertrude Stein — and including many lesser known writers.

The third volume is a unique bibliography of tremendous range. Compiled by Thomas H. Johnson, it covers exhaustively literary resources and tools, gives a bibliography of criticism, and then covers American literature by period and type. It gives a history of formative ideas; then lists the separate authors, their works, collected works, biography and criticism, and primary sources.

This invaluable work will be welcomed by every author, scholar, student of our literature. It should find its way into all libraries, and into the homes of all readers who wish to understand and preserve our American heritage.

A Partial List of the Distinguished Contributors

BRAND BLANSHARD
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER
MALCOLM COWLEY
MERLE CURTI
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
F. O. MATTHEISSEN
H. L. MENCKEN
ALLAN NEVINS
CARL SANDBURG
ODELL SHEPARD
WALLACE STEGNER
GEORGE R. STEWART
CARL VAN DOREN
DIXON WECTER

Complete set of 3 volumes, boxed $20.00
Volumes I and II, boxed $15.00
Bibliography alone $7.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THAT CANNY OPERATOR, Billy Rose, has hit upon a sure-fire gimmick to bolster sales of his breezy "Wine, Women and Words." Glamor-starved booksellers throughout the land received a personal letter from him on the flossy, blue-tinted stationery of his Ziegfeld Theatre, offering a thousand-dollar prize for the best window display of his book, "crinkly fifty-dollar bills" to the ten runners-up, and as a final clincheroo, a champagne supper at his Diamond Horseshoe for *every* contestant (and the guest of his or her choice) who enters the contest and sends a photograph to prove it. Entries to date: 233. Other authors are urged to follow Mr. Rose's example. All they need, of course, is a bankroll like Billy's—not to mention a theatre and a cabaret. . . . Rose's "Wine, Women and Words," incidentally, is smoother than the backstroke that won his wife Eleanor a hundred swimming titles. I particularly like the story of the first day he drove a car in traffic. He stalled at the busiest intersection in Mt. Kisco. The lights changed from green, to amber, to red, to amber, and so on. A cop finally came over and asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Rose? Haven't we got any colors you like?" . . . Billy finally started the car—and ran it up on the sidewalk. "If you're going to drive much," advised the solicitous cop, "I'd have the car painted red on one side and blue on the other, so the witnesses will contradict each other." . . .

SINCLAIR LEWIS RARELY grants interviews these days, but just before he sailed for a four-month stay in Italy, Sylvia B. Richmond, of the *Chelsea Record,* not only persuaded him to relax his rule, but charmed him into posing for special pictures as well. Lewis had just completed his forthcoming novel, "The God-Seeker," the day he saw Miss Richmond, and was evidently full of beans. "A mighty important thing for all authors to cultivate," he observed, "is this thing Mencken refers to as 'sitz-fleisch.' As Mary Heaton Vorse so aptly said back in 1911, 'The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of your pants to the seat of your chair.' Maybe we'll have to lock writers up to keep them at their task. And now something new has popped up to entice them from their work—television!"

Mention of a certain snobbish Eastern college had Mr. Lewis up in arms. "The great future of our American education," he thundered, "is wrapped up in our state universities, and not in the gentlemen's exclusive country clubs that we call colleges. I am pained, irked, and bored by the constant boast of some of these institutions that they really *are* democratic. The mere fact that they keep harping on the subject proves that they are not! Beware the man who goes around boasting how honest he is—he's the man who bears watching. I believe in mass education. If anything is good enough for the chosen few, why deny it to the masses? Throwing open the schools and colleges to the GI's is about the only real benefit these boys get out of the war."

Lewis is very bullish on Norman Mailer. " 'The Naked and the Dead'," he told Miss Richmond, "is an amazing piece of writing. That boy has a great sweep and an enormous scope. He's the author of the hour—the greatest writer to come out of this generation." . . .

BEN HUEBSCH, OF VIKING, adds a footnote to Nelson Doubleday's recollection of Rudyard Kipling, printed in TRADE WINDS for October 23. "Kipling," notes Mr. Huebsch, "was at the height of his popularity when he took sick at New York's Hotel Grenoble in 1899, and the state of his health was front-page news. During the days in which his life was in danger crowds stood at the corner of 56th Street and Seventh Avenue. Some were the usual curiosity seekers but many were admirers who hoped to get bulletins quicker than by waiting for newspaper reports. I do not remember any similar sustained excitement about the health of a public figure. Certainly he was the only writer who ever aroused such attention.

"I may be mistaken, but it is my recollection that Kipling's popularity began to wane just after that critical time, and I remember he was quoted as saying that the American public never forgave him for not dying." . . .

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL reports a final break between the Colston Leigh Lecture Bureau and one gravel-voiced author who consistently overstayed his allotted time on the rostrum, pausing only long enough for an occasional gulp of water. During one such brief but welcome instant of silence, the chairman of the meeting told Leigh in a loud whisper, "First time I ever saw a windmill run by water." . . . Another lecturer, relates Samuel Withers, has been touring the schools to tell of his adventures in darkest Iberia. A native chief, he told one audience, became so fond of him that he sent over several of the tribe's loveliest girls as a going-away present. "I returned them, of course," said the lecturer piously. The shocked school librarian blurted, "Unopened, I hope." The story was deleted from subsequent performances. . . .

MARGARET YOUNG, literary editor of the Beaumont, Texas, *Enterprise,* writes, "It's bad enough to have friends walk off with choice new review copies before I've finished them, but to add insult to injury, they pick up anything handy to mark their places. I have suffered in silence at the number of

"I never know whether Benson's working, sleeping, or out to lunch."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House Books

THE YOUNG LIONS

By ***IRWIN SHAW.*** "One of the great novels of our time."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* "With the publication of THE YOUNG LIONS Irwin Shaw becomes one of the most important of American novelists . . . a magnificent talent."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* "More than a story; it's an experience you'll long remember."—*Boston Globe.* *4th large printing, $3.95*

INTRUDER in the DUST

By ***WILLIAM FAULKNER.*** "A triumphant work of art."—*Time Magazine.* "He is a major American writer, and publication of one of his books is an event in American literature."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* "INTRUDER IN THE DUST is one of the best of his books."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books. $3.00*

THE ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY

Edited by ***HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.*** The most wonderful gift book in years! The best of everything—stories, poems, pictures, serials — from the magazine that gladdened the hearts of children for generations. 544 pages, handsomely bound in red buckram, stamped in gold. Stained top, beveled edges, wrapped in gleaming acetate. "Will probably be the most popular present to be found in the bookstalls this Christmas season."—*Newsweek.* "A plum-pudding of a book. Any age can read most of it with sheer delight."
—LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune. $5.00*

A HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC IN AMERICA

By ***SIGMUND SPAETH.*** The fascinating story of America's popular songs . . . from Yankee Doodle to Be-bop . . . and how they have reflected the sentiments, customs, and manners of their times. Wonderful stories of the best-known songs, the events that inspired them, the people who sang them, and the men who wrote them: Stephen Foster, Irving Berlin, Victor Herbert, Kern, Gershwin, Rodgers, Porter, Schwartz, and all the rest. *Including the most complete list of popular music ever printed.* *729 pages, $5.00*

BRAND NEW

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY

➡ New from cover to cover . . . complete and authoritative. More than 132,000 entries . . . easy to read . . . contains 1600 maps and pictures . . . includes over 1,000 *new* words . . . features a 12,000 word section on correct English written and spoken usage . . . 7″x10″. Handsomely and durably bound in heavy, washable buckram. Printed in large, clear type, $5.00 (Thumb indexed edition, $6.00; genuine leather editions in red, blue and tan, $12.50 each, boxed).

In Demand

MIND AND BODY
by Dr. Flanders Dunbar
A GHOST TOWN ON THE YELLOWSTONE *by Elliot Paul*
WASHINGTON WITCH HUNT
by Bert Andrews
NIGHT RIDER
by Robert Penn Warren
THE HUSBAND WHO RAN AWAY
by Hildegarde Dolson
GAUDY CENTURY: 1848-1948
by John Bruce
STAR REPORTERS
Edited by Ward Greene

AT ALL BOOKSTORES • ***RANDOM HOUSE*** • *NEW YORK*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books make wonderful gifts and none is handsomer than Frances Frost's beautiful ***Christmas Is Shaped Like Stars.*** In matchless verse she tells a charming story of an old-fashioned Vermont Christmas. The twenty beautiful illustrations and Christmasy green and red cover by Garry MacKenzie make it one of the loveliest books of the season and it's packed in a red and gold box so that it needs no special wrapping to make it your gift to someone special. Only $3.50

For your story-loving friends there is Bellamy Partridge's gay and exciting novel of New York of a century ago, ***Big Freeze.*** This happy combination of history, romance, and adventure is $2.75

Hostesses (always looking for new ideas in entertaining) will be delighted with ***The Celebrities' Cookbook.*** In it Grace Turner has collected over 200 favorite recipes of 62 stage, radio, political, and other famous people. $3.75

And for everyone, ***The Reader's Encyclopedia*** edited by William Rose Benét, will be a welcome gift. Over 18,000 articles make it "the best one-volume encyclopedia of literature and the arts on the market."* It is $6.00 (thumb indexed, $6.75) **Library Journal*

If you don't know what book to give a friend, get a Give-A-Book Certificate at your favorite book or department store. Because books make wonderful gifts.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
New York 16, N. Y.

"Guess who we just ran into?"

missing nail files, letter openers, powder puffs, combs, and fountain pens. I didn't even holler—much—when a taxidermist friend designated his stopping place with a stuffed frog. But the latest inconvenience was one too many. For three days my precious ironing board disappeared. Somebody was using it for a marker in 'Remembrance Rock'!" . . .

I KNOW PRECIOUS LITTLE about juvenile books—but "The Santa Claus Book," edited by Irene Smith, strikes me as a most appropriate addition to any kid's pile of presents under a Christmas tree. "The St. Nicholas Anthology" should delight not only boys and girls but parents who can remember when the newest instalment of Ralph Henry Barbour's "The Crimson Sweater" and announcements of prize-winners in the various St. Nicholas League competitions were the highlights of the month. The new quarter Golden Books offer, as usual, an incomparable value. The Chanticleer Press, at 41 East 50th Street, New York, also has a stunning line of inexpensive juveniles, featuring color photography. . . . And to readers who played their childhood games on traffic-laden, asphalted streets and got their first taste of country life in fair-to-middling summer camps run by school principals, Herman Wouk's "The City Boy" will be like reliving an all-but-forgotten chapter in their early lives. . . . If you enjoyed the early books of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh, be sure to pick up a copy of Aubrey Menen's "The Prevalence of Witches," a brilliant and witty novel that hasn't sold a tenth as many copies as it deserves. . . . The *Boston Herald*'s Alice Dixon Bond is down to a svelte hundred-and-twenty-odd, and was mistaken by a near-sighted publisher for Judy Garland. . . . The University of Oklahoma Press, one of the best in the country, celebrated its twentieth anniversary by moving to a new and beautifully equipped building. . . . Bob Campbell, president of the American Booksellers Association, purveyor of literature to UCLA, and one-time stalwart of Nebraska's slipperiest eleven, is now doubling in brass as a columnist for the *Los Angeles News*. *The New York Post*'ll get him if he doesn't watch out! . . .

AFTER TWENTY YEARS of reviewing a book a day, Harry Hansen has been promoted to the relatively easy job of editing the "World Almanac." He will continue his weekly letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, and will have the opportunity to finish a couple of projects of his own, but his perceptive, temperate comments in the *New York World-Telegram* will be missed by everybody in the book business. . . . The new *Telegram* reviewer is Robert W. Minton. . . . The Montgomery Fair department store, in Montgomery, Alabama, wires Jack Geoghegan, has its own Bess Sellers. In fact, she's the head of the book department. . . .

JAMES MICHENER, author of the Pulitzer Prize novel "Tales of the South Pacific," reports that the cannibals who inhabited the Fiji island of Ab once met to worry over the rapid decline in population. They voted to put their problem to a hardy missionary who daily risked his life by maintaining a hut at the tip end of the island. "Stop eating one another," suggested the missionary cheerfully. "Learn to be good to your neighbors." The chief rose in disgust. "This man," he announced, "is a dirty Communist."

—BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt and Hopkins

AN INTIMATE HISTORY

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

"None of the other Roosevelt books matches this in scope or intimacy or perspective . . . Readers will chuckle and cheer."–*N.Y. Herald Tribune.* *Illus.* $6.00

The Wild Country

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

"One of the best novels of American country life that has been written in a good many years."—*Saturday Review.* $2.75

Malabar Farm

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

Mr. Bromfield's new book about *Pleasant Valley.* "A good companion for the man of the soil and the city dweller." —*Philadelphia Bulletin.* *Illus.* $3.75

Ape and Essence

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

This fictional fable of America three centuries hence is "stimulating reading, whether it stimulates you to fury, hilarity, or despair."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

A Clouded Star

By ANNE PARRISH

The moving story of Harriet Tubman, "conductor" on the Underground Railroad. "A memorable book about an unforgettable woman."–*Saturday Review.* $2.75

Herself Surprised

By JOYCE CARY

The life story of "as surprising, engaging, paradoxical, wise and foolish a woman as ever failed to distinguish between virtue and sin."—*N.Y. Times.* $3.00

The Ides of March

By THORNTON WILDER

Mr. Wilder's fascinating novel about Julius Caesar. "One of the really great books of our generation."—*Chicago Tribune.* $2.75

The Africa of Albert Schweitzer

By CHARLES R. JOY and MELVIN ARNOLD

A day in the life of "the greatest man in the world" at work in his forest hospital at Lambarene told in pictures and text. With a concluding essay by Dr. Schweitzer. $3.75

THE Story of Modern Applied Art

By RUDOLPH ROSENTHAL and HELENA L. RATZKA

The first popular history of modern applied art from its beginnings in England a century ago. 150 rare photographs and drawings. $5.00

The Proper Study of Mankind

By STUART CHASE

An Inquiry Into the Science of Human Relations. "One of those rare books which actually helps us to keep up with the world." — *Christian Science Monitor.* $3.50

The Saint and The Devil

By FRANCES WINWAR

Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rais. A biography of the Maid of Domremy and her captain-at-arms. "Rich and truly engrossing."–*Saturday Review.* $3.75

Everyday Miracle

By GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

Through the magical charm of a master writer the amazing meaning of animal life becomes a delightful experience. "Fascinating reading."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

The Midnight Gardener

By MAX WHITE

A novel about the poet, Baudelaire. "A magnificent job . . . one of the most engrossing narratives of the season."—*N. Y. Sun.* $3.50

Painters and Personality

By SAM A. LEWISOHN

An "unpretentious package of common sense in art as well as an enviable appreciation." –*The Art Digest.* Revised and enlarged edition. *Illus.* $5.00

"Buy Give-A-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller's"

At all bookstores

Harper & Brothers

New York 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For discerning buyers of Christmas gift books

ROAD TO SURVIVAL

by William Vogt

A revolutionary new view of the world—of its multiplying peoples and its wasting riches. "If you don't read another book this year, read this one." —SATURDAY REVIEW. *$4.00*

ANSWER TO QUESTION 33

by Christopher Sykes

The novel by the brilliant author of FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY. "As satirically savage as Waugh at his devastating best . . . urbane, sophisticated, well-bred, and amusing."—SATURDAY REVIEW. *$3.50*

The ISLAND *by Nard Jones*

A frank and revealing story of some members of the "lost generation" who were thrown into a world completely different from everything they had been brought up to expect. *$3.50*

CHINA The LAND and the PEOPLE

by Gerald F. Winfield

A basic book on the gigantic problem of modern China; the portrait of a nation and the anatomy of its crisis, by a man who has spent most of his life living and working with the Chinese. *16 pages of photographs.* *$5.00*

ANATOMY OF PARADISE

HAWAII AND THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

by J. C. Furnas. "The best book of the area . . . solid and substantial, authentic, with the added and pleasant attributes of tang, spice and wit." — N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW. *$5.00*

JAPAN DIARY

by Mark Gayn

The case history of our occupation of Japan and Korea . . . a documented, fearless report. "Impressive and dramatic . . . It moves as fast as an adventure story."—*Theodore H. White.* *$4.00*

BENJAMIN LAWLESS

by Ernest K. Gann

"Adventurous but not implausible, likeable but not shallow, fundamentally happy and yet as full of problems, even insoluble problems, as life itself." —BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS. *$3.50*

The STILWELL PAPERS

by General Joseph W. Stilwell

His private papers, his field diaries, his journals, and excerpts from his letters to his wife. "An unforgettable picture of the fearless man who wrote them." —*J. P. Marquand.* *$4.00*

American Men of Letters Series

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

by Joseph Wood Krutch

"This interpretation of Thoreau is probably the best that this generation will know. It is honest, complete, sensitive and convincing." — *George F. Whicher,* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. *$3.50*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON *by Emery Neff*

"Possesses a special kind of radiance . . . a tribute of admiration from a fine intelligence and sensibility to a greater."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. *$3.50*

At all bookstores. *WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES, 119 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

The Destruction of Science in the USSR

H. J. MULLER

H. J. Muller

THE wilful destruction of science in the USSR by politicians is a tragedy of the greatest significance. It is quite evident that the Soviet politicians, being uneducated in modern natural science, and having proved themselves unwilling or unable to grasp the exacting technicalities involved in genetic reasoning, have through motives of their own taken a dislike to its conclusions, and have accordingly maneuvered to have it cast into limbo. This aim they have accomplished by the use of the same combination of flagrant misrepresentation and calculated brutality which has marked their dealings with their political opponents. Hardly four months ago, as a case in point, the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union officially repudiated the entire science of genetics and approved in its stead a group of superstitions that hark back to ancient times.

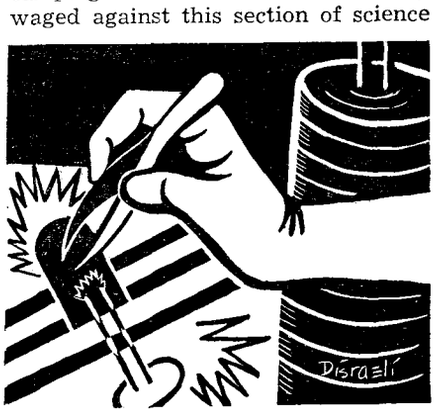
This amazing act is of the greatest significance not only for geneticists, nor for scientists alone, but for everyone. For despite the pretenses of Communist officials and their followers, this matter is not a controversy between scientists or a dispute over the relative merits of two scientific theories. It is a brutal attack on human knowledge.

And, ironically, the great majority of the geneticists who have been purged were thoroughly loyal politically; many were even ardent crusaders for the Soviet system and leadership, as the writer well knows through personal contact with them.

Unhappily, it is necessary to confess that there no longer seems any chance of saving the core of biological science, in that section of the world, short of a political overturn. Nor could what has been lost be restored in one generation. All that we can now hope to do is to conduct an autopsy, in the hope of discovering ways to check the already dangerous spread of infection to countries outside the Soviet sphere, and to make clear to the people of those countries the important lessons for civilization and humanity involved in it.

What has happened to genetics during the past few months in the USSR is only the dramatic culmination of a campaign which has been ruthlessly waged against this section of science and the workers engaged in it for more than a dozen years. In 1935 genetics had reached a very high state of advancement in the USSR, and many eminent scientists were working in it. In that year the Soviet Communist Party, unable to find a single reputable scientist willing to take part in its attack on genetics, began systematically to build up the reputation of an alleged "geneticist," a peasant - turned - plant - breeder named Trofim Lysenko. Lysenko had achieved some dubious success in applying, by trial-and-error proceedings an early American discovery about pretreating seeds in order to influence the time of maturation of certain crops; but this gives him no more claim to being a geneticist than does the treatment of dogs for worms. To a scientist, Lysenko's writings along theoretical lines are the merest drivel. He obviously fails to comprehend either what a controlled experiment is or the established principles of genetics taught in any elementary course in the subject.

The role of USSR's second great



EDITOR'S NOTE—*Last August the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union announced that it had accepted as the official Communist version of the science of genetics a body of ideas which have come to be known in this country as "Lysenkoism," after their most conspicuous advocate, the Soviet agricultural biologist Trofim Lysenko. Since then, the genetic principles accepted in the past by scientists in all countries including Russia have been repudiated by the Soviet press as "foreign bourgeois deviations."*

In this article H. J. Muller, professor of zoology at Indiana University and one of the foremost American geneticists, discusses the significance of this assault on science by the Soviet Government. Dr. Muller was senior geneticist at the Institute of Genetics in Moscow for four years (1933-1937) and has known the leading Soviet geneticists as a co-worker and friend. A native of New York City and a graduate of Columbia, Dr. Muller has taught and conducted research at Rice Institute, the University of Texas, the University of Edinburgh, and Amherst College. His experiments in genetics have won him a Nobel laureate in physiology, presidency of the Genetics Society of America, and presidency of the Eighth International Congress of Genetics held at Stockholm last summer.

In an early issue SRL *will publish another article by Dr. Muller in which he points out the implications which the Communist attack on science holds for Americans and other citizens of the world.*

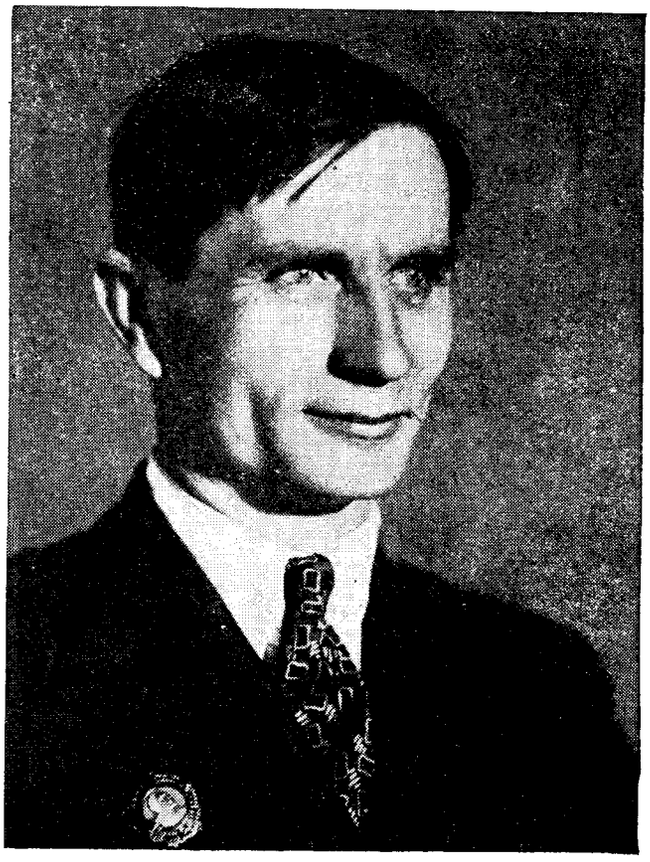
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so- called "geneticist" was assumed by a suave and unscrupulous juggler of words, the dialectical materialist "philosopher," I. Present. His authoritarian sophistries have been calculated to lend an aura of profundity that at the same time confuses and impresses the earnest lay disciple of the Party Line. However, like Lysenko's work, his writings are thoroughly unscientific in method, and fail to stand up under either theoretical analysis or the test of objective results. These two careerists have been represented to the public as bona fide scientists. They have been pushed forward, ahead of conscientious experimentalists, as proponents of what is supposed to be a valid scientific theory, but is actually a naive and self-contradictory party dogma. Although taking the name of Darwinism, or, more specifically "Michurinism," this dogma actually represents a reversion to a pre-Darwinian era all but forgotten by modern scientists.

That Lysenko and Present are not, as they are made to appear, self-constituted leaders of the rebellion against science, but are merely the tools of the highest political power, is shown by a number of telling facts. For one thing, long before Lysenko and Present had risen to their present eminence, not a few geneticists of high standing were individually martyrized on various pretexts. Only a deep-seated antagonism to genetics on the part of the higher authorities can explain why, in 1933 or thereabouts, the geneticists Chetverikoff, Ferry, and Ephroimson were all, on separate occasions, banished to Siberia, and Levitsky to a labor camp in the European Arctic, or why, in 1936, the Communist geneticist Agol was done away with, following rumors that he had been convicted of "Menshevik idealism" in genetics.

Again, in 1936, the Medicogenetical Institute, which with its numerous staff of biologists, psychologists, and more than 200 physicians constituted a shining example, unmatched anywhere in the world, of the possibilities of research in human genetics, was vilified and misrepresented in *Pravda*, and then dissolved. One of the charges made against the Institute was that it had been attempting to exalt heredity as against environment. Everyone conversant with the Institute's work knows that actually it had been entirely objective in its gathering of data, but that in its interpretations it had leaned as far as possible—if not even too far—in the environmentalist direction. Under pressure Solomon Levit, founder and director of the Institute, made a "confession" of scientific guilt, which he later admitted to the writer was entirely false and given only because loyalty to the Communist Party demanded it. Immediately afterwards he was abstracted from the scene, and has not been heard from since.

Both Agol and Levit spent the year 1931-32 in Texas, working on Rockefeller Foundation fellowships under the writer's direction. They were able then to express themselves freely in private conversation without fear of reprisals. Yet the writer can vouch that both of them went out of their way on every occasion to defend the Soviet regime, the policies and person of Stalin, and the orthodox philosophy of dialectical materialism, and that they made rather a nuisance of themselves in magnifying the importance of environmental influences even where the pertinent evidence was weak or absent. In short, they were convinced Stalinists but, being scientists with dangerous knowledge and data, the government sacrificed them.



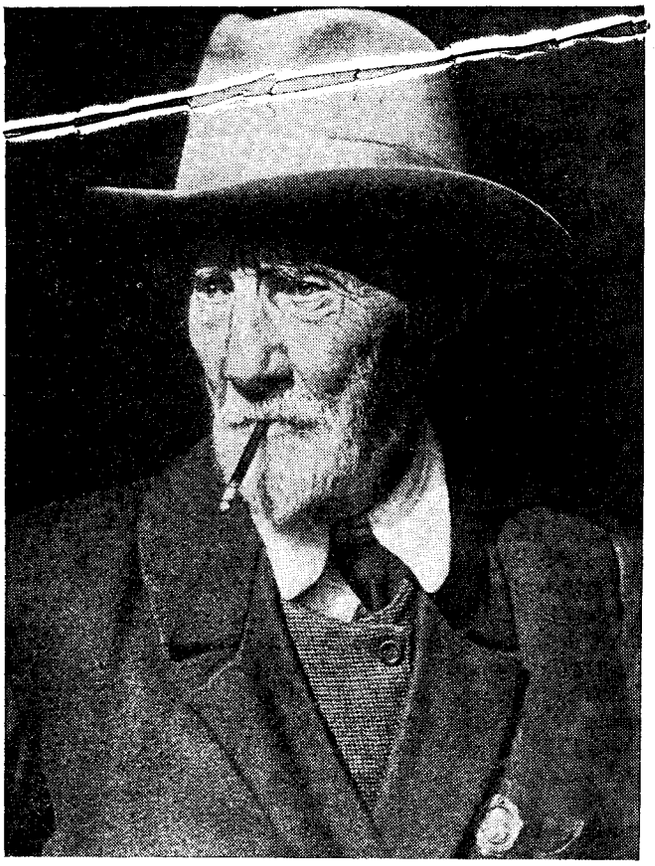
"In 1935 the USSR Communist Party began to build the reputation of an ignorant, demagogic, and fanatical peasant-turned-plant-breeder named Trofim Lysenko. Lysenko had achieved some success by trial-and-error procedure; but this gives him no more claim to being a geneticist than does the dubious treatment of dogs for worms. To a scientist, Lysenko's writings along theoretical lines seem the merest drivel. He obviously fails to comprehend either what a controlled experiment is or those known principles of genetics that are taught in any elementary course on the subject." Yet Lysenko is father of the genetics doctrine the USSR Communist Party recently called "official."

Further evidence of the machinations of the Party to build up the reputation of Lysenko, Present, and their hangers-on, may be found in an affair that occurred in December 1936. A carefully prearranged and widely publicized "genetics controversy," was held in Moscow before a packed auditorium of invited spectators, with Lysenko appearing as the main speaker for what may be called the prosecution. It was obvious that the Party administrators, who presided over the session, paid no attention to the painstaking scientific arguments of the geneticist defendants, but rejoiced at every crude slander dropped by the attacking clique. The scientifically-educated portion of the audience sided completely with the geneticists; however, the administrators and the organs of publicity, though they did not yet dare to damn them completely, thundered dire warnings. The addresses of this congress were heavily expurgated when printed in book form; yet within a few months even this emasculated volume was placed on the banned list.

Still more evidence of the Party's hostility to genetics is offered by the case of the Seventh International Congress of Genetics, that was scheduled to be held in Moscow during the summer of 1937. This meeting was called off after the Party had first toyed with the idea of allowing it to be held with the provision that all papers on evolution and human genetics be omitted—in spite of the fact that many foreign geneticists had intended in their papers to attack the Nazi racist doctrines! In 1939, when Edinburgh finally acted as host to the Congress, all forty Soviet geneticists who had submitted papers to it were at the last moment refused permission to attend. At the same time the world-renowned and widely-beloved president of the Congress,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicolai Ivanovich Vavilov, the Soviet's leading bona fide geneticist. During 1937 a public "genetics controversy" was staged in Moscow and the Lysenkoists were made to appear the clear-cut victors, while Vavilov and other real geneticists were publicly shamed. At about this time, Vavilov's posts as head of several scientific organizations were turned over to Lysenko. Later he was sent to far northeastern Siberia, where he died in 1942. "Thus," in the words of Prof. H. J. Muller, "ended the career of a man who had . . . undoubtedly done more for the genetic development of Soviet agriculture than has ever been done by any individual for any country in the world."



"The Lysenkoists," writes Professor Muller, "rely heavily on the work of the old practical plant breeders, especially the Russian Ivan Michurin [picture above] and the American Luther Burbank, who produced new varieties by trial-and-error crossing and rule-of-thumb selection. Despite the usefulness of some of these varieties, however, the writings of these men contribute nothing to our understanding of the principles concerned. Yet the importance of Michurin as a scientist has been insisted on by Stalin himself, so that the result of his work is now referred to by the Lysenkoists as 'the Michurin doctrine'." This photograph of Michurin was taken shortly before his death in June 1939.

Nicolai Ivanovich Vavilov, the Soviet's leading bona fide geneticist, sent to Edinburgh a discourteous letter of resignation, which, according to information in my possession, had been written for him.

During 1939 another public "genetics controversy" was staged in Moscow, and this time the now exalted Lysenkoists were made to appear as the clear-cut victors, while Vavilov and the other real geneticists were publicly shamed. At about this time, Vavilov's important posts as president of the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences, head of the Institute of Plant Production, and head of the Institute of Genetics were turned over to Lysenko. In 1940, during the period of the Soviet-Nazi liaison, Vavilov was arrested and sentenced to death on the charge of being a British spy. After the Nazi attack on the USSR, he was sent to far northeastern Siberia, where he died in 1942. It is reported that after his death his invaluable collection of thousands of economically important agricultural plants, together with its great reservoir of genes, which he and his fellow-workers had painstakingly collected all over the world, was allowed to disintegrate.

MEANWHILE, the Soviet attack on other geneticists and the science of genetics in general continued. Owing to war conditions, the imposition of internal secrecy, and censorship on news leaving the country, it is impossible to learn the real causes of the death of such distinguished geneticists as Karpechenko, Koltzoff, Serebrovsky, and Levitsky. Certain it is, however, that from 1936 on Soviet geneticists of all ranks lived a life of terror. Most of those who were not imprisoned, banished, or executed were forced to enter other lines of work. The great majority of those who were allowed to remain in their laboratories were obliged to redirect their researches in such a way as to make it appear that they were trying to prove the correctness of the officially approved anti-scientific views. During the chaotic period toward the close of the war, some escaped to the West. Through it all, however, a few have remained at work, retained as show pieces to prove that the USSR still has some working geneticists.

Late last year these remaining geneticists, and those biologists in related fields who still had the temerity to support the genetic viewpoint, were caught in a carefully laid trap. They were invited to express their views in the columns of the *Moscow Literary Gazette*. Several of them took advantage of this seeming return to freedom of scientific discussion by restating the case for genetics. Lysenko and Present thereupon replied in their characteristic style. The discussion furnished an excuse for a new Soviet "conference" on genetics, held in Moscow this past July. Presumably this affair was Russia's substitute for the Eighth International Congress of Genetics in Stockholm. At Moscow last July the real and the spurious scientists debated once again. At length Lysenko announced that the Communist Central Committee had in fact prejudged the case, and had already decided in his own favor. This decision by a non-scientific political body of course settled the question.

(*Continued on page* 63)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Truth About F. D. R.

THE MORNING after Roosevelt's death Hopkins telephoned me from St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota. He just wanted to talk to somebody. There was no sadness in his tone; he talked with a kind of exaltation as though he had suddenly experienced the intimations of immortality. He said, "You and I have got something great that we can take with us all the rest of our lives. It's a great realization. Because we know it's true what so many people believed about him and what made them love him. The President never let them down. That's what you and I can remember. Oh, we all know he could be exasperating, and he could seem to be temporizing and delaying, and he'd get us all worked up when we thought he was making too many concessions to expediency. But all of that was in the little things, the unimportant things—and he knew exactly how little and how unimportant they really were. But in the big things —all of the things that were of real, permanent importance—he never let the people down."

—*From "Roosevelt and Hopkins," by Robert E. Sherwood (Harper).*

Frankfurters and Marx

FRANKFURTERS AGAIN! He was conscious of the butler's heavy, asthmatic breathing. Russians didn't make good butlers. This one was impossible—at the Fourth of July reception he'd broken wind at the sight of Molotov. Out of fear, perhaps. Or awe. One never knew with these people. No American could possibly understand them.

He slid the pale pink frankfurters to his plate, and then dutifully removed a mound of malodorous cabbage from the platter. He hated cabbage. But the doctor said it was nutritious. Army doctor, of course. But still he'd know. He sampled the cabbage, shredding it between clicking dentures. No fun eating the stuff, and it invariably strayed into your bridge. He tried dislodging the offending wisp with his tongue.

He looked up at Renwick, most junior of the third secretaries.

"Frankfurters again," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Renwick. "We had no luck."

There had been a time when you could persuade those fellows at the collective farm to disgorge eggs, or a chicken. Once Renwick had brought back two turkeys.

"They've got a new manager," explained Renwick. "Probably shot the old one. This one's strictly a Marxian."

"I don't follow you," said the Minister Counsellor. "What's Marx got to do with it?"

Renwick was always annoyingly tangential. No discipline.

"Well, *I* said the American Embassy couldn't win the war without fresh meat. *He* said the Red Army was winning the war and that's where his fresh meat was going."

"What's Marx got to do with it?" demanded the Minister Counsellor.

"Materialism, sir."

The Minister Counsellor frowned. There was a flippancy about Renwick he disliked.

—*From "The Busy Busy People," by Samuel Spewack (Houghton Mifflin).*

School to Evil

A TRANSATLANTIC GENERAL has forced the population of Weimar to file past the crematories of the neighboring concentration-camp. He declared that these citizens—who had gone in apparent righteousness about their daily concerns and sought to know nothing, although the wind brought to their noses the stench of burning human flesh—he declared that they too were guilty of the abominations on which he forced them now to turn their eyes. Was that unjust? Let them look,

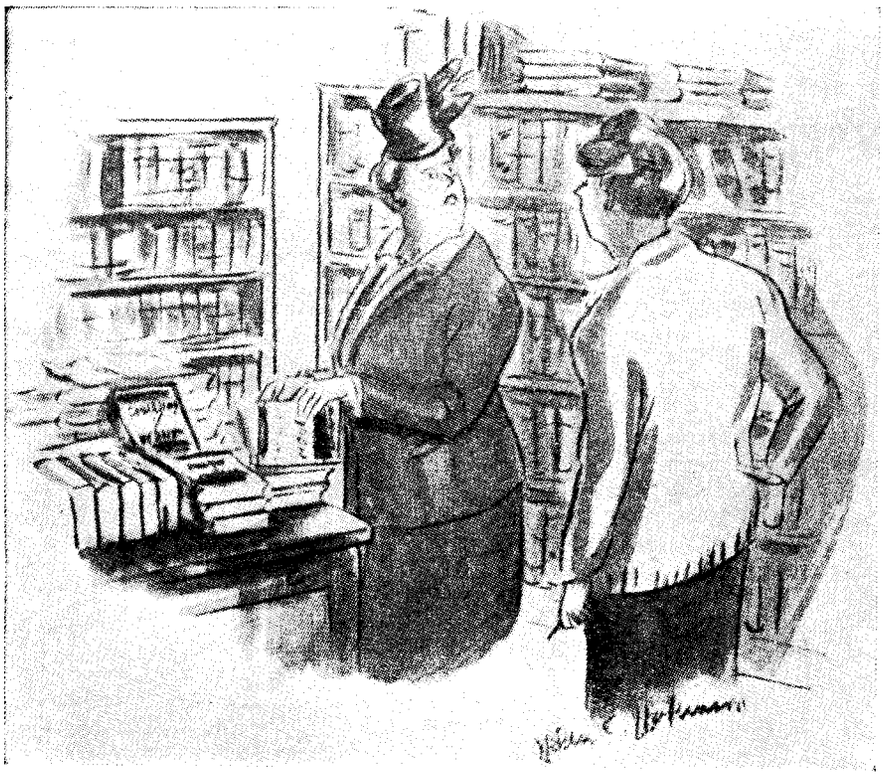
—*From "A Saratoga Boyhood," by Robert S. Wickham (Orange Publishing Co.).*

I look with them. In spirit I let myself be shouldered in their dazed or shuddering ranks. Germany had become a thick-walled underground torture-chamber, converted into one by a profligate dictatorship vowed to nihilism from its beginnings on. Now the torture-chamber has been broken upon, open lies our shame before the eyes of the world. Foreign commissions inspect those incredible photographs everywhere displayed, and tell their countrymen that what they have seen surpasses in horribleness anything the human imagination can conceive. I say our shame. For is it mere hypochondria to say to oneself that everything German, even the German mind and spirit, German thought, the German Word, is involved in this sense of guilt quite morbid which makes one ask oneself the question how Germany, whatever her future manifestations, can ever presume to open her mouth in human affairs?

Let us call them the sinister possibilities of human nature in general that here come to light. German human beings, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of them it is, who have perpetrated what humanity shudders at; and all that is German now stands forth as an abomination and a warning. How will it be to belong to a land whose history witnesses this hideous default; a land self-maddened, psychologically burnt-out, which quite understandably despairs of governing itself and thinks it for the best that it become a colony of foreign powers; a nation that will have to live shut in like the ghetto Jews, because a frightfully swollen hatred round all its borders will not permit it to emerge; a nation that cannot show its face outside?

Curses, curses on the corrupters of an originally decent species of human being, law-abiding, only too docile, only all too willingly living on theory, who thus went to school to Evil! How good it is to curse—or rather how good it would be, if only the cursing came from a free and unobstructed heart! We are present at the last gasp of a blood state which, as Luther put it, "took on its shoulders" immeasurable crimes; which roared and bellowed to the ravished and reeling masses proclamations canceling all human rights; which set up its gaudy banners for youth to march under, and they marched, with proud tread and flashing eyes, in pure and ardent faith. But a patriotism which would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "When Were You Built?," by Helen Hokinson (Dutton).

"I don't mind the American Revolution as long as it doesn't have too much sex in it."

assert that a blood state like that was so forced, so foreign to our national character that it could not take root among us: such a patriotism would seem to me more high-minded than realistic. For was this government, in word and deed, anything but the distorted, vulgarized, besmirched symbol of a state of mind, a notion of world affairs which we must recognize as both genuine and characteristic? Indeed, must not the Christian and humane man shrink as he sees it stamped upon the features of our greatest, the mightiest embodiments of our essential Germanness? I ask—and should I not? Ah, it is no longer in question that this beaten people now standing wild-eyed in face of the void stand there just because they have failed, failed horribly in their last and uttermost attempt to find the political form suited to their particular needs.

—From "Doctor Faustus," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).

A Tree by Giotto Marin

THE WAY OF looking at nature has changed very much through the centuries. A tree for Giotto and a tree for Marin are two completely different things. Without the Christian idea of a nature created by God, a tree by Giotto could not be as it is; and without that other historical event which is called Romanticism, a tree by Marin would be very different from what it is. The artistic quality of each of those trees does not consist in the fact that they are trees, but in the forms of the tree which the two painters created by impressing on them their mood, Christian or romantic. Thus the experience necessary for the creation of a work of art, even if it is the experience of a simple piece of external nature like a tree, is always conditioned by history.

—From Fiske Kimball's introduction to "Great Paintings in America," edited by Fiske Kimball and Lionello Venturi (Coward-McCann).

In the Tsaritsa's Pocket

WHERE WERE THEY? Whether they were still in South Tsaritsa or had already reached Yelshanka, they did not know. At any rate, they had stumbled into a battle sector again. An automatic gun was strewing shells. The four flattened out on the ground. The lieutenant colonel stalked stiffly on. It was then, with their faces pressed into the snow, their bodies aching with weariness from the walk over the ice, their heads ringing from the peals of exploding shells, that they understood. They looked up at the lieutenant colonel who was striding along in the flare of the gun like a tall, battered scarecrow, and they realized suddenly that he did not at all want to break out of the pocket. He was seeking something else, that was clear.

And at once the something else came.

The lieutenant colonel raised both arms and held them up for a period no longer than it took the four officers to blink. Then he staggered, fell backward, and lay stretched full length in the snow. The others lay where they were and heard his groans. It was up to the senior officer, the major, to crawl up to Unschlicht, and this he did. A rough splinter from an automatic gun shell had torn away half of the lieutenant colonel's face.

"Sir. . . ."

Groans.

"Sir, can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Yes, what we agreed on when we set out."

When they set out they had agreed that if any of them were wounded on the way, the others would administer the *coup de grâce*. The major did not realize that he was groaning louder than the wounded man. He took out his service revolver.

"Sir, may I ask you one question, sir? Do you believe you will go to Heaven, sir?"

"Yes, I shall go to Heaven."

The report of a pistol resounded on the icy air. It was an hour before dawn, and that was the end of the attempt to break out of the pocket. The major, the intendant, the captain, and the lieutenant lay in a circle around the dead man. When the first light crept up from the Volga, they stood up. With raised hands they approached the nearest Russian sentry.

—From "Stalingrad," by Theodor Plievier (Appleton-Century-Crofts).

Dawn

EVERY PHASE of this study has been a delight—the man, the setting, the diversity of Washington's companions, the age in which he lived. In writing of General R. E. Lee and of the Confederate States of America, one felt always the pervasion of tragedy and, after 1862, the faster approach of the trampling horsemen. For Lee and for most of his lieutenants it was a drama of ill-fortune nobly borne and, in that way, a triumph of character over catastrophe, but it was drama played in the twilight. With Washington, the atmosphere is that of dawn. Disaster never is without hope. Battles may be lost but the war will be won. Even when the men themselves grow old, the nation still is young.

—From the introduction to "George Washington," by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribner).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Highlights of 1948

A Personal Selection

AMY LOVEMAN

War

PERHAPS no books of the past year have aroused greater interest, and certainly none can count on longer life, than the group that deals with the war and the politics and personalities back of the immense struggle. Numerous and far-flung in locale, from the mass a few stand out as of prime importance.

THE GATHERING STORM. By Winston Churchill. Houghton Mifflin. The first volume of Churchill's history of the Second World War, of which the theme in the author's own words is "how the English-speaking peoples through their unwisdom, carelessness, and good nature allowed the wicked to rearm." Carrying his chronicle up to the moment that he became Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill in the eloquent prose that is always at his command recounts the momentous events of the years from 1919 to 1939 and presents as the moral of his work: "In War: Resolution. In Defeat: Defiance. In Victory: Magnanimity. In Peace: Good Will."

CRUSADE IN EUROPE. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday. With the humility and sincerity which are the stamp of the man, General Eisenhower, the beloved "Ike" of his associates and the hosts he led, records the inside history of his command, the decisions he was forced to make in loneliness, the divergent aims he had to reconcile, the personalities who led his armies, and the march of military events. All is set down in candor and fairness.

ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS: AN INTIMATE HISTORY. By Robert E. Sherwood. Harper. The most illuminating work which has so far appeared, or is likely soon to appear, on the Roosevelt era and the war. Mr. Sherwood with his instinct for the dramatic has known how to take the documents amassed by Harry Hopkins and while sifting them with scrupulous attention to historical value so arrange them as to invest his book with tension and intensity.

THE STILWELL PAPERS. By Joseph W. Stilwell. Edited by Theodore H. White. Sloane. The most pungent, unvarnished, and outspoken memoirs the war has produced. General Stilwell, who has since died, jotted down in the private papers, field diaries, journals, and letters to his wife from which this book has been arranged and edited by Theodore H. White, author of "Thunder Over China," comments which he never expected to meet the public eye and which are correspondingly frank and unbridled. Whatever else is written about the war in the China-Burma-India area, this volume will remain unique.

THE RISING SUN IN THE PACIFIC: 1931—APRIL 1942. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. The official historian of the Navy continues his chronicle of events in an illuminating and engrossing account of the penetration (if the term can be used of the ocean) of the Pacific by the Japanese up to the time of their first setback at the Coral Sea. The book contains a vivid and discriminating relation of the period of American ill fortune, at Pearl Harbor, in the fighting along the Malay borders, and in the raids on the Marshalls.

THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL. Macmillan. The wartime American Secretary of State discusses the part of the United States in foreign affairs during some of the most momentous years of the country's history. Less than a third of the book deals with the early period of the New Deal and the remainder with the war years of the Roosevelt Administration. Mr. Hull is an honest if not exciting historian.

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES. Edited by Louis Lochner. Doubleday. The ablest and most cynical mind of the Hitler regime sets down with unblushing self-revelation the machinations of the Nazis.

History and Biography

EXCEPT for two or three biographical studies which are in actuality historical chronicle, nothing of large significance has appeared in recent months in the field of history and biography. There is, however, considerable material which though minor in itself is of importance in its bearings or as constituting mosaics in the general design. The first few books below stand out from the general run in the field as solid contributions to history.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. VOLS. I AND II. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Scribner's. The initial volumes in what should prove to be the authoritative work on the First President. Mr. Freeman writes with a fullness of knowledge which is rendered as readable as it is informative by the ease of his style. A major study.

JEFFERSON THE VIRGINIAN. By Dumas Malone. Little, Brown. One of the foremost Jefferson scholars of the country, Mr. Malone has left no available source uncovered in a narrative which follows meticulously and closely the career of the great Virginian up to the year 1784.

LINCOLN'S HERNDON. By David Donald. Knopf. In writing a biography of the man who has himself been one of the principal sources of information on Lincoln, Mr. Donald has not only told the story of a personality interesting in his own right but has shed fresh light on the Civil War President.

F.D.R., HIS PERSONAL LETTERS. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. The second volume of a projected three. This instalment, far more interesting than the boyhood correspondence, begins when the young Franklin and his bride start on their honeymoon and ends after paralysis has stricken him. It is particularly interesting as showing the slowness with which the man who became the Roosevelt of the New

(*Continued on page* 58)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas

ROBERT S. ALLEN	The Naked and the Dead (Norman Mailer)	The Young Lions (Irwin Shaw)	George Washington (Douglas Southall Freeman)	Warlords of Washington (Bruce Catton)	Remembrance Rock (Carl Sandburg)
CLEVELAND AMORY	The Heart of the Matter (Graham Greene)	Guard of Honor (James Gould Cozzens)	Of Flight and Life (Charles A. Lindbergh)	Seeing More Things (John Mason Brown)	Jungle Man (Major P. J. Pretorius)
HERSCHEL BRICKELL	The Runing of the Tide (Esther Forbes)	The Golden Land (Edited by Harriet de Onis)	The Best of Times (Ludwig Bemelmans)	George Washington (Douglas Southall Freeman)	Days Without Time (Edwin Way Teale)
JOHN MASON BROWN	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	The Young Lions (Irwin Shaw)	The West at Bay (Barbara Ward)	The Taste of Angels (Francis Henry Taylor)	Witness to the Truth (Edith Hamilton)
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY	Crusade in Europe (Dwight D. Eisenhower)	The Family in Gramercy Park (Henry Noble MacCracken)	Literary History of the United States (Edited by Robert E. Spiller and others)	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	A Star Called Wormwood (Martha Bacon)
BENNETT CERF	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	The Young Lions (Irwin Shaw)	A Prevalence of Witches (Aubrey Menen)	The St Nicholas Anthology (Edited by H. S. Commager)	Guard of Honor (James Gould Cozzens)
MILTON CRANE	The American Language, Supplement II (H. L. Mencken)	The Beast in Me (James Thurber)	Four Studies in Loyalty (Christopher Sykes)	The Middle of the Journey (Lionel Trilling)	The Common Reader (Combined Edition) (Virginia Woolf)
JAMES GRAY	Cry, the Beloved Country (Alan Paton)	The Ides of March (Thornton Wilder)	Forms of Modern Fiction (Edited by William Van O'Connor)	The Gathering Storm (Winston Churchill)	The Journals of Andre Gide, Vol. II
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS	The Meeting of East and West (F. S. C. Northrop)	Witness to the Truth (Edith Hamilton)	Doctor Faustus (Thomas Mann)	Chinese Painting (William Cohn)	Bartlett's Familiar Quotations (Edited by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett)
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN	Washington Allston (Edgar P. Richardson)	John Singleton Copley (James Thomas Flexner)	Pictures, Painting and You (Ray Bethers)	Rembrandt (Jakob Rosenberg)	Made in America (John A. Kouwenhoven)
MAXWELL GEISMAR	Jennie Gerhardt (Theodore Dreiser)	Winesburg, Ohio (Sherwood Anderson)	The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories (Ernest Hemingway)	The Sound and the Fury (William Faulkner)	U. S. A. (The trilogy) (John Dos Passos)
WALTER HAVIGHURST	The Old Beauty (Willa Cather)	Hawthorne (Robert Cantwell)	Charade (Edita Morris)	Champlain (Morris Bishop)	Northern Farm (Henry Beston)
HARRY LEVIN	Yeats: The Man and the Masks (Richard Ellmann)	The Legacy of *Sacco and Vanzetti* (G. L. Joughin and E. M. Morgan)	Herman Melville, Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent (Edited by Eleanor Melville Metcalf)	Nine Stories (Vladimir Nabokov)	Voyages to the Moon (Marjorie Hope Nicolson)
FLETCHER PRATT	Crusade in Europe (Dwight D. Eisenhower)	A Prevalence of Witches (Aubrey Menen)	Anatomy of Paradise (J. C. Furnas)	The Gold Cook Book (Louis P. De Gouy)	
JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS	The Taste of Angels (Francis Henry Taylor)	The Heart of the Matter (Graham Greene)	Bride of Fortune (Harnett Kane)	Anson Jones, Last President of Texas (Herbert Gambrell)	Laughter in the Next Room (Osbert Sitwell)
LEE ROGOW	The Double-Crostic Book (Elizabeth S. Kingsley)	The House and Garden Book of Interior Decorating (The Editors of House and Garden)	The Loved One (Evelyn Waugh)	The Naked and the Dead (Norman Mailer)	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)
HARRISON SMITH	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	George Washington (Douglas Southall Freeman)	Cry, the Beloved Country (Alan Paton)	The Heart of the Matter (Graham Greene)	The Naked and the Dead (Norman Mailer)
ROBERT E. SPILLER	Raintree County (Ross Lockridge, Jr.)	The Young Lions (Irwin Shaw)	Time Will Darken It (William Maxwell)	Poems 1922-1944 (Allen Tate)	The Lincoln Papers (Edited by David C. Mearns)
STANLEY VESTAL	Fighting Indians of the West (Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown)	Frederic Remington, Artist of the Old West (Harold McCracken)	Charles M. Russell, The Cowboy Artist (Ramon F. Adams and Homer E. Britzman)	Across the Wide Missouri (Bernard De Voto)	Three Pictographic Autobiographies of Sitting Bull (M. W. Stirling)
PETER VIERECK	The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson (Daniel Boorstin)	Tell the West (Jerzy Glicksman)	Poems, 1940-1947 (Theodore Spencer)	The World of A (A. E. van Vogt)	Aesthetics and History (Bernard Berenson)
MARK S. WATSON	George Washington (Douglas Southall Freeman)	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	Crusade in Europe (Dwight D. Eisenhower)	Of Flight and Life (Charles A. Lindbergh)	Literary History of the United States (Edited by Robert E. Spiller and others)
JOSEPH WECHSBERG	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	The American Language, and Supplements (H. L. Mencken)	The Good Soldier Schweik (Jaroslav Hasek)	Le Larousse Gastronomique (Larousse)	The Loved One (Evelyn Waugh)
DIXON WECTER	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	Jefferson the Virginian (Dumas Malone)	Nathaniel Hawthorne (Randall Stewart)	Across the Wide Missouri (Bernard De Voto)	Intruder in the Dust (William Faulkner)
JOHN T. WINTERICH	Nathaniel Hawthorne (Randall Stewart)	Roosevelt and Hopkins (Robert E. Sherwood)	*The Lincoln Papers* (Edited by David C. Mearns)	The Reader's Encyclopedia (Edited by William R. Benét)	Home Book of Proverbs (Edited by Burton Stevenson)
JOHN WOODBURN	Let Us Now Praise Famous Men (James Agee)	The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer (Haldane Macfall)	50 Poems (E. E. Cummings)	To the Lighthouse (Virginia Woolf)	A Man Called White (Walter White)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Straight to Heaven

DAVID L. COHN

ONE Saturday night last month, in New Orleans, death came riding on his big white horse and took Roark Bradford away. White people may wonder where he has gone. But while white people, as any common pulpit hand can tell you, know a heap of things, they don't much about those that count. That is why, when a man dies, they just sit there shaking their heads wondering. It's not the same, however, up on Brad's Little Bee Bend Plantation in North Louisiana. There the rats of doubt do not gnaw at the hearts of sorrowful colored folks. When you spends yo' days talking to the Lawd just like any other natchel man, and your sperrit tells you Sweet Jesus gwine make up yo' dying bed, it ain't no need to vex yo' mind. So the people of Little Bee Bend, the Widow Duck, Uncle Henry the hostler, Giles the foreman, Modom Aw-bear the witch lady, Newman Dyke, a man mighty with ladies and mules, Play Mama Perkins, a light o' love, Sin-Splitting Samuel, the wandering preacher, and many another who loved Mustuh Royce, know where he's gone: straight to heaven.

Brad spent most of his adult years recording accurately and tenderly, often with moving eloquence and always sympathetically, the life of the rural Southern Negro. It is, we now perceive, a way of life that is rapidly passing, for the plantation Negro, like the rest of us, has latterly become the victim or beneficiary—depending upon one's point of view—of what is called progress. Hence we are doubly indebted to Brad. First, for the joy he gave us in reading him. Second, for recording a way of life that will soon vanish.

Roark Bradford was of the small band of the pure in heart. In him were the simplicity, the directness of insight, the sense of wonder that belong to the child and are so often lost in the man. Utterly without guile, profligate only in his generosity, he was a stranger to any form of mental or spiritual circumlocution. Physically strong, an excellent prizefighter in his youth, he had the tenderness of a gentle woman. Belonging to no church, and often railing in private conversation against what he took to be the shortcomings of organized religion, he was deeply religious. Once when we were together in a Mississippi town, we talked to two young Chinese in their store and, for some reason that now escapes me, I said to them: "Mr. Bradford is a Christian." When we went out into the street, he smilingly reproached me. "You ought not to have told them that," he said. I knew what he meant. He loathed those who loudly talked Christian and acted un-Christian. He did not feel that he himself deserved to be called a Christian.

Brad was admirably equipped for the task he set himself. Born with the golden gift of storytelling, endowed with a humor that was never cruel or malicious, and possessing an uncannily accurate ear for the speech of those he portrayed, these still would not have been enough if he had not been what he was. Negroes trusted him at sight. They welcomed him as instinctively as children playing might welcome another child passing by. And this is high testimony to Brad's qualities as a man while it illuminates his ability to write as he did. Rural Negroes are quick and accurate readers of white people. They trust you, or distrust you, at first sight. Few are the whites whom they take to their inward hearts. Their readings, moreover, are almost infallibly correct, not only because Negroes in a white-dominated society have had to live by their perceptions of the masters, but also because they have the unclouded vision of the untutored, the close to earth. They looked upon Brad, adjudged him good, and told him to set down, suh, and scuse me whilst I gits another chunk of wood to th'ow on this fire. And sitting there, by many a cabin hearth, on steamboats that plied the Mississippi, the Ouachita, the Red, in prison camps, stores, schools, and churches, he found the material for a shelf of books about the people with whom he sat and (in collaboration with Marc Connelly) one of the most distinguished plays that has graced the American stage—"The Green Pastures."

This big, strong man with hulking shoulders, and sad, hound-dog brown eyes, was extremely modest and very shy. Thus it was that although "The Green Pastures" opened in New York in February 1930, it was not until it had reached its 1,653rd performance in 1935 that he came up from New Orleans to see it. Later he told me, with great delight, of an encounter with a New York taxicab driver.

"Roark Bradford was of the small band of the pure in heart."

He got into a cab and told the driver to take him to the Mansfield Theatre. "I take a lot of people there," said the driver. "They got a hit show. Turning 'em away all the time." As the cab rolled along he got more and more enthusiastic about the play, so that when they came to the theatre Brad thought he'd give the driver a little surprise. "I'm Roark Bradford," he said. "I wrote the book this play was made from." "Aw, that ain't nothing," replied the driver. "I used to haul Miss Anne Nichols all the time. *She* wrote 'Abie's Irish Rose'."

Brad was pleased with his success as is any man in his right mind. But it was my good fortune to be witness to what he always described as his greatest triumph.

ONCE when he was staying with Will Percy in Greenville, Mississippi, we walked down to the river. There sat two elderly Negro women fishing and looking inconsolably unhappy. All morning long they hadn't had a bite. "Good morning, ladies," said Brad. "Good mawnin, suh, they r'eplied. They told him of their bad luck and how they sho would love to have 'em a good catfish for supper. "Well, y'all excuse me," said Brad. I'll be back soon and I'll show y'all how to catch the biggest cat in the river." He marched away, leaving me with the ladies, disappeared over the levee, bought some hooks, line, and sinkers in Joe Gow Nue's store, and came back.

He borrowed a cane pole from one of the ladies, rigged his tackle, and explained that since catfish are bottom feeders, he was weighting his hook with extra heavy sinkers. Then

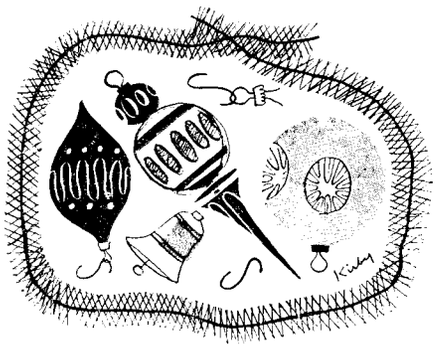
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he threw the line far out into the stream, where it had hardly settled when a big catfish bit and Brad hauled it to the bank. The ladies screamed and kept on screaming all the time while the fish was making its passage from river to shore, but whether their outcries sprang from pleasure, or from fear that Brad was a two-headed man with a powerful conjure that might harm them, I never knew. In any event, their screams brought Negroes running from the Leavenworth Lumber Mill thinking a murder was being committed, and soon Brad stood beaming in the midst of a crowd of admiring people. As we walked away, he said: "There hasn't been anything to equal this since old man Pillar, of the Hoop Pole community, got religion in Henry Solomon's saloon."

Storytelling was in Brad's bones but he could not, he said, hold a candle to his paternal uncle Robert. Uncle Robert was a kindly ineffectual man with a lush imagination who, after many failures, had settled down on a little piece of land adjoining the Bradford farm in west Tennessee. But the little piece of land was, to Uncle Robert, an "imperial domain," and the sorry nag he rode, a "noble steed."

Back in the Nineties there was an epidemic of hog cholera in the neighborhood and everybody's hogs were dying. One day, during this period, Uncle Robert told Brad's father that his hogs were dying. "But they ain't a-dying of cholera," he said. "You know, Clarence," he went on, "I got those hogs when they were pigs from Houston Crockett. He had a hare lip and used to call 'em by beating on his barn door. Well, I've got those oak trees all around my barn, and when the woodpeckers start drumming on one side the hogs think it's Houston calling 'em and they run over there. Then when the woodpeckers start on the other side, the hogs run that way. So they're dying of starvation and disappointment and by Gawd, suh, you never can raise hogs in west Tennessee while the Republican Party is in power."

Brad has gone. The storyteller's lips are sealed. Those who knew him will grieve for his going, and rejoice that they met him at a transient corner in this transient life. In many a church along lonely Louisiana bayous, Negro preachers will remember him in their prayers and praise him in their sermons and their congregations will erect golden columns of song in his honor. And this Christmas all men may read again his tender reverent "How Come Christmas."* There it is



told, you remember, how the Lawd, coming to Miss Mary's house just after a child had been born, met Santa Claus, who was present to bring it a cradle gift. The Lawd explained to him that he had put the baby on earth to grow up so's folks could go to him and moan they sins away. The Po' Little Jesus was for the grown-up people but, said the Lawd, he had to do something for the chillun too. "Now, Santa Claus, you knows a heap about chilluns. . . ."

A man who loved justice and hated tyranny, it was characteristic of Roark Bradford that, in his late forties, he should go to war. As a Navy officer in west Africa he contracted the disease that brought him to his untimely death at the age of fifty-two.

One of the most famous lines in the American theatre occurs at the very opening of "The Green Pastures" when the Angel Gabriel shouts: "Gangway! Gangway! for the Lord God Jehovah." One may imagine it being used again elsewhere and the Lord saying, "Good morning, son. Well, I see you've got here at last, and I reckon you're a little tired from taking that long trip. So come on and walk down here in the pasture with me. The folks have invited us to a picnic and I do declare that that Sister Callie makes the best custard ice cream ever seen in these parts."

* *HOW COME CHRISTMAS. By Roark Bradford. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 22 pp. $1.*

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

DIRECTIONS IN POETRY

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Conn., asks you to match up these familiar quotations with their authors. Allowing five points for each correct identification, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 53.

1. Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the east. ( ) Berkeley
2. Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. ( ) Butler
3. But yonder comes the powerful King of Day, Rejoicing in the East. ( ) Byron
4. Up from the South at break of day, Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay . . . . ( ) Coleridge
5. He could distinguish and divide A hair 'twixt south and southwest side. ( ) Emerson
6. East and west and south and north The messengers ride fast. ( ) Keats
7. Their place of birth alone is mute To sounds which echo further west. ( ) Kingsley
8. Colder and louder blew the wind, A gale from the Northeast. ( ) Kipling
9. It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. ( ) Lang
10. If you've 'eard the East a-callin' you won't never 'eed naught else. ( ) Longfellow
11. Three fishers went sailing away to the West, Away to the West as the sun went down. ( ) Macaulay
12. O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being! ( ) Milton
13. Westward the course of empire takes its way.
14. What matter how the night behaved? ( ) Read
    What matter how the north-wind raved? ( ) Scott
15. O for a beaker full of the warm South, Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene! ( ) Shakespeare
16. The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast, And southward aye we fled. ( ) Shelley
17. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West.
18. Bright and fierce and fickle is the South, And dark and true and tender is the North. ( ) Tennyson
19. They hear like ocean on a western beach The surge and thunder of the Odyssey. ( ) The Bible
20. Come, see the north-wind's masonry, Out of an unseen quarry evermore Furnished with tile. ( ) Thomson
    ( ) Whittier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF MARY GOULD DAVIS
PAUL HENRY LANG DOUGLAS MOORE
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

Contents Copyrighted, 1948, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Book of the Year:

"ROOSEVELT & HOPKINS"

By Robert E. Sherwood (Harper)

WITH this Christmas issue *The Saturday Review* announces a new annual award to the American author of the book that, in the opinion of its editors, is the most important and significant published during the year. Nineteen forty-eight, any way you look at it, has not been remarkable for gathering a large number of distinguished and memorable books, though in the field of fiction Carl Sandburg's "Remembrance Rock" and two war novels, Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" and Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions," would be starred for their distinction and vitality in any year.

Over the last twelve months historic and enduring contributions have been made in continuing the series of war biographies and memoirs published since the end of the war, which have illuminated the secret or contentious phases of the great struggle and have revealed the true natures of its leaders. General Eisenhower's memoirs is the most recent and the most impressive autobiography by an American in our day. It will be read in the years to come as a companion to the volumes of Winston S. Churchill's "The Second World War."

Nevertheless, in the opinion of our editors, in which there has been not one dissenting voice, Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins: An Intimate History" deserves *The Saturday Review* award, and the reasons are not far to seek. Only rarely does a writer who has won distinction in the past find a subject which seems by some chance to be suited to his hand alone, to belong by right to only one man. Mr. Sherwood fell heir to what was presumed to be a book that Harry Hopkins had started to write some time before his death. Indeed, no other man could have been chosen for the task. The voluminous records contained in forty cases of private documents which he had accumulated through the years of the New Deal and the war were to be the basis of the work which Mr. Hopkins, who had long been an ill and indeed a dying man, could contribute to history. Mr. Sherwood discovered that not even the first page had been written. And thus the man who had been one of Roosevelt's and Hopkins's intimates during the course of the war, who was thoroughly conversant with the grave decisions made in the crises of the war, and with the mentality of the President, found himself involved in a book on which he spent over two years, and which blossomed into a thousand pages and more than half a million words.

The book began with Harry Hopkins, but it soon took on a dual personality and grew into the wartime biography of the President as well, for Franklin Roosevelt was the mentor and the guiding star of the younger man who became an extension of his shadow, the trusted and intimate instrument of his most secret policies, so that he could write to Stalin, "I ask you to treat him with the identical confidence you would feel if you were talking to me."

Mr. Sherwood is one of our finest dramatists, three times winner of a Pulitzer Prize, and there was material enough in the relationship of these two men for a number of plays if he had chosen the theatre as his medium. In the arrangement of the mass of documented material with which he was inundated the dramatist is revealed throughout; there are evidences of the born storyteller in the easy flow of the narrative underneath the mask of the historian which he had to assume. Mr. Hopkins lived in the White House, so that he was always at hand to listen to the President's ideas and schemes and confidences. The secret history of the war, the solutions to so many riddles and disputes, developed as the volume of his notes, memoranda, and private documents increased. The slim and somewhat ebullient and cocksure young man was for a great part of the time tortured with the pains of an ulcerated stomach. In spite of that his ambitions grew as he became aware that the President was thinking of him, and perhaps training him, as his successor, though he had never made a success of his life, was inordinately careless with his own money, and sometimes with that of other people. The ulcers developed into cancer, an operation finally removed two-thirds of his stomach. It was then when he knew that his time was short that personal ambition, his glittering dream, was laid aside, and he turned into the true and perfect instrument for the execution of the President's will.

He, the little man, son of a Kansas harness maker who started in New York as a humble social-service worker, became, as Joseph Barnes writes, "a close friend of Roosevelt and Churchill and as near a friend of Stalin as any American could ever become . . . a sick man with few friends and many enemies, who never ran for public office, became a key figure in the greatest war in history."

IF Harry Hopkins had never lived out his last years in the White House but was the invention of a novelist, the tale would have been too fantastic to be given reality. As a task for Robert Sherwood, which combined the

---

Mallard

By Christine Turner Curtis

BEAT home, mallard of dark;
mask with your brown-purple wings
our frailty, our lack.

For with nightfall pretense is shed
as waterdrops from satin plumage;
and mortality bared.

Tent under your merciful down
the vulnerable psyche,
disenchanted, alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great drama of the President's rise to power and greatness through one election after the other and the "inside" history of the war at its heart and center, it has turned into one of the most dramatic and factual books of our time. The dream of the perfect writer for the perfect story has come to fruition in Roosevelt and Hopkins. Mr. Sherwood's work will perhaps achieve greener laurels than the tribute that *The Saturday Review* is paying him by nominating him the candidate for our annual award. In our estimation he will deserve all of them.

Bookmarks

NEVIL SHUTE'S "No Highway" is as good as his best, in my opinion, and his best is high. It is about flying, and accents the technical side (where Mr. Shute is right at home) strongly and fascinatingly. Mr. Shute could make the binomial theorem a thing of charm and sentiment, a creation of sheer delight, the theme of a thriller that would also be an excellent novel.

Mr. Shute knows airplanes. He also knows some Americans. Yet in "No Highway" he has an American movie queen, Monica Teasdale, whose conversation runs to only a few hundred words altogether but who says "guess," by our count, thirteen times. (There is a Canadian character who also says "guess," but he only says it once.)

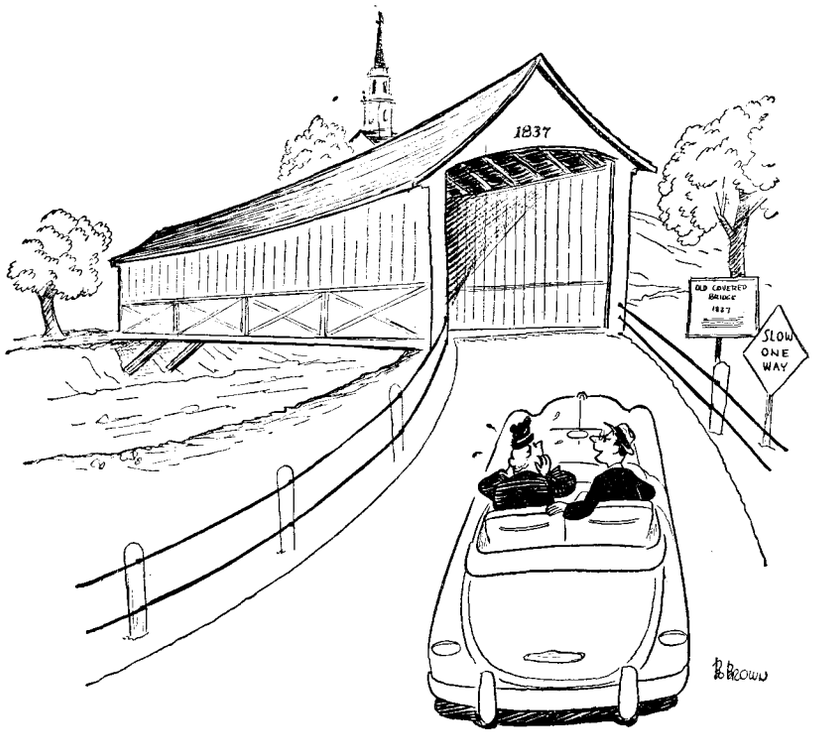
"Guess" remains, and probably always will remain, in British eyes, the sign manual of *Homo Americanus*, including that sterling old Yankee, Geoffrey Chaucer.

* * *

If we were operating a university press, and this is not a bid for a job, we should release most of our books in January, July, and August. We have seen too many excellent university press productions ignored by review mediums, or dismissed in corner-filling paragraphs, merely because the books appeared at a moment when the market was glutted with regular trade stuff. The time to hit the reviews is when the reviews are hungry for copy.

* * *

There are limits to human credulity, as Lincoln and La Rochefoucauld and Pliny the Younger have all pointed out—there are limits to human credulity, and novelists ought not try to overstrain it. People will accept "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" and Samuel Hopkins Adams's six-fingered United States Senator. But when Maritta Wolff, in



"Now don't be nervous, dear—just pretend you're putting the car in the garage at home and drive right through—as you so often do!"

"About Lyddy Thomas," says of a bus, just an ordinary steamy, stuffy, smelly, common-carrying bus, that "all the seats were filled and there were already people standing in the back," she outrages belief. There are no such people, Miss Wolff. Nobody ever stands in the back of the bus, not even in Flint or Saginaw or whatever place you had in mind, until the jam at the front forces him back by sheer bulk and confronts him with the impossibility of one object's occupying two spaces at the same time.

* * *

"About Lyddy Thomas" is one of three tolerably recent novels we have read (the other two are Agnes Sligh Turnbull's "The Bishop's Mantle" and Joseph George Hitrec's "Son of the Moon") in each of which a man slaps a woman. What's come over our men lately? Or is it our women?

* * *

Add history repeating itself: The plot of the first English comedy, "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (1565 or thereabouts), revolved around somebody discovering a lost needle by sitting on it, and the high point in the Broadway success "Mister Roberts" is the discovery of a birthmark on a lady's bottom.

* * *

Some day, perhaps, a kind, dues-paying gentleman will take us into one of those richly-paneled, sumptuously-rugged club lounges whose splendid appointments *Newsweek* is making known to millions of non-members by means of four-color double-spreads in other magazines. Plenty of reading matter is scattered about in these intimate glimpses into the haunts of social man, but so far not a single reader has been sighted. Kelly pool game elsewhere on the premises, maybe.

* * *

We had to get a plumber the other day to repair an unshutoffable shower. He told us there were two ways to go about it—either bust into the wall behind the tiles or put an extra valve into the jigger that sticks out. Plan Number Two would work just as well, he said, and cost about a fifth as much as Plan Number One, "only," he added, "it won't look so gainly." We blessed the word and him and plopped for Plan Number Two. Everything fine now. Gainly is that gainly does.

* * *

"When I first saw my writing presented to me in a printer's proof," wrote Wilkie Collins, "I discovered that I was incapable of letting a carelessly-constructed sentence escape me without an effort to improve it." Just the kind of author a printer loves to see step into the shop!

* * *

What ever became of the semicolon?

—J. T. W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

An Editorial Note from Carl Carmer

On the seventeenth of last April, I presented in this magazine under the title ". . . the Rest of His Natural Life" the true story of an inmate of one of the nation's state prisons who, sentenced for life at the age of nineteen, has during the last eighteen years developed without instruction an artistic ability so great that many of America's leading painters recognize his gift as extraordinary.

The article, illustrated by this inmate's drawings of prison life, elicited hundreds of letters from SRL readers. Surprisingly enough, I think, there was only one reply which did not urge the release of this artist on the grounds that he had not only paid "his debt to society" but had, under the most adverse circumstances, remade himself into a man who is worthy to become a free citizen and who has the all-too-rare power of contributing to our national culture.

In conversation with those governmental executives who are connected with the administration of the state's prison system, I have however met the following arguments:

1. Because this man's sentence to execution was commuted, he has already received all the executive clemency he deserves and he is lucky to be alive.

2. The fact that he was prohibited from pleading guilty to a lesser charge (a privilege offered him by the district attorney) through the refusal of his companion in crime to join him in that plea was unfortunate, but has no bearing on his case. Had he been allowed to plead as the district attorney suggested ("cop a plea"), he would with good behavior have been a free man several years ago, but the offering of such a compromise is a common practice of district attorneys in their efforts to obtain convictions, and it has nothing to do with the merits of the case or the deserving of the man who is being tried.

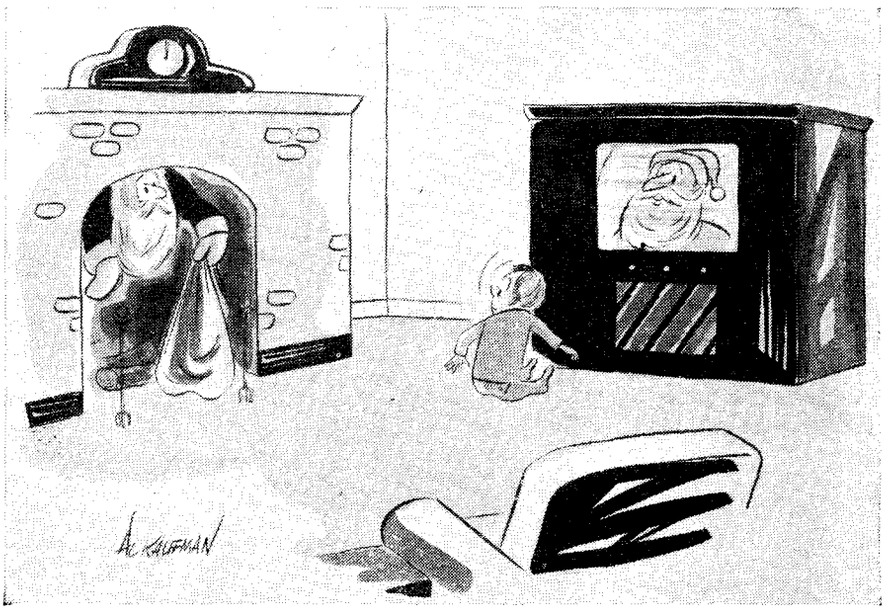
3. Though this inmate has been for many years a successful instructor in the prison art school and though he is an artist of admittedly worthy achievement, he should really have no especial consideration since his gifts are not a result of his own efforts to develop himself but were "born in him."

Meanwhile my friend writes me from prison, "Several drawings of sports activities up here have been done in a somewhat neglected medium—monotype. It is the closest approach I can make to lithography and I'm having a grand time experimenting. . . . The method is very similar to the ancient Chinese 'rubbing,' though only one print of each drawing is possible with monotype. . . . [See page 25.]

"It is impossible to find expression for my gratitude. Enthusiasm over the potent appeal made in my behalf is overshadowed by your personal opinion of me—reflected in every word. It is very wonderful to know I have a friend."

Published herewith is a selection from the letters that have been received with regard to this artist.

—CARL CARMER.



SIR: . . . During the war I was a conscientious objector and spent three years behind prison walls because of that belief. It seems to me that any man who could survive eighteen years of imprisonment without terrible signs of embitterment certainly deserves freedom. This method of punishment is primarily based on an outmoded concept of revenge. There is much talk of rehabilitation but the whole process of imprisonment is geared for punishment; even when the prisoner is released his punishment is continued by an ignorant and insensitive populace.

It would be a wonderful thing if the artist whose work was printed could again taste the joys of freedom. One who is as extremely sensitive as this man's work shows him to be must have suffered untold hell during this time. Perhaps he could interpret to people, as no one ever has, the brutality of the medieval concept of revenge that we continue to impose on our "criminals" . . . many of whom are victims of the very society that we are attempting to protect.

To release one man from this fate is to accomplish little. Yet his message may have a profound effect on the conscience of men . . . as did the message of another American prisoner who wrote, "As long as there is a lower class I am in it, as long as there is a criminal element I am of it, as long as there is a soul in prison I am not free."

LARRY GARA.

State College, Pa.

SIR: I would be glad to sign a petition to have this artist released from the penitentiary. I agree with you that he has paid his debt to what is loosely called society.

GROUCHO MARX.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: . . . If the evidence Mr. Carmer has placed in the record is near the truth, then all the reader must do is juxtapose the editorial dialectic on the Christian ethic and the story of the artist.

If the record is correct, then society—that amorphous, agonized scapegoat—has a debt to repay to this artist. There is a wealth of writing on the question of who is to blame for murders such as these. Was Bigger to blame, or was Chicago? In my town hardly a week goes by that Bigger does not rise from the newsprint and plead for help. Help comes slowly, and sometimes not at all.

"I believe," says the print, "that his incarceration has satisfied society's demands." This is conventional, and may do for the case. It may be the reasoning that leads some governor from the welter of confusion to the signing of his name on a pardon.

But there is the heart of the trouble, isn't it? It's conventional reasoning that prevents us from clearing the slums. It is conventional reasoning that dominates the selfish. It would seem to me that society in such cases as these commits a most prolonged wrong. It is guilty in the first instance, for it places temptation in the path of those whose maturity is not yet strong enough to enable them to resist, and when the crime is done, it shouts,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah! For this you must pay with your life." And off goes the artist for the rest of his natural life.

It's a strange thing that the Christian ethic has never pervaded the reasoning and machinery of society. But for that matter, it still hasn't licked the Christian church either.

NEIL NAIDEN.

Arlington, Va.

SIR: We were very much impressed with the reproductions of the prison artist's work. Based on the facts as related: first, that the artist was a boy of nineteen when he committed his crime; second, that he has had an exemplary prison record, and, lastly, that he would have been eligible for parole several years ago had a different set of technicalities—in this case a plea of guilty to second-degree murder—obtained, we ask you to add our names to the petition to the governor involved in this case.

We are not normally prone to enlist in small personal crusades, but rather usually confine our activities to the broader longer-view fights. But this is one in which there is so definitely a social gain to be had by allowing this man to become a free man that we cannot refrain from adding our voices to what we hope will be an overwhelming chorus.

Please feel free to call on us at any subsequent time to sign a different, more formal petition.

CHARLES B. GRAHAM.
OLIVE C. GRAHAM.

Carle Place, N. Y.

SIR: . . . I feel that justice is best served by considering the spirit of the law, not merely the letter, and that in this instance the artist prisoner has more than met the terms of the sentence.

Surely, society needs this man with his fine example of courage, talent, industry, and good resolve. He should be aided to establish a fuller, freer life for himself outside the prison walls, as by some miracle of faith and strength he has managed to find himself and develop a resourceful gift within his confining orbit. I believe that he is ready to take his place in a bigger world, and prove worthy of that trust. Let's hope that the world doesn't fail him!

FRANCES S. BEATTY.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: If we do really believe we are our brothers' keeper, we must acknowledge that the forces which produce such "criminals" as the one described are far more our fault than the fault of the so-called evil-doer. Whatever his crime, he has paid its price. Let us now pay what we owe to him: A second chance.

MARIE WHITBECK CLARK.

Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: . . . Being an artist myself, and having spent a number of years in dreary institutions for physical illness, I can make my agreement doubly strong.

Certainly the artist who can make black and white speak so eloquently will always find the pencil a more exciting, satisfying, and remunerative tool than the gun. There can be little doubt that he will be a more useful member of society, imparting, through his natural medium, the understanding his experiences have given him, to the outer world which so sadly lacks understanding of any inner life.

I, for one, should be pleased to know a man of that kind, both through his art, and socially.

B. L. GILSON.

East Randolph, Vt.

SIR: . . . I sincerely believe that this prisoner has rehabilitated himself from the circumstances of bad companions and accompanying criminal results. I believe that he has attained the necessary social stature to become a citizen of society, and thereby give to the world the talents with which he seems to be endowed.

Please make every effort to effect his release.

R. ACKERMAN.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SIR: . . . I am curious as to how much more talent—in art, music, writing, craft work—is incarcerated in other prisons of the U. S. And to what degree it is encouraged to develop—which may be more than half the battle with many in whom such potentials are latent.

PATRICK O'SHEEL.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . I cannot conceive that any pressure will be needed to convince the governor in question that the man now serving a life sentence should be released.

It would seem to me that a man of sufficient character and courage to overcome the most hopeless and depressing environment, which he knows will be his all his life long, and in spite of it to make for himself a useful and even happy life, would, even without his fine talent, deserve his freedom.

OLGA L. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: . . . It is evident that the mind of the prisoner has changed from that of an asocial generator of crime into a constructive social factor creating art. I have always held from my own studies of prison life, that the mind of an individual there remains stationary only where the prisoner has made no effort to gain a more constructive viewpoint. Once this mental outlook has been achieved, as it evidently has in the case of the prisoner described, it makes little sense to "punish" this changed personality for something that his old personality has committed.

In the interest of justice therefore, I mean true justice, I think this man should be pardoned.

RICHARD ROIDERER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: By all means a man of that talent should have an outside chance—at thirty-seven he would have ripe years in which to do more and better work now so full of promise. A boy of nineteen! A man of thirty-seven—they are not one and the same. Let's help him out.

FRANCES MILLAR.

Alexander, Ark.

SIR: . . . I have faith in this man you speak of. Let's give him a new climate. One in which I and my children can share his brotherhood. . . .

TERRY A. OLDANI.

Ripon, Wis.

SIR: . . . The drawings, even before I read the article, struck a resounding chord in me. Here, I thought, is something fine and rare. Kafka came instantly to my mind. . . .

MILDRED ARTHUR.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

SIR: . . . The sincere eloquence of those documentary drawings can never be doubted.

My husband and I, both artists, humbly believe that this man has a natural inner talent for expelling his emotions, and seemingly without a thread of bitterness. He has paid his debt with heart.

FAY GAGE.

Long Island City, N. Y.

SIR: . . . The artist's work projects a great strength, somewhat akin to that of the German artist Kaethe Kollwitz. I hope that a way may be found to restore his freedom—possibly a dubious privilege.

WARREN M. ANDERSON.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: For many years my father was on the board of The John Howard Home for Ex-prisoners, in Boston.

I saw many men who had served sentences for various crimes including murder who were completely trustworthy and made fine citizens.

I heartily agree that this artist has had all that continued prison confinement can do for him, and is ready to take his worthy place in society.

EVA EARLE TAYLOR.

Long Beach, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas and Studies.

As patient experimenters enlarged the bounds of human knowledge of the material universe during the nineteenth century, the ancient dogmas of revealed religion were increasingly subjected to scrutiny and attack. Lyell in geology, Darwin in biology, Renan in his critical analysis of the Bible weakened the faith of many. During our own century, the tremendous strides made in chemistry and physics helped make science an almost universal cult. Each church met the challenge in its own way. The answer of the Roman Catholic Church was to redirect attention to Thomas Aquinas's teaching that conflict between natural law and supernatural religion is fundamentally impossible because both originated from the same God. Both "The Road to Reason," by the scientist Du Noüy, and "The Philosophy of Religion," by the prelate Sheen, reviewed here, are rooted in this conception.

Man, a Variety of Saint

THE ROAD TO REASON. By Lecomte Du Noüy. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 254 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE author of "Human Destiny" died, having good reason to believe that he had changed the outlook of countless human beings. He had told them, as his distinguished predecessor Pascal had informed others in his day, that possibly "science" would turn out to be not a variation on a theme by Montaigne but a page in the prayer-book. This new essay, in several ways harder to read than its predecessor, was, as a matter of fact, written earlier. It mirrors a distinguished scientist's groping toward his final beliefs. Du Noüy thought he saw that evolution, most revealing of the doctrines proclaimed by modern science, could not possibly be accounted for as a sort of wedding between matter and the laws of chance. Indeed, he came to feel that if mankind persisted in feeling that "science" thus construed was the answer it was doomed.

Nothing is more difficult to reconstruct than the autobiography of a thinker. But we can perhaps say that this great scholar was influenced on the one hand by the fact that the comments of Renan on human behavior had obviously fallen far short of reality, and on the other hand by the no less startling circumstance than such great scientists as Poincaré and De Broglie had so changed earlier concepts of natural processes that confident nineteenth-century assumptions now seemed almost as inadequate as did the crude theories of the days before Francis Bacon. Rereading Renan one found him predicting that men trained in the light of science would be better folk all round, would get into jail less frequently, and would become "less sublime and less absurd." A glance at one's newspaper demonstrates that this was wishful thinking. On the other hand, Du Noüy's biological studies convinced him that there was no reason whatever for believing that life could be explained as a fortuitous addition to the world of pure matter. The likelihood that a single cell could come into being seemed to him so slight that one might more easily expect a roomful of book-ends to jell into a book. And millions of cells appearing side by side, to send life coursing across the earth like a tide? To credit that, Du Noüy decided, was to relapse into superstition.

He felt the normal French intellectual's aversion to superstition in every form. No doubt there was in him a passionate respect for good taste, and therewith an aversion from those who drew shiny rabbits out of the hat of a hypothesis. Du Noüy had a good deal of the same shrewd affection for temperateness which one finds illustrated in President Conant's recent warning that the "scientific method" is not an easily acquired key to the world's frat house. He felt rather that inquiring into the processes of nature was a matter of going from the predicted to the unpredictable, and that the more "laws" came to be written the more evident it was that a vast number of additional "laws" would have to be discovered. His book is sure to impress the lay reader as a kind of detective story in which the number of potential murderers grows larger with each minute without bringing the solution closer. I am sure that was precisely the effect Du Noüy desired. He manifests a great regard for calculus, theoretical physics, and biological research. And yet he does not look upon any of them as an equivalent of the Burning Bush.

Lecomte du Noüy—"What if contemporary man is an addlepate?"

Yet there was something else, too, and this was clearly still more important. Man is, he thought, temporarily at least, the pinnacle of evolution. Perhaps he will be superseded eventually by some nobler and more intelligent creature (and Du Noüy believed this likely), but for the moment he is at the summit because he thinks and chooses. But what if he does these things unwisely? What if contemporary man is, despite his part in the play of the cosmos, an addlepate? Yes, what if precisely his misguided notion that "science" can tell him everything he needs to know is responsible for his being in a dismal swamp rather than on solid ground? Du Noüy sensed that there was a sort of relationship between those delvers into Nature who thought they had discovered power without a moral connotation, and the leaders of peoples who coveted political power but disdained moral responsibiilty.

I think that one might finally decide that Du Noüy was the sort of scholar who, having been filled with a kind of holy awe by the wonders and mysteries uncovered to the worker in the laboratory, concluded that man must treat with equal reverence that which is miraculous in his own potential energies. He felt that only God could have started the universe about us on its way. But he reasoned even more passionately that man needs God in order to become Man. Surely he would have been the last to hold that any one scientist could presume to have said the last word about science. But I fancy he might well have declared that even the least of us, however little touched by the genius of Einstein or Planck, can see that humanity must cling to the coat-tails of the saint if it is to get anywhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Point of Frustration

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts Inc. 1948. 369 pp. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE relationship between human reason and religion is for many moderns one of the most baffling of all personal relationships. The certitudes which could comfort whole generations have been shaken by science and philosophy, by economics and history, until, as Rauschnig has said of man, "he is bludgeoned into the limbo of gloomy reality without any place to set his feet." And now the new cosmology which seemed to be taking form as the physicists made the law and the mathematicians its eschatology leaves us wondering as we hear hints that even Copernicus and Galileo may not have been as right as we have believed.

Monsignor Sheen's thesis is that in leaving the traditional philosophies, Western civilization has reached a point of frustration, where its people, confused and unstable, are reduced to no other value than that of being instruments of power, political or other. To him the great paradox of our time is that the modern world, which started out to glorify rationalism, ended in irrationalism. In order to show what he regards as the true relationship between reason and religion he sets himself the task of examining four distinct and relevant problems: first, the history of the abandonment of reason and the final descent into irrationalism; second, a recall to the right use of reason in discovering the existence and nature of God; third, a study of the impact of the physical and historical sciences on religion; fourth, the value of the new approach to religion from man instead of nature.

In brief, what this distinguished Catholic prelate does is reexamine the philosophy of his Church in reference to the secular philosophies of our day as they seem to have challenged it. With St. Thomas and his "Philosophia Perennis" as guide he offers proof of the transcendence and immanence of God and challenges those widely held theories of science and philosophy which would leave out the supernatural or would deny these attributes. "Having made God synonymous with the unscientific, the progress of science naturally came to mean a disbelief in God. The day that philosophy returns to the conception that the existence of God is not

—*M. I. Boris.*

Fulton J. Sheen—"No quarrel with science as it exists in the laboratory."

founded on the scientifically inexplicable, but on the rationally explicable, it will undo a false principle that has been haunting the philosophy of religion since the days of Newton."

Monsignor Sheen has no quarrel with science as it exists in the laboratory. Its discoveries and laws seem to him compatible with his Church and its beliefs. In fact they would seem to support them. It is in the metaphysical realm that he takes issue with the disciples of Descartes, of Marx, of Freud, of Whitehead, of Eddington, *et al.* With some of them he agrees that Frustrated Man is the problem of our times. Classical philosophy, he maintains, is as much concerned with this subject as is modern thought, and in a far more profound way.

For the non-Catholic reader this book should serve to show the philosophic thought and claims of the Thomist thinkers of our day. For the Catholic reader it is a cogent statement of the relation of modern thought to his basic philosophy. It is, too, for the latter a much needed exhortation to revitalize his thinking and to center it on aspects which have real significance for contemporary minds. For as the author says, "Many branches of scholastic philosophy are directed toward an exposition of the fallacies of an antiquated deism and rationalism which no longer exist." The subject of man as he is himself, as he stands in relation to the cosmos, to fellowman, to God is that with which he should be most concerned.

William S. Lynch is superintendent of schools at Fall River, Mass. He was co-author, with Houston Peterson, of "Poet to Poet."

Collection of Lies

THE AFFAIRS OF DAME RUMOR. By David J. Jacobson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 492 pp. $5.

Reviewed by LEONARD W. DOOB

IT is virtually impossible to recommend this book on any count. The author considers all falsehoods rumors. With this loose definition as a guide, he has assembled a miscellaneous collection of exotic and rather well-known lies recorded during the history of Western man. The range extends from "that silly old tale about the ostrich" to "rumors concerning Premier Stalin's sudden end." This hodgepodge has been roughly classified into eight categories: lies involving natural phenomena, minority groups, commercial enterprises, Presidential candidates, get-rich-quick schemes, labor unions, war, and deceased personages. Within a category, to which a separate chapter is devoted, Mr. Jacobson describes each lie indignantly, sometimes guesses how and why it circulated, and frequently sermonizes on the gullibility of human nature.

No coherent method of organization is followed within a chapter. One lie reminds the author of another; eventually he may or may not return to a chronological presentation. Loose generalizations about people and falsehoods appear irrelevantly at irregular and unpredictable intervals. Almost every page yields an exaggerated or oversimplified account of an historical event.

Are there any new insights to be obtained from reading this book? Clearly it is not necessary to document the fact that some people lie deliberately or unintentionally and that other people may believe and perhaps circulate the lies. It is, however, amusing to note how practically all phases of human activity can be distorted. It is interesting to observe that the same lies crop up again and again, and that often their progenitors do not take the trouble to attire them in a new look. It is important to speculate about the function of falsehoods within liars and within those believing the lies. It is crucial to discover antidotes to lies, though not in the manner of Mr. Jacobson, who hysterically shouts that lies are lies and are responsible for all the evil in the universe. The basic problem of "The Affairs of Dame Rumor" is challenging, and hence it is a pity that only in the last four pages—or about eight-tenths of one per cent of the total—is there a serious, responsible discussion of its implications.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History. *He who undertakes to write the life of another man discovers that biography is a munificent form, offering many paths to his goal. Three of the chief routes are exemplified in books reviewed this week. If his subject has left a large and revealing collection of papers, the writer can content himself with reproducing salient items—as Walter Shewring does in his "Letters of Eric Gill." Or, if he is possessed of talents exceedingly rare, he will combine scrupulous accuracy with literary charm—as Maurice Collis does in his book about Confucius, "The First Holy One." If he is anxious to reach the widest public, he may fictionize his material, trifling with the truth to heighten interest—as do Daniel Q. Posin in his life of the chemist "Mendeleyev" and Opal Leigh Berryman in her filial "Frontier Preacher."*

A Chemist and His Cohorts

MENDELEYEV. The Story of a Great Scientist. By Daniel Q. Posin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 345 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

NO matter on what page the reader opens this biography of Mendeleyev, one of the greatest figures in the annals of chemistry, it looks like a novel. Page after page is given over to dialogue. In other words, Dr. Posin, formerly of the University of Panama and of the Radiation Laboratory of MIT and now of North Dakota State College, follows the current pernicious fashion of writing science as if it were fiction. A biography so written makes livelier reading than if it were more didactically treated, but doubts constantly arise in the mind of a critical reader. What of such characters as Natvei, the night watchman? Was there really such a person? So with Timofei and the *strannik* and, above all, with the conversations.

Dr. Posin has gone to such extremes in writing Mendeleyev's life story that he is impelled to supply a sort of *apologia* entitled "Concerning This Biography—How Much Is Fiction?" He confesses that some liberties have been taken, but we are assured that the characters are for the most part real persons. Even so the doubts remain. Lytton Strachey found no difficulty in making Queens Elizabeth and Victoria live without resorting to Dr. Posin's tricks and thus bewildering the reader.

Apart from a method of treatment that arouses ire and suspicion, Dr. Posin does more than justice to Mendeleyev as a chemist and as the inventor of the periodic table of elements. Indeed Dr. Posin's biography is a panegyric. Anyone who ever thought Mendeleyev queer or rather too suggestive of a Russian bear arouses displeasure. The truth is that Mendeleyev was not a modest person. According to a few accounts that have come down he was often arrogant, vain, and given to lording it over others. But you would hardly suspect any of this from Posin's account. Sir William Ramsay, whom this reviewer happened to know, may or may not have regarded Mendeleyev as a strange hairy foreigner at a first meeting, but Ramsay was certainly not the supercilious, self-satisfied, "aristocratic" prig depicted by Dr. Posin.

The periodic table of elements is one of the great structures of science. It showed relationships between groups of elements, and it made possible the prediction that missing elements would be discovered. Mendeleyev was not alone in perceiving these relationships. Lothar Meyer, the German, whom Mendeleyev knew, worked at a periodic table. So did the Englishman J. A. R. Newlands. It seems to this reviewer that these two worthies might have been more generously treated by Dr. Posin without in the least detracting from his hero's remarkable creative ability. No one thinks any the worse of Newton because he found it necessary, under some pressure, to give Sir Christopher Wren and Robert Hooke some credit, in the "Principia," for what inspiration he may have derived from their heavy thinking on the laws of gravitation. Mendeleyev eclipsed both Meyer and Newlands in the thoroughness of his work, the range of his conception, and in his daring prediction of elements still to be discovered, just as Newton surpassed Wren and Hooke in his formulation of the laws of gravitation.

There is no question that Dr. Posin's biography holds the interest and that it links a great man with his social times and background. Despite his occasional chasing of stylistic affectations, such as "the waters under the frigid kiss" and "the cracks making convulsive frigid designs on the window panes," Dr. Posin writes well and with a command of English remarkable in one who may have had difficulty in shaking off the Russian idiom. Occasionally, Americanisms do manage to creep into conversations, but these do not mar the effect as a whole.

"I'm writing to Santa Claus—how do you spell hydromatic drive?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventuring in Odd Corners

WANDERING SCHOLAR. By M. J. Bonn. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 403 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

THESE memoirs are, in standard publishers' lingo, the story of a full life; and the list of personages whom the author met is as long and impressive as the index to a history book. But do not be misled. Mr. Bonn conducts his own show with a firm hand. The bigwigs—Ramsay MacDonald, Chancellor Brüning, Hjalmar Schacht, Nicholas Murray Butler, Gustav Stresemann, Lloyd George, Walter Rathenau, President Hindenburg, General Ludendorff, King Ludwig of Bavaria, Lord Keynes, Karl Kautsky, President Masaryk, William Butler Yeats, Lord Bryce, and Adolf Hitler—to mention only the cream of the catalogue—march across the background. Everywhere the impresario dominates the scene with a genial egotism that is never offensive. "I see no reason why I should be dull when I am right," says the author. The formula for a good autobiography has never been so stated before.

"Wandering Scholar" is far and away one of the best of that kind. It has nearly everything: graceful discourse, memorable facts, and, most wonderful of all, some useful ideas. I do not know of a better informal account of the political and economic inflations which followed Germany's defeat in the First World War. The chapters on colonialism in British South Africa and German South West Africa are, as reporting, superb; and the author's scholarship gives these passages an added dimension that will delight the reader who appreciates some spice of wisdom along with the fun of adventuring in odd corners of the earth.

But this is chiefly a book about intellectual adventures, of mental growth, of disenchantment with the glittering expediencies of the life of action. There are numberless stories, usually presented with a twist that makes them worth reading twice. Here is one of the shortest: At the turn of the century, when Mr. Bonn was studying the Irish question in Ireland, he went on a cruise among the Western Isles with Horace Plunkett (one of the "Lord Dunsany" Plunketts). They approached one of the islands, landed, and to their surprise were greeted by an angry crowd. "The people were expecting a relief boat, a steamer bringing goods for which they did not have to pay, to save them from starvation. As one of them explained to us afterward, 'If it were not for the famine, nobody could live here'."

After a succession of pieces such as that, any author may be allowed, even by the most ill-tempered reviewer, to write his own ticket. Mr. Bonn says:

> I have been Doctor, Professor, Principal, and Rector Magnificus; the only rung I missed was that of Dean; I have never been *His Spectabilitas,* as this worthy was called in German universities. I have probably held more visiting professorships than any other man of my generation. . . . I have owned homes and land, but I have lost them through revolutionary forces. . . . He is fortunate in whom the possessive instinct has died. He can leave without regret. And when one is held back by only a few ties which in the nature of things threaten to break any day, one looks forward to the end of a long migration with hope rather than with fear.

Obviously what Mr. Bonn is telling us is that the supreme adventure is to have lived a life worth living. That's true for a fact; the question is, how? As a liberal of the old vintage, he teaches this ultimate wisdom sensibly; that is to say, by his own example. The price of this book is about a penny a page. Libraries lend it for free. Get hold of a copy somehow—and read slowly.

A Model British Intransigent

THE LETTERS OF ERIC GILL. Edited by Walter Shewring. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 1948. 480 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by
CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

ERIC GILL (1882-1940), stone cutter, wood and metal engraver, calligrapher, type designer, and a lay Brother of the Order of St. Dominic, was a modern rebel of the finest British sort. As a skilled craftsman he resented the shoddiness of our modern manufacturers; as a believer in many forms of communal ownership, though by no means a Communist, he knew that the workers must own the tools of production; as a convert to Roman Catholicism (though critical of prelacy), he felt the necessity of a strong religious motive in the day's work.

—From a nineteenth-century print.

"Stonecutter."

These 300 letters, which supplement the autobiography published in 1941, are written to many people—friends, acquaintances, the public press. Most of them are addressed to Englishmen, but there is a long sequence to the American Graham Carey. Gill was a pretty steady contributor of correspondence to the Catholic journals, and some of the best letters are explanations of his views on the subject of work and religion. He was converted to Rome, but he needed no conversion to Socialism, and the letters show no change in his fundamental beliefs, only a strengthening and deepening of conviction. He abominated the words "art" and "artist," as savoring of that queer divorce of work and leisure which typifies our age. If you believe in Art with a capital A you may have some difficulty in understanding Eric Gill's writing.

His credo is briefly summarized in this extract from a letter written in 1937 to the American *Catholic Worker*:

> Obviously what we want is a world in which the quality of the work done rather than its cheapness is the ruling consideration. We shall never get this world all the time we are ruled by men of business. We might get it if the world were ruled by the workers, but only if they themselves were led by inspired religion.

Hard-headed men of business and soft-headed idealists might, I think, profit from reading these letters of Eric Gill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Confucius and the Golden Mean

THE FIRST HOLY ONE. By Maurice Collis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 280 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

"THE First Holy One" is one of the many posthumous titles conferred upon Confucius. He himself would have rejected it, as he did the title of Divine Sage, and all others which implied an affinity with heaven. Of heaven he knew nothing; to be a saint or savior he had no aspirations, to be a god no desire. Indeed, his rejection of apotheosis shows a restraint so rare that none of the other leaders of the world's religions seemed capable of exercising it. His philosophy, accordingly, is as devoid of theology as it is of metaphysics. It is a code of ethics, not a cult. And since "consideration for others' feelings is the basis of society," it is also a political philosophy, for him the state was only the family writ large. To seek the golden mean, to practise virtue—this is what a man should try to do. When all men everywhere do this they will have a good life, and a good society.

This much most of us know about Confucius. Beyond that our knowledge falters. For the details of his life and for the role of Confucianism in the long centuries of Chinese civilization, the non-specialist has had no readily available source. He has one now. In this beautiful book Maurice Collis, an Irishman who spent many years in the employ of the British Civil Service, has given us all we need to know in a few hundred pages. With the touch of a master storyteller he tells us about Confucius himself, about the books which comprise the Confucian canon, and about the changing fortunes of Confucianism through two and a half millenia. Along the way he pauses to adorn his tale with others: the story of Yang and the founding of the Ch'in Dynasty, the building of the Great Wall, and the burning of the Confucian books; the restoration and establishment of Confucianism in the Han Dynasty; the story of Ssu-ma Ch'ien, the great historian of the House of Han; the quest of the Emperor Wu for the Fortunate Isles and for the sound of celestial voices; the Chinese discovery of the New Earth to the West; and the introduction of Buddhist, Graeco-Roman, and Christian elements into Chinese culture.

It is altogether impossible to convey the extraordinary quality of this book. It is written in a style that is at once so learned and so lucid, so graceful and yet instructive, that Confucius himself would surely have approved of it. In these pages one meets the Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters and the Princess of the Colored Clouds. Here one climbs with Wu to the top of T'ai Shan, passing the Temple of the Heavenly Book, the Temple of the Mother of the Great Bear, and the Temple of Fairy Dreams. Here one sees the Thousand Foot Falls, the Black Dragon Pool, and the Fairy Shadow; here one crosses Snowflake Bridge; and here one learns, to one's dismay, what happens at the Silkworm House. It is an enchanted country through which Mr. Collis conducts us. His book is as exquisite as a piece of jade. It is a work of art. To all who have listened as children to stories of far-off lands it will be a constant delight.

Wild-West Divine

PIONEER PREACHER. By Opal Leigh Berryman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 248 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

THE Bad Men have been played up exclusively in the public mind, Miss Berryman feels—and not, certainly, without reason—while those tireless and good individuals whose parts, while less flashy, were surely more constructive in the development of the West, have been overlooked. As her own contribution toward evening the score she has drawn, in what is ostensibly an account of her family's life in La Mesa, Texas, in 1905 and 1906, a portrait of her father, a missionary Baptist preacher. Because, for the sake of narrative economy, Miss Berryman has consolidated the events of ten years into two, arriving, by this somewhat arbitrary carving up of time, at a vivid picture of her father's part in the life of the community; because she herself was a precociously observant little girl, blessed with an excellent memory; but chiefly because it is seen through the candid and undeceived eyes of a child, this portrait springs to endearing and vivid life.

From the time when we first see him, driving his wife and child in a buggy to their new, plains home in Chicago, Texas, the Reverend George Carroll Berryman is an arresting figure.

While his first concern was his own ministry and all that it involved, Brother Berryman's life in the small town was far from passive. With the sheriff and the town's less easily intimidated citizens, he fought against the cattle rustlers, the saloon, the activities of the Ku Klux.

It was a life of endless physical and material hardship; the Berrymans were inadequately housed and microscopically paid; it worried Opal's father only because the rough frontier life was taking its inevitable toll of his pretty, gently-born wife. And the Home Mission Board expected the impossible in the matter of increased membership and growing church building funds. Opal knew her father was worried when his reports had to be sent in, and it seemed to her that God was just sitting quietly on his throne with his hands folded instead of *doing* something. "If God won't help any, why don't you just quit him flat?" she suggested. But her father's steadfast faith never wavered. It shines from every page of this affectionate and entertaining memoir.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Two remarkably fine historical novels lead this week's reviews. Margaret Irwin's "Elizabeth, Captive Princess," is an intensely human story of sixteenth-century England in the tumultuous days when young Elizabeth lived in constant danger of assassination or execution. Life in thirteenth-century England, shortly after the Black Plague, is illuminated by a revelation, in Sylvia Townsend Warner's "The Corner That Held Them," of the seething inner life of a medieval convent. Here, three centuries apart, in sheltered convent and godless court, the talent of two writers creates human beings comprehensible to readers of our own day. Both books deserve a place with the half dozen more commonplace historical novels now on the best-seller lists.*

The Girl Who Would Be Queen

ELIZABETH, CAPTIVE PRINCESS. By Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 246 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

WHATEVER improvement there has been in the art of writing popular historical fiction, so that what was once a stilted formula in which unbelievably virtuous wooden figures strutted amidst the violence and pageantry of the past, the writers of today have still something to learn. We have for some time become accustomed to more virile heroes, some of them bearing great names, caught in the thrall of passionate and high-breasted strumpets. In the midst of wars and bloodshed and meticulously elaborate scenery, love now calls the tune. The historical novel is once more in danger, in spite of the artificial heat that it generates, of being frozen into a formula which must again be broken.

Margaret Irwin, an English writer, is one of the few who has recently shown the way. You cannot call her latest book or its predecessor novelized biography, though she has transformed into flesh and blood the stiffly corseted, beruffled, and stern figure of Queen Elizabeth. It is history blended with fiction and it places the stirring and tempestuous court life of sixteenth-century England into the frame of reference of our own day.

"Elizabeth, Captive Princess" follows three years after her "Young Bess," which won Miss Irwin such encomiums as "about the best historical novelist of her time." Actually, it continues the story of the sickly but vital redheaded girl from her nineteenth year, when her thin neck was constantly in peril of the axe, to the marriage of her sister Mary, now Queen of England, to Philip of Spain. It is obviously the second part of a long historical novel of England and Elizabeth which may some day appear in a thousand or more pages. Though the second volume dovetails perfectly with the first, it is satisfactorily rounded and complete in itself. The fragile girl's determination to preserve her life so that she may some day be Queen of England has finally become a burning conviction of her destiny that rules every act of her life and chains the human passions which might have betrayed her. In some ways this is a better book than "Young Bess," perhaps because it is easier to write dramatically about a woman than a girl, or because the violent historic events that followed the death of her brother, young King Edward, came in rapid succession. Though it was ten years before Shakespeare and Marlowe were born when young Elizabeth was held captive in the great house of Hatfield by her Uncle Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, surely the seeds of Elizabethan drama emerged from the bloody soil and the tyranny of those days and the years that had followed the death of Henry the Eighth. A violent king, half genius and half mad bull, had left to his daughters and to a consumptive son a bloody inheritance which would have destroyed the nation and left it a helpless prey to revolution and to Spanish conquest if Elizabeth had not come to the throne.

—*Hatfield House, courtesy Lord Salisbury.*

"Elizabeth Pagan"—"her thin neck was constantly in peril of the axe."

But Margaret Irwin has broken with tradition in more ways than in writing an historical novel that can be consumed in a night's reading. She has left out the trappings, the elaborately studied details of architecture and domestic furnishings with which the laborious accumulations of other writers have filled their pages. Her novel is not cluttered with extraneous detail, so that a bed is simply a bed and a room is a room, whether it is a council chamber or a cell in the Tower of London; nor are the costumes of the period described at greater length than they would be in a modern novel. The cold stones of the Tower and the tapestries of stately halls are left to the reader's imagination. The hard work of scholarship, of studying the voluminous records, diaries, and papers of the time, undoubtedly prefaced the writing of this book, and are perhaps responsible for the three years that elapsed between "Young Bess" and "Elizabeth, Captive Princess." But this studious digging and research which are the lot of every sound historical novelist, never appear on the surface. The characters live and hate and love and die as human beings, not as creatures long entombed in books and libraries.

Where speculation has to fill the gap of certain knowledge, the reader is willing to accept the author's interpretation. Was Elizabeth actually the Virgin Queen? Miss Irwin says no, that her Uncle Seymour, the Admiral, in whose care she had been brought up, was her lover when she was fifteen, and that the deadly accusations made against her by his brother when he was Lord Protector of England were true. Later, she says, Elizabeth guarded her chastity as a method of reaching the throne, and finally as a device of statecraft, there can be little doubt left in the reader's mind. One brilliantly written scene illuminates the resolve of an abnormally passionate young woman to keep her virtue intact. Elizabeth had been thrown into prison in the Tower where she daily awaited the arrival of the headsman and the axe, when a noble friend of her youth manages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Lenare.*

"Was Elizabeth actually the Virgin Queen? Margaret Irwin says no."

by bribery of servant jailers to persuade her to dine with him in his cell. The wine, the charm and gaiety of the moment, the relief from atrocious anxiety lead her to the edge of surrender.

> She was shivering uncontrollably as in an ague; she pressed her hands to her head, which swam in sick revulsion as the past came whirling back upon her. At fifteen she had been betrayed unwittingly by her closest friend; had demanded to come to Court to show she was not with child, had insisted on it being proclaimed by Parliament through the whole country; had been watched month after month by enemies wearing the guise of guardians and servants, so that even when she heard of her lover's execution she had had to force herself to speak quite coolly, without emotion; the icebergs had closed in on her soul while it ran up and down the rigging to seek escape. Was she to go through all that again? "Never, never!" she cried. "Give myself to you here in the Tower, where he was done to death, horribly, savagely, for me?"

There follows a chapter in which there is neither fear nor danger for Elizabeth, but foreknowledge and exultant joy in her destiny. Freed from the Tower, with her slim neck still supporting her head, she rides through Oxford toward the country with a small retinue. Everywhere people spring up to greet her; the boys from college mob her carriage; against the law, the churchbells ring, flowers are thrown upon her, and even loaves of bread from the stalls.

"They felt for her the rugged chivalry of their nation, could identify themselves with the flame-haired Princess now riding in her shabby old broken litter among her prison guards."

Life in a Medieval Nunnery

THE CORNER THAT HELD THEM. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 367 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER'S readers know by now that to whatever she turns her pen, she brings her own urban wit and gentle satire to enchant us. We can be grateful that "The Corner That Held Them" is not an historical novel as we know the general run of historical novels today. It does not have either a beautiful heroine or a handsome hero; nor is anyone in the book exposed to the usual sadistic tortures invented by an author's overheated imagination. Fortunately Miss Warner's sense of fancy is more disciplined. She never lets us forget that she is writing about life during the Middle Ages. She reminds us, however, that existence in the priory of Oby in Catholic England had its share of heartaches and scandals, petty ambitions and quiet triumphs for its inhabitants.

There are some who believe that a good convent should have no history; that its life is protected by Providence. But Miss Warner, closely inspecting a sheltered corner of medieval England, chooses to be a realist. "History is of the world," she writes, "and the events it records are usually deplorable: the year when the roof caught fire, the year of the summer flood which swept away the haystacks and drowned the bailiff, the year when the cattle were stolen, the year when the King laid the great impost for the Scotch wars and timber for five years had to be felled to pay it, the year of the pestilence, the year when Dame Dionysia had a baby by the bishop's clerk."

Oby had formerly been the manor house of Brian de Retteville. After his wife Alianor's death, her widowed cuckold husband ironically chose to found a priory of the Benedictine Order on its site. In 1163 when the nuns arrived, bright as a flock of magpies, they discovered to their dismay that everything was poorer, clumsier, smaller than they had anticipated. With dubious hearts these holy women sang their *Te Deum.* Often throughout the years the convent of Oby was in such a state of confusion and indebtedness that there was talk of the bishop of the diocese dissolving it. But life at Oby persisted; and habit and ritual, and the bull Periculoso, being so honestly observed, made these nuns look every day more like a "tray of buns." Money troubles, law suits, shortage of labor, even drove some of them to impious thoughts. Prioress Alicia often looked to death as a final release from her worldly cares and disappointments, freedom from "a life filled with beef and mutton, clothing and firing, cavils and quarrels." Of course, outsiders saw Oby altogether differently. Some whispered that Sir Ralph was no priest at all but the paramour of Dame Agnes who had smuggled him into the convent. Another nun was said to be a sorceress, another with child. Although wiser folks did not always credit these stories, they nevertheless listened to them.

We are, more or less, in the same position as these rapt listeners. We soon become so completely engrossed in the personal affairs of these convent people that we take it all in avidly, legend as well as historical fact. Much of the appeal of the novel may be traced to Miss Warner's masterful resuscitation of medieval times, for she has not only recaptured the gusty full-bloodedness of that age but has positively drawn life-size figures which might have sprung from the pages of Balzac's "Droll Stories." Still there is no pandering toward the sensational in this book. If Miss Warner's cloistered men and women appear somewhat gross, even slightly bawdy at times, it is but further proof of how expertly she knows her England under the Plantagenets. Above all, there is Miss Warner's sparkling prose which would enhance any chronicle, to say nothing of the customary economy and taste she reveals once again in her feeling for her subject.

Sylvia Townsend Warner: "The events [history] records are usually deplorable."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Folk Living & Dying

TALES OF MY PEOPLE. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Meyer Levin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 272 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ELEAZAR LIPSKY

EXCEPT for I. J. Singer, Sholem Asch's place as a Yiddish novelist in English translation is unchallenged. A long succession of major translations, culminating in the broad panorama of "Three Cities," indicated the arrival of a major force in world letters. Then, after his distinguished position was consolidated, he brought forth two brilliant *tours de force* which received wide attention and gratifying sales, "The Nazarene" and "The Apostle." But within the Jewish world, opinion was doubtful.

In these novels, Asch's entanglement with a theology foreign to his nature seemed to smack of theatricalism. In doctrinal matters, he seemed naive, or fearful of giving offense, or eager to placate Christian views in this sensitive field. He abandoned the Jewish viewpoint (best exemplified in Professor Joseph Klausner's "Jesus of Nazareth") for an ingenious, but hybrid conception of his own. Even his Jews were not solidly of the classical period of Josephus, but ghetto-types of nineteen centuries later. Nor did he please either orthodox or liberal Christians, the former because of obvious heresies, the latter because of a simple indulgence in the miraculous, and the like.

Considering Sholem Asch's proved imaginative scope, and the prodigious outpouring of learning and ingenuity in these works, an explanation for this escapism must be sought elsewhere than in a mere personal failure. His latest book, the work presently under consideration, "Tales of My People," illustrates the problem of any writer in his position.

Sholem Asch—"Within the Jewish world opinion was doubtful."

These "Tales" bridge the career of the author and an era of the Jewish people. The first is a short novel, "The Little Town," which first established his reputation in Europe, and the latter are ten short pieces, many written during and after the Nazi holocaust. The contrast is striking. In the early novel, like many of his contemporaries then addressing their richly emotional public, he evoked a loving and nostalgic mood picture of a little river village in Eastern Europe. No great plot was needed. It was then enough to paint folkways, quirks, vulgarities, the intrusion of natural things, above all, religious customs, to establish an understanding with his Jewish readers. At that time, one can see, there were millions who had come from such villages where their physical insecurity (not here considered by Asch) was eased by a moral certitude that there was a God in Heaven. The novel is a simple, easy tale of warm, ordinary folk living, dying, chaffering, having children, and enjoying the process. It can be read like any such well-written novel of far away and long ago.

In the latter stories, the assurance is gone. Although three tales, "Tricked," "A Divorce," and "The Dowry" are wry sentimentalities in the early mood, the last seven stories show the bewilderment of a Jew in a world gone mad. Not that this point is adverse to Asch, for the seven latter tales are sensitive to the fate of six million bestially slaughtered innocents. Considering the dreadful subject, the emotional content is kept remarkably in hand. But, with all the tragic poignancy, these short stories, good as they are, particularly "Yiskadal V'Yiskadash" (the mourner's prayer) and "A Child Leads the Way" (dealing with the self-immolation of a group of Jewish girls at a Frankfort school) cannot satisfy a thirst for an adequate summation of an entire people's tragedy.

In these tales seems to lie the explanation for Sholem Asch's quest for new worlds to conquer. The old world, now gone forever, was a long time in dying. The new is yet to be born. In this interim, the tremendous talents of Sholem Asch discharge like lightning into the likeliest paths of least resistance.

Eleazar Lipsky, practising lawyer in New York City, is author of "Keys of Death" and "Murder One," crime analyses. He has lectured widely on Palestine's political and legal problems.

Loving & Lamenting

Sylvia Thompson writes "a sympathetic and perceptive story of human beings."

THE PEOPLE OPPOSITE. By Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 281 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN her first novel since the war, Sylvia Thompson tells the stories of a group of people whose lives touch in varying degrees of intimacy and significance. She introduces Rose and John Hawkins, who, loving each other deeply and truly, have no real emotional problem; their neighbors, Sally and Simon Quendon, young, rich, charming, whose marriage, having no such foundation as the Hawkins's, is breaking up; Rita and Amiel Huxtable, who occupy a flat in the Hawkins house and whose unlegalized relationship is cheaply Bohemian and trucculently promiscuous; Charlotte Graham, Rose's mother, who acts as *dea ex machina* in straightening out a tangled situation involving her nephew Richard Lindsay, Francoise Delaunay, whom he loves and who loves him, and Ruth Redmond, a free-thinking, arty-crafty little sculptress who tries to entrap Richard into marriage. It is Richard's story which Miss Thompson makes the principal theme of her book, but the contrast and counterplay of the other lives which she describes round out the larger pattern, a sympathetic and perceptive study of human beings, in a setting of contemporary life, trying to cope with problems and situations which are mainly the result of their emotional maturity or immaturity.

For Sally and Simon Quendon there can be no happy ending;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neither is equipped with the stability or wisdom to work things out. Sally's desperate unhappiness over Simon's philandering leads her into liaisons of her own, and Simon is too self-centered, shallow, and complacent even to realize that she has loved him. Their relation to Rose and John, whose complete and happy fulfillment of their union Miss Thompson makes movingly and beautifully real, is only as the people across the street, seemingly so fortunate and gay, mildly speculated upon by the Hawkinses, their children, and Charlotte, known only in the most casual way. Nor do the Huxtables appear as more than incidental to the main motif of the book. Yet these glimpses of their lives, focused on for a brief space and unresolved except by implication, are more poignantly real and effective than the story of Richard and his affair with Ruth, who tries to blackmail him, of his and Francoise's falling in love, and of Charlotte's rather contrived machinations in the plot. As a novel, the book is somewhat tenuous and slight, its main plot a rather well-worn and familiar idea. It is really a panorama of a number of emotional situations, and its great charm lies in Miss Thompson's sensitive and perceptive character portrayal, and her limpid and beautiful prose style.

Labor's Pains, 1919-41

THE GREAT MIDLAND. By Alexander Saxton. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. 1948. 352. pp. $3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH.

ALEXANDER SAXTON'S second novel, a story of railroading and labor conflict, has all the elements of an interesting tale. The railroad background, product of the author's experience as a fireman and brakeman, is authentic. The people, including union bosses like Uncle Jennison and university hangers-on like the ex-deb and the psychopathic Marguerite Strauss, are well observed. The dialogue is natural and without strain. The management of incident—whether a university tea party, a fight between police and strikers, or the mangling of a railroad victim—is convincing. There is both drama and social significance. The writing is clean, direct, unpretentious.

The main story in "The Great Midland" (for there are several minor ones) concerns Dave and Stephanie Spaas. Dave is a Chicago labor organizer, Stephanie a university student with an assistantship. Both come from railroad families. Stephanie tries

(*Continued on page* 56)

Winged Words

By Carl Burger

WORDS are winged birds,
With feathered tip they dip the rippled surface of our thought,
Or with a circling, mirrored eye,
Upon the inward mind they spy,
To plummet down on darting wish,
And seize upon the gasping fish.

Eager, painted, humming words,
That sip the drop of honey from the lip;
Olive branched dove,
Cooing of peace and love.

Words that squawk,
Night-heron like, or quawk;
Words that peck and cackle,
Greedy vulgar grackle.

Warbling words like cheerio
The song of red-eyed vireo;
Smeared and bloody words of vultures,
That fatten on decaying cultures.

Searching, silent, solitary words,
From the throats of lonesome birds,
Marbled Godwit stepping from his reedy cover
To start a flight of ring-necked plover;
Or gliding Sheerwater,
Who sails and sweeps above unfathomed deeps.

A Christmas check list of novels of especial interest to SRL readers

☐ **FIND ME IN FIRE**
By Robert Lowry. The new novel by the author of *Casualty* . . . "He is unquestionably one of the most important writers of his generation."—*Edwin Seaver.* $3

☐ **WOMAN WITH A SWORD**
By Hollister Noble. The biographical novel of Anne Carroll, unofficial member of Lincoln's cabinet . . . "Ranks with the best of the Civil War novels."—*Harrison Smith, SRL.* $3

☐ **THE LAST PROFESSION**
By Jacques Laurent Bost. Without sentimentality or glorification, a novel of soldiers and soldiering that is "gripping in its terrible truth and is completely absorbing."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* $2.75

☐ **CATALINA**

By W. Somerset Maugham. The master story-teller of them all writes *the romance of a girl who didn't want* to be a saint. "Anyone could tell it; the only requirement is that he be W. Somerset Maugham." — *Thomas Sugrue, SRL.* $3

☐ **THE TREE WITHIN**
By I. V. Morris, author of *Liberty Street.* A story of the rebirth of a man and a nation . . . "nobly conceived and well executed."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* $3

☐ **STORM AND ECHO**
By Frederic Prokosch. The author of *The Asiatics* "pushes the frontier of the novel into a new salient."—*James Hilton.* "One of the strangest, most awesome books you've ever read."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* $3

☐ **WORLD WITHOUT VISA**

By Jean Malaquais. "Sartre, Camus and Amyé . . . Jean Malaquais belongs in their company."—*N. Y. Times.* "A huge, exciting novel."—*Time.* $3.75

☐ **PRIZE STORIES OF 1948**
The O. Henry Awards. The 30th annual volume, selected and edited by **Herschel Brickell.** La Farge, Stegner, and Capote are a few of the authors included. $3

☐ **SONG BEFORE SUNRISE**
By Jonreed Lauritzen. "A solid, roistering story. It has the hide and the hair, the sting and particularly the elusive beauty of the old Santa Fe country . . . It's a fine job!"—*Mari Sandoz.* $3

☐ **PARNASSUS ON WHEELS and THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP**
By Christopher Morley. The perfect gift for the booklover—these two Morley novels complete in one volume. $3

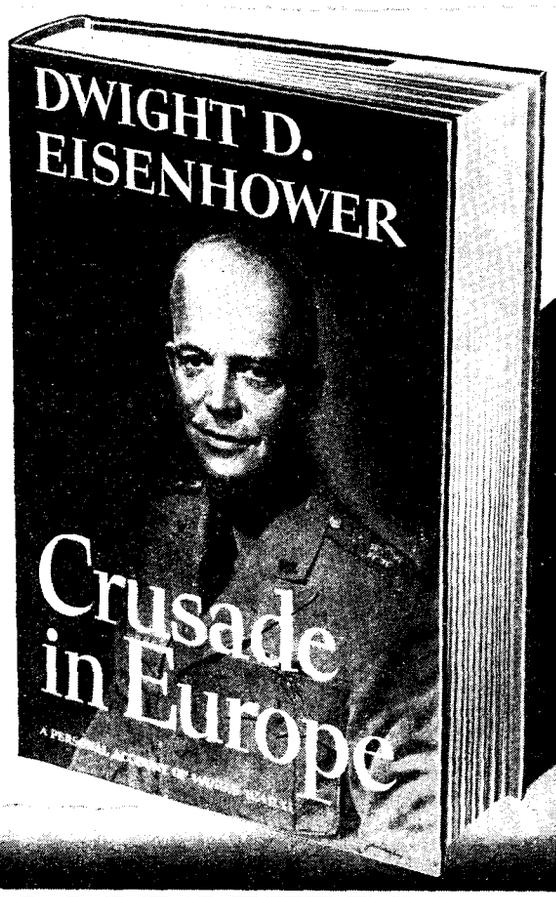
Wherever books are sold

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A proud gift

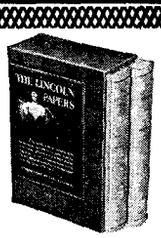
for family and friends this Christmas



The vivid drama of World War II as the Supreme Commander planned, directed and lived it . . . the fateful decisions . . . the strategy and the battles . . . the heartaches and victories—written with all the warmth and understanding of a truly great leader.

"Readers will feel that they are getting the *whole* story . . . The tone is that of a leader, a serene, highly sagacious leader pouring out his special knowledge with the heartiest desire to tell the truth about himself and others."
—*Allan Nevins.*

CRUSADE IN EUROPE by Dwight D. Eisenhower, is a large, beautifully designed and printed volume of 576 pages. It is illustrated with sixteen photographs selected by Edward Steichen. The 41 maps, some of them in color, were specially drawn for the book by Rafael Palacios. In addition to General Eisenhower's story, there is a special section containing army organization references, a glossary of operation code names, notes, and a complete index. $5.00



THE LINCOLN PAPERS

The Story of the Collection with Selections to July 4, 1861. Edited by *David C. Mearns.* Introduction by *Carl Sandburg.* "Volumes as thrilling as historical discovery, as penetrating as a microscope."—*James G. Randall,* author of *Lincoln, the Liberal Statesman.* 2 Vols., boxed. $10

THE CITY AND THE TSAR

By *Harold Lamb.* The bizarre, towering figure of Peter the Great dominates this fascinating, little-known tale of Russian expansion in the 18th century. $4.50

THE BATTLE FOR NORTH AMERICA

Edited by *John Tebbel* from the works of Francis Parkman. A modern abridgement of Parkman's monumental *France and England in North America* . . . "the greatest single achievement in our literature."—*Henry Steele Commager.* $7.50

MADE IN AMERICA:

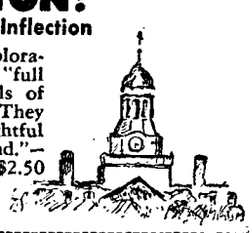
The Arts in Modern Civilization

By *John A. Kouwenhoven.* A lively examination of the arts in America, which implies that a skyscraper is closer to a Rembrandt than most of us think. "There is no living mind to which it has not much to say."—*Mark Van Doren.* Illus., $5.00

ABOUT BOSTON:

Sight, Sound, Flavor and Inflection

By *David McCord.* Intimate, informal explorations into the heart and mind of a city, "full of telling and unsuspected little details of which the author is a famous collector. They have the glint of laughter . . . Delightful vignettes by a skilled and sensitive hand."—*Edward Weeks, Atlantic Monthly.* $2.50

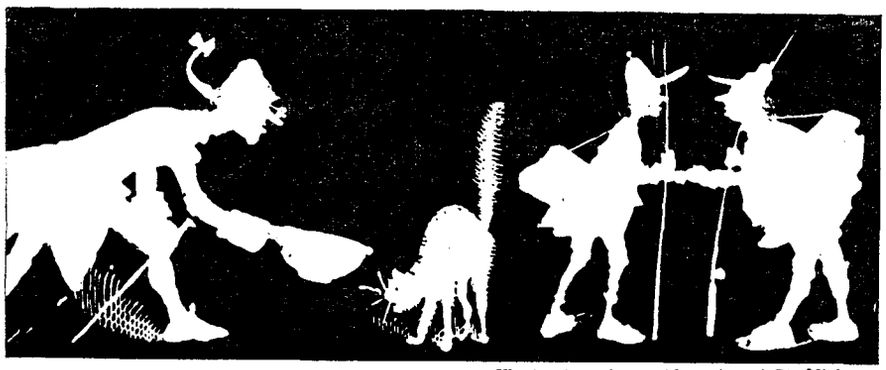


Buy GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATES Wherever You See This Emblem

Wherever books are sold

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Illustrations from old copies of* St. Nicholas.

Reflections from an Old Mirror

THE ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. With an Introduction by May Lamberton Becker. New York: Random House. 1948. 542 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood when Henry Steele Commager presents them to view. Mr. Commager himself was weaned on *St. Nicholas*. At two removes, that is—a couple of older brothers got it first. Here he takes amiable revenge. And he has made his anthology a family enterprise. The contemporary and ascendant generations of Commagers shared in the work.

This, then, is the best of *St. Nicholas* over the long-short years—the Commagers' idea of the best. It is a good best. An anthology of the worst of *St. Nicholas* wouldn't make a bad book. It had no worst. Never in periodical history was an even editorial level more adequately and more completely maintained. When a magazine reader of today congratulates an editor of his acquaintance with "That last issue of yours was a honey," the editor knows that some one unit in that issue caught and held that reader's interest. Nothing like that in *St. Nicholas*. Here, in very truth, was a magazine that was read from cover to cover and that was edited to be read from cover to cover. (Including the advertisements—it was in *St. Nicholas* that I made the dazzling discovery that Nabisco was a sort of code word for National Biscuit Company.) Its editors chose accordingly. They could not risk sandwiching one so-so unit in between two good ones. *Everything* had to be good. Everything was.

To that extent, the Commagers had an easy job. The real job, so to speak, was having the idea, and the idea was one of those perfect ideas that make everybody say, "Now why didn't somebody think of that before?"

In prosecuting his delightful chore, Mr. Commager found that the elders were enjoying what they read, "and not just vicariously, or as an exercise in nostalgia. *St. Nicholas* held up." Actually nostalgia is the most overrated of the aches. We who are crowding fifty or sixty or ninety are perpetually accused of having it (and, too often, we do), and people begin to avoid us—"Keep away from him," they say, "he's got the nostalgia." This anthology is something to be savored in its own right, as of this minute. It is not to be regarded as a crumbling forget-me-not crushed between the leaves of an oldie bookie, which is no way to treat a flower or a book anyway.

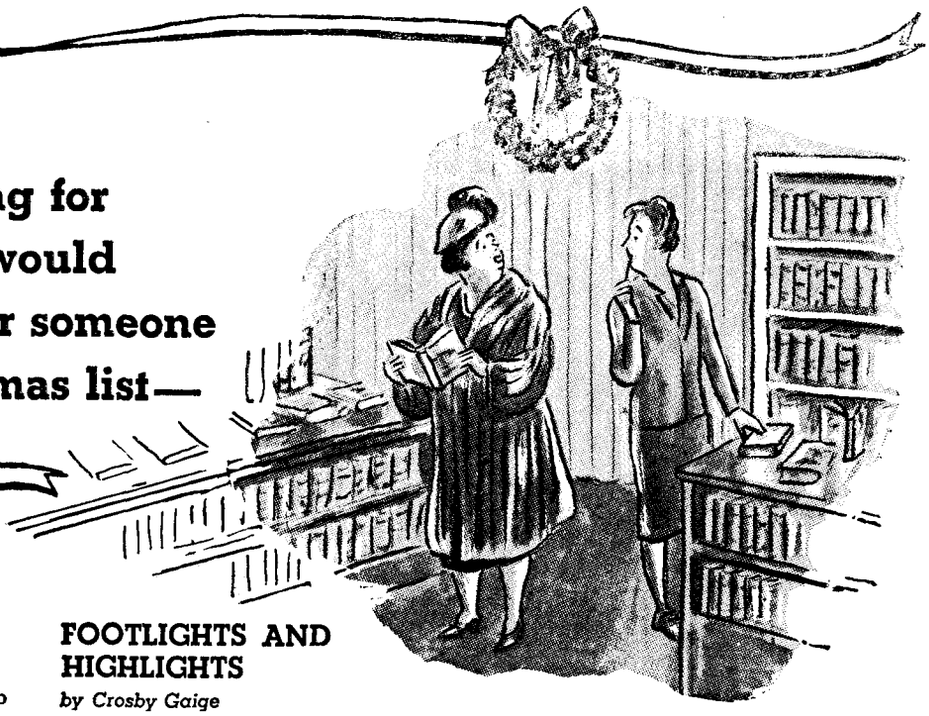
It is high time to explain what this book really is. Well, for the benefit of the man from Mars (or the new Prince of Edinburgh), *St. Nicholas*, a magazine for young people, began publishing in 1873. Its editor during the greater part of its existence was Mary Mapes Dodge, and no editor was ever better. Virtually every name that meant anything, then or since, in American literature appeared in its table of contents. (There were some pretty good foreigners, too.) This book is a selection of that material. Here are Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Theodore Roosevelt, Alfred Tennyson (and Mrs. Tennyson), Ellis Parker Butler, Sophie Swett, Henry W. Longfellow, Rudyard Kipling, Alice Hegan Rice, James Whitcomb Riley, Bret Harte, Ralph Henry Barbour, John Kendrick Bangs, J. T. Trowbridge, Sidney Lanier, Carolyn Wells, H. C. Bunner, Mary E. Wilkins, Rossiter Johnson, Richard H. Davis (the H is for Harding), Hezekiah Butterworth, Jack London, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Louisa M. Alcott, W. D. Howells. If you want more up-to-date names, try Dorothy Canfield, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Gelett Burgess, Ben Ames Williams. If you want pictures, take Howard Pyle, E. W. Kemble, Frederic Remington Cox, Arthur Rackham, W. A. Rogers.

In 1899 the editors of the magazine established the St. Nicholas League for Young Contributors, a department which, without benefit of box-tops, provided a training ground for authors and illustrators, a good many of whom went right on from there. Only a few examples are offered in this selection; among them (names as in original appearances) are E. Vincent Millay (aged fifteen and seventeen), Morris G. Bishop (eleven), Margaret Widdemer (sixteen), Robert Hillyer (thirteen), Eudora Welty (fifteen), S. V. Benét (thirteen, but see Stephen Vincent Benét, fifteen), William R. Benét (sixteen), Stella Benson (thirteen), John C. Farrar (seventeen), E. Babette Deutsch (eleven), Cornelia Otis Skinner (eleven), Corey H. Ford (fourteen), Sterling North (eight—the boy wonder), and Anne L. Parrish (fourteen).

Two minor dissents: (1) I wish Mr. Commager had dated the original appearances of his selections inconspicuously somewhere (say in the table of contents). This could have been done without giving the book too archeological an aspect. (2) The halftone re-reproductions aren't always too successful—but nothing could have been done about *that*. Otherwise, magnificent is the word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're looking for a book which would be just right for someone on your Christmas list—



WE'RE ALL IN IT

by Eric Johnston

A challenge to Americans to take up their rightful leadership in the complex world of today. Brushes away the cobwebs of diplomatic double talk and shows foreign policy to be everybody's business. $2.75

FOOTLIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS

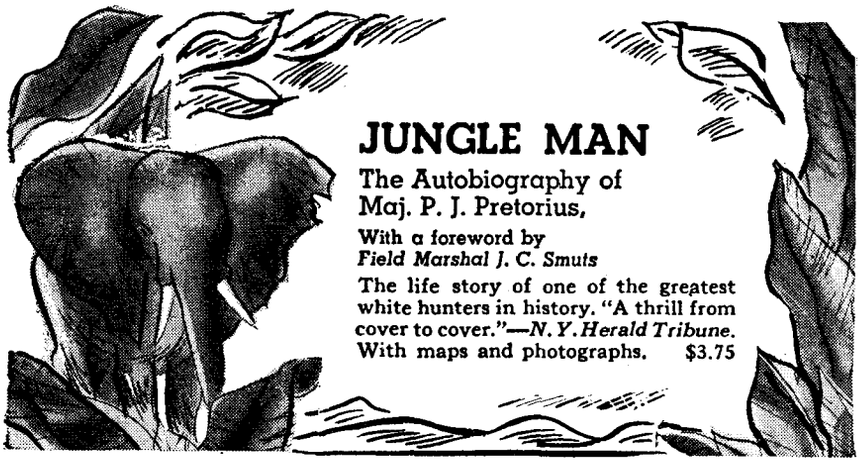
by Crosby Gaige

The spirited and racy autobiography of the noted theatrical producer, scholar and bon vivant. Rich with amusing anecdotes of the famous, the great and the notorious. $4.00

A CHILMARK MISCELLANY

by Van Wyck Brooks

The essence of his distinguished literary career is gathered into this splendid volume. Representing his finest, most vivid writing, this is a delightful cross section of a mind rich with solid values, great breadth of appreciation, and a penetrating humor. Designed and decorated by *Rudolph Ruzicka*. $4.00



JUNGLE MAN

The Autobiography of Maj. P. J. Pretorius,

With a foreword by *Field Marshal J. C. Smuts*

The life story of one of the greatest white hunters in history. "A thrill from cover to cover."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* With maps and photographs. $3.75

BIRTHDAY PARTY

by A. A. Milne

One of the best-loved writers of today shows his mastery of the short story in this beautifully balanced collection of urbane social comedy, poignant human relationship and mystery. Written with delightful charm and humor. $3.00

THE FAMILY MEMBERS

by Martin Yoseloff

A deeply moving story of the ever-widening effects of an innocent young girl's mistake. One of the most ironic yet human novels of the season. $2.75

EASTWICK, U. S. A.

by Howard Hush

An exceptionally fine portrait of a typical American town, revealing the hidden meanness and virtues of all the people that go to make up that community. $3.00

BEST SPORTS STORIES—1948

With the Year's Best Sports Photographs.

Edited by *Irving T. Marsh* and *Edward Ehre*

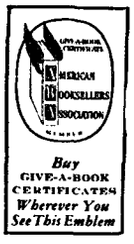
The fourth annual collection, including a day-by-day chronology of sports events, the year's champions in all sports, and all-time records. $3.00

FUN-TO-DO

A Book of Home Entertainment

by Jerome S. Meyer.

Quizzes, word puzzles, tricks, games, and brain teasers by the author of the popular *Home Book of Party Games.* A sure bet for hours of entertainment and amusement. $2.49



At your bookstore

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, N. Y.

And one of the happiest suggestions is

WHEN WERE YOU BUILT?

A new cartoon book by the *New Yorker's*

Helen Hokinson

$2.75

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Addams, presents a few famil

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN C

Your Eager Aunt

Her good-will overflows like hot beer. There is nothing in good art or good literature that is safe from her enthusiasm, not even your jaded uncle. She has sighed over Otis Skinner in "Kismet." Give her FAMILY CIRCLE. She likes high society and happy endings, and she will like the Emily Eden novels, charmingly got up and boxed together. She likes scandal in Hungarian castles and Paris salons. Give her LARGELY FICTION. She will like THE HEARTH AND EAGLE, the story of a young woman who left her seventeenth century Hearth for a nineteenth century painter. And finally, she likes ancient romance with a serious meaning. She will like THE BIG FISHERMAN.

SUMMARY FOR THE EAGER AUNT

(write names of Eager Aunts below)

Family Circle .....
Cornelia Otis Skinner $3.50

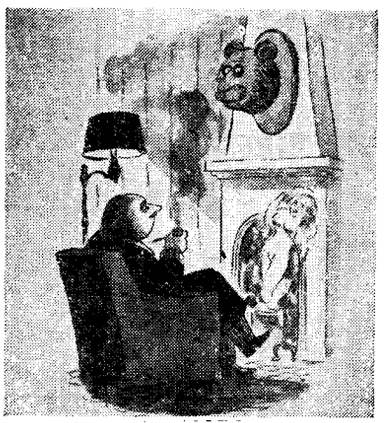
The Semi-Detached House .....

The Semi-Attached Couple .....
Emily Eden each $3.00 boxed $6.00

Largely Fiction .....
Eleanor Palffy $3.00

The Hearth and Eagle .....
Anya Seton $3.50

The Big Fisherman .....
Lloyd C. Douglas $3.75



Your Jaded Uncle

He was a man about town in the days when the town was worth being about. He can take his history straight, his entertainment straighter, and his whiskey straightest. He has to read a few books your aunt won't read, for perhaps there is some question about how straight he can take her. His taste in other matters is unerring. He'll like ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI, this year's Pulitzer Prize in history, filled with contemporary pictures in color. There are even some copper colored bathing beauties. SWEET AND SOUR for its aphrodisiac aroma of Europe's pre-war Bohemias: FAMILY CIRCLE, because he remembers Otis and Maud on the stage: THE GATHERING STORM because he knows and likes great writing and great history.

SUMMARY FOR THE JADED UNCLE

(write names of Jaded Uncles below)

Across the Wide Missouri .....
Bernard DeVoto $10.00

Sweet and Sour .....
Anya Seton $3.50

Family Circle .....
Cornelia Otis Skinner $3.50

The Gathering Storm .....
Winston S. Churchill $6.00

Your Intellectual Neighbor

She likes to learn about life the hard way — from books. She took an M.A. and is surprised to find it stands for "Ma." Her children will like her when they grow up — if they grow up. She will want RAINTREE COUNTY for its romantic nineteenth-century story, its controversial eloquence and its distinguished style. She will want NEW SONG IN A STRANGE LAND, the personal story of a young sculptress who found herself keeping house in a Liberian jungle: THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE, for its thoughtful presentation of the courage and weakness of New England character and the romance behind the MacIntyre fronts of Salem. OUR GIFTED SON, because it is a contrast in American cultures and a fiercely and quietly tense novel besides.

SUMMARY FOR THE INTELLECTUAL NEIGHBOR

(write names of Neighbors and degrees below)

Raintree County .....
Ross Lockridge, Jr. $3.95

New Song in a Strange Land .....
Esther Warner $3.50

The Running of the Tide .....
Esther Forbes $4.00

Our Gifted Son .....
Dorothy Baker $2.75

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bid and beloved cartoonist,
Christmas problems.
MPANY *offers a few solutions*

The Load Bearer

There is one at every Christmas tree. The necktie you got for him with pink fox hounds on it isn't suitable. He WORRIES. His is a problem world. He wants to know about the Palestine question (WE NEED NOT FAIL). The Russian question (THE BUSY BUSY PEOPLE). It will keep him up late and make him forget his buttermilk night cap. It is a novel. The New England conscience question (THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE). It's a novel too. The race question (AMERICAN ME) and (WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED). Finally, the Lloyd Douglas question (THE BIG FISHERMAN) though to Mr. Douglas' publishers there seems to be little question here. It should be at the top of best seller lists when this ad appears.

SUMMARY FOR THE LOAD BEARER
(write names of Worriers below)

We Need Not Fail $2.50
Sumner Welles

The Busy Busy People $3.00
Samuel Spewack

The Running of the Tide $4.00
Esther Forbes

American Me $3.50
Beatrice Griffith

Where I Was Born and Raised $4.00
David L. Cohn

The Big Fisherman $3.75
Lloyd C. Douglas

Little People

No normal child wants a book unless it is full of color. But when the Chocolate Santa Claus begins to set heavy, he'll turn to the books he cast aside in the rush of ribbons and paper. And he will still be grateful to you — if he remembers to read your inscription for his present. SEABIRD is so full of color pictures you would hardly know it was a book unless you happened to read the wonderful story of an ivory bird who followed sea lanes and air lanes with American navigators for a hundred years. He will remember the GRANDFATHER TALES, an all-night story telling bee in our Southern mountains, the FAVORITE UNCLE REMUS, the cream of the Bre'r Rabbit epic, for the first time in one volume. The INHERITANCE OF POETRY will teach him what it is to be born into the English language.

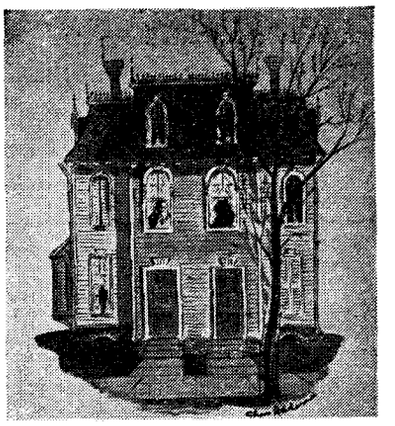
SUMMARY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE
(write names of Little People below)

Seabird $3.00
Holling C. Holling

Grandfather Tales $2.75
Richard Chase

Favorite Uncle Remus $3.00
Joel Chandler Harris

Inheritance of Poetry $4.00
Adshead and Duff



The Hectic Household

At the foot of our lists is the shotgun present, intended to kill a household at one shot. The ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY will settle most family arguments. THE BASIC COOK BOOK will keep the kitchen full of the smell of good cooking. The ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, 1114 pages, 7887 selections, can be read aloud in the family to children of every age. TAYLOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING, for the country house. And, finally, the FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS or the FIELD GUIDE TO WESTERN BIRDS, as necessary as a pair of field glasses for ornithologists young and old. And THE BIG FISHERMAN, a book for all who enter the house.

SUMMARY FOR THE HECTIC HOUSEHOLD
(write names of houses where you haven't had to wash the dishes)

Encyclopedia of World History $7.50
Edited by William L. Langer

The Basic Cook Book $3.00
Heseltine & Dow

Anthology of Children's Literature.. $7.50

Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening $5.00
Edited by Norman Taylor

Field Guide to the Birds $3.00

Field Guide to the Western Birds ... $2.75
Roger Tory Peterson

The Big Fisherman $3.75
Lloyd C. Douglas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belles-Lettres. *The writers in the German language whose works are widely read by Americans can be counted on the fingers of both hands; one member would perhaps suffice for enumerating those who have exerted any influence on our own literature. Both of the subjects of this week's reviews belong in the latter group. The work of Heinrich Heine has been fully translated into English, it forms a part of nearly every German literature course, it has been scrutinized by two generations of English-speaking critics. Franz Kafka, the Austrian novelist who died in 1924 at the age of thirty-one, is still a comparative stranger to our classrooms. Yet a number of contemporary authors acknowledge his influence on their work, and his writing is being subjected to a barrage of critical analysis, of which Tauber's study is typical.*

Master of the Living Word

THE POETRY AND PROSE OF HEINRICH HEINE. Selected and edited with an Introduction by Frederic Ewen. New York: The Citadel Press. 1948. 874 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS book deserves a hearty welcome, for Heine in English has been hard to come by of late, and here are more than 800 pages of his poetry and prose in translations of unusual excellence. Readers who meet him for the first time in this volume, or who have known him only as the author of "Lorelei," "Du bist wie eine Blume," and "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam," will have the pleasure of discovering one of the most vigorous and versatile of writers—a man in whose head, as Matthew Arnold said long ago, "fermented all the ideas of modern Europe." They will hear a voice that speaks today in as freshly minted words, and with as contemporary a ring, as it did during the first half of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Ewen is solely responsible for the prose, and it seems to me that he has been almost wholly successful in carrying over into English Heine's ease, lucidity, lightness, strength, flexibility, wit, pathos, eloquence, and characteristic changes of accent, tone, and pace. He has chosen to make his selections from Heine's many prose works, and then group them anew in categories of his own devising, such as "Self Portrait," "Religion, Art, and Life," and "Germany." So we find portions of "Reisebilder" or "Die Romantische Schule," for example, separated from one another and distributed under different heads. Some readers may disapprove of this practice, and some will be sure to regret that the editor has seen fit to terminate certain excerpts just where he has; but these will almost surely be readers who already know Heine in German, and it was not for them that this edition was designed. To serve the end that he had in view, I do not see how Mr. Ewen could have done better than he has.

He wished to introduce an English-reading public to a many-sided author, and he has put together a book which requires only the cooperation of that public to realize this desire. Here, in the prose section, are the satirist, the critic, the exile, the pamphleteer, the journalist, the soldier in humanity's war of liberation, the storyteller, the savage controversialist, the philosopher, the worldly cynic, the sentimentalist, and the self-revealing letter writer, who were all housed in one frail, fleshly tenement, and all fired by an inextinguishable spirit. Here, between two covers, we may read Heinrich Heine on Germany, France, Poland, Judaism, Christianity, the Bible, anti-Semitism, Moses, Rome, Athenian and Florentine artists, the Middle Ages, the "Nibelungenlied," Cervantes, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Goethe, Kant, Napoleon, and one of his drummers, Moses Mendelssohn, the Schlegels, Lessing, Count Platen, French journalism, Paganini, Myerbeer, Berlioz, Liszt, Chopin, Delacroix, the romantic school, philistinism, state religions, Thiers, Guizot, Louis Blanc, Communism, degenerate nobles, stuffed shirts, and frauds of all kinds—and we may also read him, in many letters, on the ever-fascinating subject of himself, his life, loves, art, and agonies.

In the field of Heine's poetry, it is a young American poet, Aaron Kramer, who carries the major burden. Thirty-three of Louis Untermeyer's familiar translations have been used by Mr. Ewen, who has also called on Alma Strettell, M. M. Bozman, and Margaret Armour for four poems each, on Humbert Wolfe for three, and on Monica Turnbull, Kate F. Kroeker, and Emma Lazarus for single examples. But to Mr. Kramer has fallen the heroic task of translating no less than 110 poems, including the long satirical masterpiece "Germany: A Winter's Tale."

He has scored many successes, and his average performance is on a high level, but no more than any other mortal can he rise above the fate to which the translator of any large body of poetry is condemned. A poet who is inspired to transfer one or two brief lyrics from a foreign tongue into his own may toss off one or two masterpieces, and then sit back gracefully to accept his laurels; but the translator who undertakes to deal with a hundred or more poems knows in advance that he must often be content with compromise and comparative failure—and he may count himself fortunate indeed if he emerges from the ordeal with as many honors as Mr. Kramer.

In Heine's case, as in many others, a translator's difficulties vary greatly in degree from one poem to another. It is comparatively simple to produce satisfactory English versions of such things as "The Grenadiers" and "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," and Miss Kroeker had an easy enough time of it when she put "Es war ein alter König" into English. But the purer the poetry is, the more it lives by virtue of its chiming words and syllables—as "Du bist wie eine Blume" lives—the more successfully it resists the translator's violating hand, whether it be born of the Latin of Catullus, the French of Verlaine, or the German of Heine.

There are sounds of another char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great Biography makes an Unsurpassed Gift

"AT last a biography that not only takes account of the greatness of material so admirably organized in recent years, but one that is worthy of its exciting subject."—HAROLD LASKI, *The New Republic*

Jefferson The Virginian

by DUMAS MALONE

Forty-one years in the life of one of the greatest of all Americans are here re-created by an eminent American historian to inaugurate the first full-length twentieth-century portrait of Thomas Jefferson and his era.

one of the great triumphs in our annals of biography

"Up to now Thomas Jefferson has bested every biographer who has tackled him . . . Twenty years ago Dumas Malone went to work. His achievement is one of the great triumphs in our annals of biography."—MARQUIS JAMES.

worthy of . . . his many-sided genius

"Jefferson has at last found a biographer worthy of his paradoxical and creative mind, his many-sided genius, and his magnificent contributions to the republic."

—MERLE CURTI, *Chicago Tribune*

one of the imperishable monuments of biography

"The book is superb. If the succeeding volumes sustain the level reached by this one, I am persuaded that it will endure as one of the imperishable monuments of biography."

—GERALD W. JOHNSON

With Illustrations and Maps

At all bookstores • $6.00

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acter, too, that defy transportation. We find them in the original of "Childe Harold," in such lines as

Die vermummten und verstummten
Leichenheiter sitzen drin.

And we find them again when Heine listens to the North Sea, and hears

Ein seltsam Geräusch, ein Flüstern
und Pfeifen,
Ein Lachen und Murmeln, Seufzen
und Sausen,
Dazwischen ein wiegenliedheimliches
Singen.

Mr. Kramer's versions inevitably challenge comparison with Mr. Untermeyer's renderings of the same poems, and it is a comparison which sees neither the older nor the younger poet bearing off the palm. When one is at his best, the other frequently is not; one scores with a stroke of inspiration here, the other there. But it is fair to say, I think, that Mr. Kramer often manages to remain a bit more faithful to his original than does Mr. Untermeyer—and this without any sacrifice of poetic quality. If anyone will place the old favorite "Ein Fichtenbaum" side by side with the two English versions under discussion, he will have an example of what I mean. It is also fair to say that Mr. Kramer's translation of "Deutschland" is, on the whole, considerably more satisfying than Herman Salinger's translation of the same poem published here in 1944; although, again, there are individual verses in which Mr. Salinger fares more happily than Mr. Kramer.

Heine was not a creator of characters, for he was not a novelist; but his own character is as fascinating as any a novelist could conceive, and it stands revealed in this book; even if Mr. Ewen, in his introduction, prefers not to dwell on its more disagreeable aspects. Louis Untermeyer has insisted that the essential truth about Heine resides in the fact that he was "a Jewish Jew," not "that fictional creature, an Hellenic Jew," nor, "except in a geographical sense, a French or a German Jew." The point is worth making and well made, and essential truth is there, but not the whole truth. Heine may not have been what he liked to fancy himself as being, but he was still an exceedingly complex person, whose nature was subject to torturing stresses and strains.

He was not a Greek, of course, but he longed for Greek serenity and light, even while he avowed his inescapable *Judenschmerz* and clutched his dark heritage to his bosom. For purely practical reasons he had himself baptized into a religion that he really despised, and he was condemned thereafter to mock his own action, while secretly envying the little Hamburg peddler who could sit down before his clean cloth and seven-branched candlestick to praise King David from a full and grateful heart. He loved Germany, whose faults he castigated with a lover's passion, and he lived in Parisian exile. While he scourged false romanticism, he could no more resist borrowing its medieval props for his own purposes than he could resist singing of palm trees, lotus blossoms, and sultans' daughters. He was a revolutionist and humanitarian who could not down his affection for monarchy, who bewailed the passing of heroes, and who feared the rising power of the masses. He was a worshiper of what he called "whole men," and he was doomed to spend eight years disintegrating in his bed. But there was no slow torture to which approaching death could subject him that would suffice to bring him to surrender. To the end he would call on God to witness that it is bitter to die, and sweet to dwell in our earthly nest.

That was his indomitable strength. That is why we can read him with a quickening pulse today. He wrote no great book, but he never wrote a dead phrase or sentence. His unflagging vivacity is almost unique. It is as if he were determined to revenge himself upon his dying flesh by remaining, to the last—and for generations to come—master of the living word.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 284

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 284 will be found in the next issue.

D USDNZMZS UISWRCI D

ARTUQ SWDA TUSZOZA

DFWSVT WV UIZ MZD,

DVA WVZ UWWG SWWU

DVA CSZO JVUW D

DV CSZO JVUW D

USZZ. — TLDMM EZCJVVJVCT.

—FIDSMZT LDFGDQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 283

Train up a child in the way he should go, and walk there yourself, once in a while.

—JOSH BILLINGS.

Cloaked Genius

FRANZ KAFKA. By Herbert Tauber. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 252 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

ORIGINALLY published, as I seem to recall, some time in the late 1930's in Switzerland, this essay is happily ignorant of the sectarian feuds which, in the intervening decade, have marked and marred Kafka research in this country. Mr. Tauber does not squeeze the corpus of Kafka's work into the strait-jacket of a preconceived thesis; he remains conscious of the reservations of Kafka's symbols as well as their meaning. "Kafka's words always appear as if veiled by a protective cloak, a garment woven out of his special experiences." Or, in other words, Mr. Tauber keeps in mind that Kafka, the suffering man, the tortured soul, the struggling believer, the introvert, the mystic, the never-satisfied artist and seeker of the truth, the German-writing Jew living in a German enclave amidst the expanding Czech nationalism within the decaying empire—Mr. Tauber keeps in mind that this strange genius, who died convinced of his failure, was above all what Kafka's language untranslatably calls a *Dichter*. If in a restricted sense only, Mr. Tauber very aptly compares Kafka's readers to the man in the parable, "Before the Law," who is aware of "a radiance that streams inextinguishably from the portal of the Law."

The essay examines Kafka's works one by one, with cross-references pointing along the way to kindred motifs latent, growing, or fully present elsewhere in Kafka's writings. Though this method does not exactly ease the task of the reader, it gives him in the end a fairly coherent picture. Sometimes the wealth of detail, together with a rather academic style, encumbers the view for long stretches. Some of Mr. Tauber's suggestions are provocative, and some are really penetrating; the comparison between Amalia in "The Castle" and Dostoievsky's Sonia Semonovitch, for instance, throws a completely new light on Kafka's conception of surrender.

Surprisingly enough, this German-speaking Kafka critic has about as little to say as his English-speaking confrères about Kafka's relationship to certain elements of German literature and folklore obvious in his work.

No Kafka study, these days, can hope to satisfy all his devotees. To say that not too many of them will take exception to this one is to say a lot in its favor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books well worth having

Education

James Bryant Conant's important new book

EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD

TO meet the Soviet challenge to democracy today, Harvard's president believes we must get down to providing, for everyone, the equality of opportunity we talk so much about. In this book he shows how our educational system, from the primary grades up, can be improved to help us attain real democracy. *249 pages, $3.00*

Biography

THE YOUNG HENRY ADAMS

By ERNEST SAMUELS. The first objective picture of Adams as he really was—not at all the young Adams of *The Education*, but a very human idealist at work on his curious destiny. A perceptive and revealing biography. *378 pages, index, $4.50*

Literature

Truly Yours, Edgar A. Poe.

THE LETTERS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edited by JOHN WARD OSTROM. The definitive collection of highly revealing letters, which show us a Poe more interesting than any of the legends that have grown up around his name. *2 volumes, 664 pages, index, illustrated, boxed, $10.00*

THE KEATS CIRCLE

LETTERS AND PAPERS, 1816-1878

Edited by HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS. The fascinating story of the poet as revealed in the correspondence of his friends. *2 volumes, cl + 332 and viii + 477 pages plus indexes, illustrated, boxed, $12.50*

Two literary "finds"—published for the first time

HERMAN MELVILLE'S Journal of a Visit to London and the Continent, 1849-1850

Edited by ELEANOR MELVILLE METCALF. *xx + 190 pp., illustrated, index, $3.75*

BROWNING'S ESSAY ON CHATTERTON

Edited by DONALD SMALLEY. The only major work of the poet to be discovered since his death, this *Essay* "lets in a flood of light upon Browning's temperament and mind."

—Wm. C. DeVane. x + 194 pages, $3.50

Art

REMBRANDT

By JAKOB ROSENBERG. "This book is the mature and notable achievement of a penetrating connoisseur-scholar and of a dynamic teacher." — *Paul J. Sachs.* "Dr. Rosenberg has done the almost impossible. He has written a book on art which is at once scholarly and readable."—*N. Y. Times.*

Contents: *Life — Portraiture — Landscape — Biblical Subjects — Genre, Mythology, and History — Rembrandt in his Century — Style and Technique —* Appendix (*notes, bibliography, concordance, indices*)

Two volumes, boxed. Volume I, 264 text pages, Volume II, 281 gravure reproductions. Frontispiece in full color. *$18.50*

THREE SPIRITUALS FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN

Interpretative drawings by ALLAN ROHAN CRITE. Introduction by ROLAND HAYES. Three of the best-loved songs of Negro folk-genius, the text illustrated in 60 full-page black-and-white drawings. A beautiful, large book. *$3.95*

BELLINI'S FEAST OF THE GODS

By EDGAR WIND. The interaction between the philosophical and pictorial imagination of the Renaissance, as seen through the people and ideas involved in the creation of one of the great paintings of the period. *56 pp. of collotype illustrations, $7.50*

At all bookstores HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

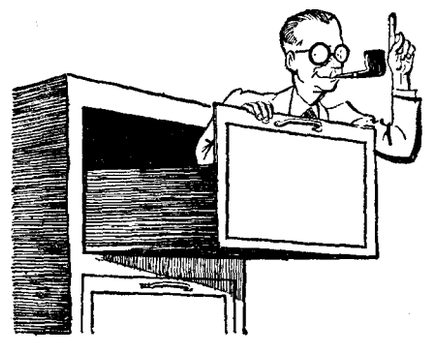
Humor. *Few forms of literary merchandise are more perishable than humor, as anyone who has browsed through the funnybooks of the past can attest. The jests compiled by the British actor Joe Miller, the sallies of such Americans as Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, and Mr. Dooley—even most of Mark Twain and Will Rogers—seem pointless now that the era that evoked them is gone. Two books reviewed here seem destined for a place on the shelf of memorable humor. Bennett Cerf's "Shake Well Before Using" is in the tradition of Miller himself; Billy Rose's "Wine, Women, and Song" combines the narrative quality and barbed jape of Twain and Damon Runyon. Whether or not they elicit a smile from readers a century hence, this seems certain: they represent the most widely esteemed, typically American humor of the 1940's.*

The Frothy Cerface

EVER since men first started making jokes other men have been writing them down. I have little doubt that when some cryptographic genius succeeds in penetrating the secrets of the ancient Chaldean alphabet he will discover that a good portion of those clay tablets were inscribed with some hot one a chieftain got off at the council meeting. In the history of the publishing trade there have been thousands of volumes of quips, jests, japes, boners, sallies, and bright sayings.

As a close student of joke books (I once wrote "comedy" for the radio), I discovered that these compendiums have one characteristic in common: they are impossible to read. Everybody loves jokes. They are the golden currency of our conversation, the seasoning of our magazines, the base material of the amazingly large industry that is entertainment. Yet no man can read through a joke book; that is, no man can read through it and still be laughing on page 50. A man can take ten jokes, or eighty, but he swiftly reaches a saturation point, and a long session with the telephone directory or Toynbee's "A Study of History" is required to restore him to a state of receptivity.

Into this unsatisfactory situation came bouncing Bennett Cerf. To start off, Mr. Cerf had a delicious collection of smart cracks, accumulated during a lifetime spent among New York's literary and theatrical wits. He had an appreciation of the curious circumstance that anything funny seems funnier if a famous person said it. He combined the quipsters with their quips, introduced a moderating material in the form of amiable chit-chat about the famous persons, and turned it all into a series of short chapters rather like magazine



—From the book.

articles of a very nifty caliber. The result: "Try and Stop Me," a book of awfully good jokes that could be read, from first page to last, without setting it down. It made publishing history and high finance, selling 252,000 copies in the three-dollar edition and over a million more at a buck or less.

Mr. Cerf's encore is "Shake Well Before Using,"* which is the mixture as before, but still mighty powerful medicine.

WORKING METHODS: Bennett Cerf collects raw material in a dozen different ways. Sometimes he simply happens to be among those present when Kaufman, Hart, or Levant r'ars back and lets one fly. Dozens of jokes are sent to him in the United States mail. On his tours around the country he is invariably treated to samples from the repertoire of the local wits, and there is occasionally a fresh item among the twice-told tales which make up the major portion of these performances.

This material is sifted, expanded, and packaged by Mr. Cerf; and his longhand scrawl typed by his energetic secretary Pauline (he calls her Jezebel). The finished product is then retailed via three channels, his *SRL* column TRADE WINDS, which gave him his first chance to get his jokes into print, a King-Features-syndicated column called "Try and Stop Me," which is published in fifty-two papers, and occasional pieces for *Good Housekeeping, Holiday, Coronet,* or other magazines.

"Shake Well Before Using," was compounded from all this material, with the addition of certain other writing which has never before been published. Wherever possible, original sources of the items are credited.

Once the pieces have been assembled for the book, the job has just begun. Cerf trims, rewrites, and rearranges like a play-doctor perspiring over a show in a New Haven tryout. Every slow spot is red-penciled and an earnest search is made for the wowser which will bring it to life. Cerf likes to say, "This book wasn't written, it was built."

PUBLISHING RELATIONSHIPS: Since Bennett Cerf is the bossman over at Random House and the publisher of Modern Library, he is frequently asked, "Why didn't you do the books yourself instead of taking them over to Simon & Schuster?" The answer is in three parts: (1) Wartime paper shortages at Random House in 1944. Cerf would have been in a handsome hassle with his unhappy authors if he had used some of RH's precious paper quota on his own "Try and Stop Me." (2) Mr. Cerf's long-time friendship with Max Schuster and Dick Simon. (3) His belief, now well substantiated, that S&S could do more for this type of book than any other publisher in the country.

The author-publisher relationship is one haggard bookmen see in their happiest hasheesh dreams. Cerf is crazy about everything his publishers do, asks no questions about the size of the advertising appropriation, and takes no advance. When faced by recalcitrant writers, Essandess probably uses B. Cerf as Exhibit A of the cooperative author.

The first printing of "Shake Well Before Using" was 35,000 copies. A second edition of 15,000 is already on press. Advance sale was 28,000.

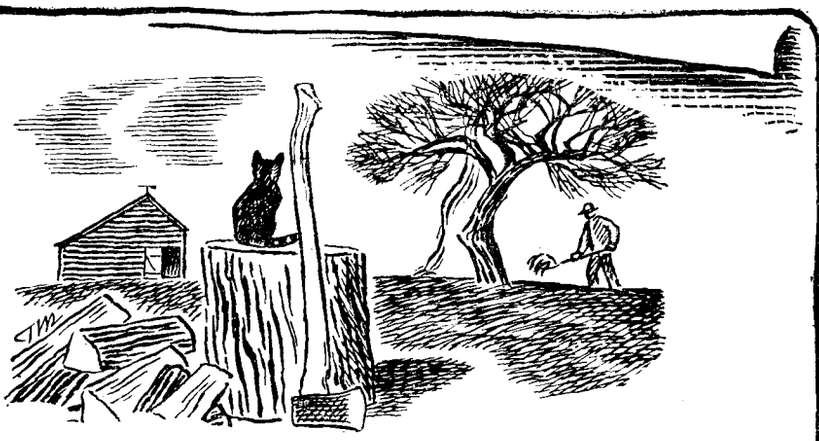
THE AUTHOR: Back in the early days of World War I, a Columbia senior of iconoclastic bent wrote an editorial in the *Jester,* the university's humor magazine, in which he suggested that Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia's president, was not quite right in the head. The senior was conducted firmly to the gates of the university and told to keep walking. That senior was

**SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING. By Bennett Cerf. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 306 pp. $2.95.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rinehart
& COMPANY • INCORPORATED
Publishers

Special books for special people— the bookman, the writer



"A SELF-SUFFICIENT and almost austere discipline of words and methods. . . . There is something of Thoreau threading through these pages, something of George Gissing in retirement, and the penetrating and reverent observation that made Richard Jefferies so commendable. But most of it is Beston—with eye, ear and nose he passes through the seasons . . . and this 'chronicle of Maine' comes to a regretted end."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $2.75

NORTHERN FARM

By *HENRY BESTON*
Illustrated by *Thoreau MacDonald*

CRAFT OF THE SHORT STORY

By *RICHARD SUMMERS*

FOR embryo Hemingway or tyro Saroyan, this thoroughly competent combination of anthology and handbook offers practical advice and information on techniques of narrative writing, "tricks of the trade," how and where to sell. Twenty-six short stories illustrate the range from the popular to the highly literary, including works by Joyce, Hemingway, Saroyan, Cain and P. G. Wodehouse.

"Has covered the business of writing a short story as well as I have ever seen it done in a book."—*Chicago Sun Times* $5.50

SHORT NOVELS OF THE MASTERS

SELECTED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CHARLES NEIDER

A STIMULATING collection of the finest shorter works of ten writers of international fame. Here are the vivid tales of symbolism, naturalism, and adventure—Henry James's exciting *The Aspern Papers*, Mann's symbolistic *Death in Venice*, Kafka's expressionistic *Metamorphosis*. The penetrating introduction, a significant contribution to modern criticism, discusses form, creative methods, and interprets each novella, in relation to other comparable literary traditions. $4.00

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE AMERICAN YEARS

By *ROBERT CANTWELL*

A BRILLIANT imaginative biography that recreates the real man—a virile genius of human emotions and courage, living a life of hazard and continued excitement in an era of sudden panics and violent change.

"Superior to James's portrayal in warmth and scope . . . the image that Americans have had of Hawthorne will never be quite the same again."—*Time Magazine* Illustrated, $6.00

At all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morrie Ryskind, later to do right well for himself as a playwright and scenarist. Ryskind's successor as editor of the *Jester* was Bennett Cerf, then a mere sophomore.

Cerf still retains the lift and enthusiasm of a sophomore, though his hair is turning a man-of-distinction gray. Such is his capacity for work that there was once current in the book field a lively rumor that there were four Bennett Cerfs. There is his weekly piece for *SRL*, the daily column for King Features, occasional articles for other magazines, the enormous tasks of running Random House and Modern Library, an annual lecture tour, visits with educators, booksellers, and students, during which he gets in some spadework for the appropriate RH title, autographing stints for his own published volumes, television and radio appearances, tennis, parties, a wife, two children, and about two dozen pipes.

THE BOOK: "Shake Well Before Using" has been put together in the form of a Sunday newspaper, with sections titled "Travel," "Sports," "Society," and such. This needn't trouble anybody too much. The titles are only handles for the charming, joke-stuffed pieces which follow the chapter-headings and the Carl Rose illustrations.

I quote herewith my two favorites out of the hundreds in the volume:

Oliver Herford, asked to evaluate the work of Arnold Bennett, said, "I'm afraid that something I once wrote about Mr. Bennett in a critical way so prejudiced me against him that I never read another word he wrote."

Sample two: "Any man who gets psychoanalyzed ought to have his head examined!"

And, as the sideshow barker says when the free demonstration is over, "there's more, more, more on the inside!" —LEE ROGOW.

Rowdier Elements of the Vernacular

THE LOST ART OF PROFANITY. By Burges Johnson. Foreword by H. L. Mencken. Drawings by Orson Lowell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 224 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

TEACHING English at Vassar, Syracuse, and Union for thirty-odd years has not insulated Burges Johnson from the rowdier elements of the vernacular. In this urbane treatise he discusses these with clarity, vigor, charm, and sanity. His aim is to consider swearing "frankly and openly, measure its dimensions, appraise its utility and power; then, having ascertained its values, to conserve them." His is a noble mission, ably prosecuted.

Campaigns to extirpate swearing were waged centuries before people got around to trying to eradicate rum, and have been notably less successful. Mr. Johnson cites instances. In July 1775 Washington called his troops' attention to "those articles of war . . . which forbid profane cursing, swearing, and drunkenness" — one wonders what starry-eyed optimist dreamed *that* up. Exactly a year later the General was "sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing . . . is growing into fashion." (Drunkenness, apparently, had been cured.) Three years further along, the General noted: "Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever." The General's occasional failure to live up to his own counsel is discussed.

More than two centuries earlier, Sebastian Cabot had directed that "no blaspheming of God, or detestable swearing, be used in any ship, nor communication of ribaldrie, filthy tales, or ungodly talk." One marvels that the coast of Brazil managed to get surveyed.

Parliament, in 1605, imposed a fine of ten pounds (big money in those days) on any person who "in any stage play (should) jestingly or profanely speak or use the holy name of God or of Jesus Christ or of the Holy Ghost or of the Trinity." That sounds like a good round oath all by itself. I recall (but not by name—was it Clyde Fitch's "The City"?) a play early in the century in which an oath (I believe it was "God damn liar") was omitted from matinees in deference to such of the young and tender as might be in the audience. Today it would probably be omitted from the evening performances instead.

Swearing is still rife and still regulated. Mr. Johnson cites post-office and telegraph-company rulings, and Federal laws aimed at preventing the utterance of "any obscene, indecent, or profane language by means of radio communication." And so we have *heck*, which to me is the ultimate profanation.

"The old taboos," Mr. Johnson concludes, "those having to do with religion, sex, and the alimentary canal, have been greatly weakened in this decade." He continues:

> Some of them are tottering; but many of them still exercise authority over the words and thoughts of a majority of our people. So a decent consideration for the feelings of others should compel even the most emancipated person to weigh the question thoughtfully before he violates these taboos in conservative company; thus acknowledging the debt he owes that surviving conservatism, for without it the

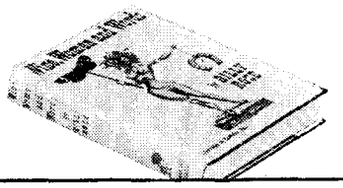
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gift Suggestions
From
Simon and Schuster

Publishers • 1230 Sixth Avenue
Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N.Y.

WINE, WOMEN, AND WORDS
by Billy Rose

A feast of Great-White-Way stories, carnival memories, and glamorous characters—by the famous theatrical producer. Pictures by Dali. Cloth $3.00. Paper $1.00



VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE
by Millicent Fenwick

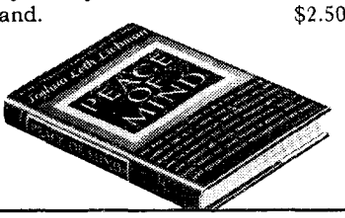
This new 672-page handbook, published jointly with *Vogue*, answers every possible question of manners and social usage. $5.00

WESTWARD, HA!
by S. J. Perelman

The funniest best-seller of 1948 takes you on a wild and wonderful trip "Around the World in 80 Clichés." With 41 droll drawings by Hirschfeld. $2.95

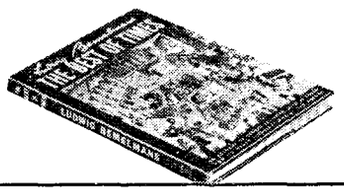
PEACE OF MIND
by Joshua Loth Liebman

This famous best-seller shows the way to peace of mind through the combined wisdom of religion and psychiatry. Now in its 778th thousand. $2.50



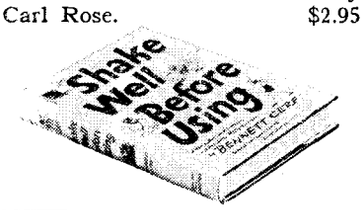
THE BEST OF TIMES
by Ludwig Bemelmans

This big, beautiful book is a passage, without baggage, to postwar France, Italy, Switzerland. With 50 Bemelmans paintings in full color, 100 sketches. $3.95



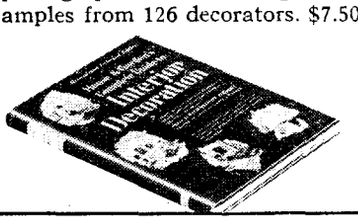
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
by Bennett Cerf

New stories and anecdotes that beg to be repeated at parties. Subjects range from shaggy dogs to famous statesmen. Pictures by Carl Rose. $2.95



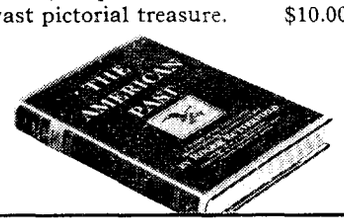
House & Garden's Complete Guide to INTERIOR DECORATION

Edited by Richardson Wright, with 141 rooms in full color, 1206 photographs and drawings; examples from 126 decorators. $7.50



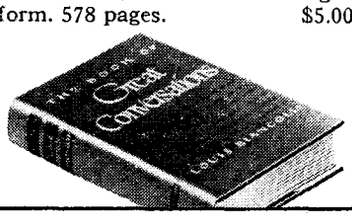
THE AMERICAN PAST
by Roger Butterfield

From Concord to Hiroshima, the epic of American history unfolds in 125,000 words of compact text and 1,000 pictures from America's vast pictorial treasure. $10.00



THE BOOK OF GREAT CONVERSATIONS
Edited by Louis Biancolli

Sixty-one authentic conversations of famous people from Socrates to G. B. Shaw, in dramatic dialogue form. 578 pages. $5.00

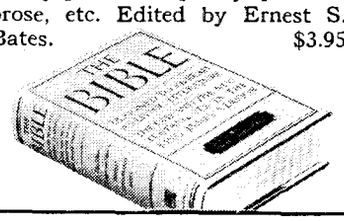


ART OF THE AMERICAS
The Editors of Art News

Fifty magnificent color plates, and over 150 black-and-white, illustrate this comprehensive survey of the arts of both North and South America. (Art News Annual XVIII) $5.00

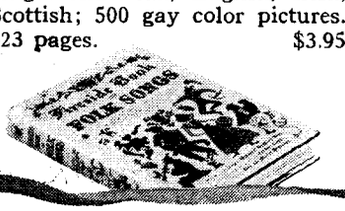
THE BIBLE
Designed to be Read as Living Literature

The Old and New Testament (King James Version) with the poetry printed as poetry, prose as prose, etc. Edited by Ernest S. Bates. $3.95



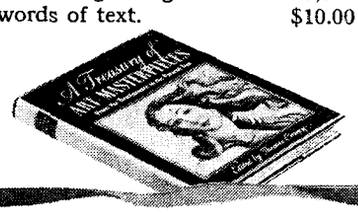
FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS
Edited by Margaret Bradford Boni

Words and music for 147 folk songs: American, English, Irish, Scottish; 500 gay color pictures. 323 pages. $3.95



A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES
Edited by Thomas Craven

One hundred and forty-four of the world's greatest paintings reproduced in glowing full color. 70,000 words of text. $10.00



A TREASURY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN
Edited by Deems Taylor

Words and music of 102 songs from 11 operettas. With 11 pictures in full color plus 100 black-and-white by Lucille Corcos. Size: 9″ x 12″. $5.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words he wishes to use would have no value at all.

Or you can do as Norman Mailer does in "The Naked and the Dead." You can change the four-letter words into three-letter words. Everybody understands, and nobody objects. The taboo has not been broken, but circumvented, and the conventions are saved.

Mr. Johnson notes that nearly a century and a half ago, John Adams urged an authority to fix the standards of American speech. Mr. Johnson himself favors the establishment of "a commission with authority to set aside such sturdy old words as have lived a life of usefulness and now are being worked to death, and substitute an entirely new set which will be fitting vehicles for the emotional outbursts of a free people." This commission "would have power to create and conserve all current forms of Swearing, Objurgations, and Blasphemy; its members being familiarly known in government circles as the S. O. B's."

Anyone in Washington can tell him that those initials have already been pre-empted. They stand for Senate Office Building.

Mr. Mencken's foreword and Mr. Lowell's drawings are pleasant and pertinent.

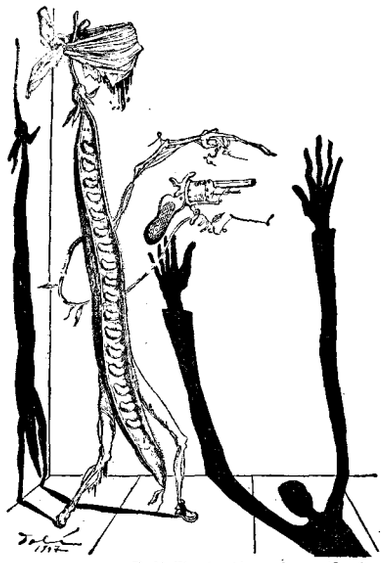
Rose the Redolent

WINE, WOMEN AND WORDS. By Billy Rose. Illustrated by Salvador Dali. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 295 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HORACE SUTTON

LITTLE Billy Rose has been many things to many men and to many women. In forty-eight years he has won recognition as a pint-sized East Side tough, a shorthand speed expert, a secretary to Bernard Baruch, a speakeasy operator for prohibition gangsters, a song writer, a spectacle builder for the Texas Centennial and the New York World's Fair, a play producer, a theatre owner, a husband to Eleanor Holm, and finally, a columnist.

Says Billy: "It's not much fun being five-three in a five-nine world." Most of his life, however, seems to have been spent proving that he could be a five-nine or even a six-foot success. Billy's big boardinghouse reach across the tableland of the world has won him titles like The Bantam Barnum, The Gremlin of 54th St., The Shorty with the Fringe on Top. Now he has written a book telling how he stood on a box to tweak the nose on the face of fame. From here on bill him as the Lilliputian Littérateur.



—Dali illustrations from the book.

"Wine, Women and Words" is a hodge-podge of Rose's syndicated columns, of his random thoughts on life, love, and the discrimination against minorities. There is a treeful of his choice after-dinner chestnuts, some advice to the stagelorn ("Do you prefer billing or cooing?"), and a selection of neat short shorts, each with a socko, O. Henry finish. Where B. Rose gets them from I wouldn't know, but I do know they are good.

Mixed in with his creative writing, as if he had to stuff it all between one set of covers, is some of Billy's autobiography. There are anecdotes about Legs Diamond, Arnold Rothstein, and Waxey Gordon, none very pretty. Then, on the other hand, there is a chapter called "Holm, Sweet Holm," very pretty indeed. Mr. Rose has also built a dream house, or rather bought one, and the transition from urban upstart to country gentleman is recorded in a piece called Clowns in Clover. For my money the week-end visit of Ben Hecht, Gene Fowler, and Jimmy Durante is the funnniest sequence in the book.

Whether writing soft stories about life with Mr. Baruch, tender tales about his kindly neighbors, or classic anecdotes about showfolk, Billy Rose writes a racy, punchy prose. I don't at all know whether it is reflective of his personality, but he comes over like a fast-talking, wise Broadway guy with a good heart. As a writer Billy Rose would take the express to Buffalo to avoid a cliché. To him a musical comedy is a "tune and tinsel frolic," or a "cardboard and rhinestone *schauspiel*." Hollywood is a "gold-plated popcorn machine," and Tallulah Bankhead is "Humphrey Bogart in lace panties." As for Rose the Redolent, there seems little doubt that with this book he will take over as a runt-sized Runyon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRONICLES OF CALIFORNIA

GOLD IS THE CORNERSTONE

By John Walton Caughey. The story of California's gold: its discovery, the gold rush, and the results. $4.00

LAND IN CALIFORNIA

By W. W. Robinson. The story of land ownership in California from Indian times to the present. The author discusses the missionary empire, the ranchos under Spain and Mexico, the squatter movement, and railroad lands. $4.00

CALIFORNIA PICTORIAL

By Jeanne Van Nostrand and Edith Coulter. California's story from 1786 to 1859 told in contemporary pictures. 10 color, 60 black-and-white illus. $10.00

BOOKS IN FINE ARTS

SCULPTURE IN MODERN AMERICA

By Jacques Schnier. One hundred and thirty-nine reproductions of modern American sculpture, accompanied by a commentary. $7.50

STONE AND MARBLE CARVING

By Alec Miller. Techniques of carving directly in stone or marble without the preliminary use of clay models. $4.50

Recent Fine Arts Titles

THE UNFOLDING OF ARTISTIC ACTIVITY, by Henry Schaefer-Simmern. Foreword by John Dewey. 108 half-tone illus. $5.00

FORM AND FUNCTION, by Horatio Greenough. $2.75

CÉZANNE'S COMPOSITION, by Erle Loran. 148 illus. $6.50

POETRY IN TRANSLATION

PAUL VERLAINE

SELECTED POEMS, translated by C. F. MacIntyre. French and English texts on facing pages. $3.75

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

ONE HUNDRED POEMS from *Les Fleurs du Mal*, translated by C. F. MacIntyre. French and English texts. $5.00

RAINER MARIA RILKE

FIFTY SELECTED POEMS, translated by C. F. MacIntyre. $3.50

THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY, translated by C. F. MacIntyre. $2.50

At your bookstore

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

OTHER CALIFORNIANA

CALIFORNIA PLACE NAMES:

A Geographical Dictionary, by Erwin G. Gudde. The story of more than 5,000 names. $10.00

YOSEMITE, THE BIG TREES, AND THE HIGH SIERRA:

A Selective Bibliography, by Francis P. Farquhar. 8 gravure illus. $7.50

Ninth in the United Nations Series . . .

★YUGOSLAVIA

Edited by Robert J. Kerner. The history, culture, and politics of the largest Balkan state. Chapters on World War II review the conflict between Mihailović's Četnici and Tito's Partisans and the relationship of the resistance groups with the Yugoslav government-in-exile. $6.50

Published

AUSTRALIA, edited by Grattan.	$5.00
BELGIUM, edited by Goris.	$5.00
BRAZIL, edited by Hill.	$5.00
CHINA, edited by MacNair.	$6.50
CZECHOSLOVAKIA, edited by Kerner.	$5.00
NETHERLANDS, edited by Landheer.	$5.00
NEW ZEALAND, edited by Belshaw.	$5.00
POLAND, edited by Schmitt.	$5.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Books that Live" are books to give

John Goffe's Mill

By GEORGE WOODBURY. The fun-packed best seller about the reconstruction of a New Hampshire water-power saw-and-grist mill. *Illus.* $3.00

American Sea Songs and Chanteys

Edited by FRANK SHAY. The words and music of 66 popular sea songs and chanteys. Superbly illustrated by EDWARD A. WILSON. $5.00

The Maritime History of Maine

By WILLIAM HUTCHINSON ROWE. *Three Centuries of Shipbuilding* and *Seafaring*. An exceptionally rich and readable book, beautifully illustrated. $6.00

Music in Western Civilization

By PAUL HENRY LANG. A contemporary classic, a *must* for every music lover. "A tremendous achievement."—*N. Y. Times*. *Illus.* 10th Printing. $8.50

Harold Bauer His Book

The famous pianist writes his engrossing recollections of the world of music here and abroad. *Illus.* $3.75

Witness to the Truth

Christ and His Interpreters

By EDITH HAMILTON. "A very valuable book. Its chief claim is its simplicity. It will be welcomed by intelligent readers." —LLOYD C. DOUGLAS. $3.00

The Washbournes of Otterley

By HUMPHREY PAKINGTON. The new novel by the author of ASTON KINGS. "Tongue-in-cheek elegance, light and admirably sustained." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. $3.00

Cache Lake Country

By JOHN J. ROWLANDS. A beautiful book about life in the North Woods, illustrated by HENRY B. KANE. $4.00

At all bookstores

W. W. NORTON & CO.

THE FINE ARTS

FOR AN ARTFUL CHRISTMAS

I HAVE a tricky memory for flowers and plants. At times I seem able to identify them easily; at other times only with strain can I distinguish watercress from the tulip. Consequently I like to look at illustrations of flowers, hoping that some sort of revelation will one day engulf my lapses and ignorance. Thus when Ruth Wedgwood Kennedy's "The Renaissance Painter's Garden" was announced (Oxford University Press, $30), I sent for it eagerly. The book has arrived, and consists of a short foreword by Mrs. Kennedy and many handsome, captioned plates, chiefly of details from Renaissance pictures, showing flowers and gardens. The stylistic differences from painter to painter are fascinating, of course, but the horticultural variety is limited. As Mrs. Kennedy points out, the Renaissance poets and painters really liked only three common flowers—roses, lilies, and violets, and "all the rest are nameless, 'many-colored' or 'sweet-scented'." (Emboldened by fifteenth-century precedent, I intend to take no nonsense henceforth from my neighbors, the charming ladies of the Farmington Garden Club.) Unfortunately, the details reproduced in Mrs. Kennedy's book are never accompanied by plates of the full compositions, so that one is constantly troubled by trying to recall where, precisely, these passages occur. Moreover, I cannot understand why the book should cost $30, even though printed here, particularly since the Oxford Press concurrently has sent from England Joan Evans's "Art in Medieval France," with a very long text and nearly 300 plates, priced at $17.50. I have not yet had time to read Dr. Evans's text, but the plates are impressive, and the subject needs the omnibus reappraisal that her book promises.

From England have come a number of exciting new art books this season. The lack of a good modern study of the remarkable John Martin, about which I complained here some months ago, has now been remedied by Thomas Balston's "John Martin, 1789-1854: His Life and Works" (Duckworth, $6.50 here); it is a thorough, if not very sensitive or inspiring book. Martin and many other gifted, lesser artists of the late eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries are discussed in "A Century of British Painters" by Richard and Samuel Redgrave, first published in 1866 and now re-edited by Ruthven Todd (Phaidon Press, $2.50 here). There is much fascinating information in this little book, and its style remains fresh and vigorous. I finished it weeks ago, but I have kept it on my bedside table, along with the latest of the nineteen "Gallery Books" thus far issued (Lund Humphries, $1.25 each here). In case you haven't heard of these admirable booklets, each describes a single world-famous masterpiece, mainly from the collection of the National Gallery in London. Their texts range from adequate to brilliant, but none is dull, all are short, and each is profusely illustrated: an enviable formula which American museums and publishers might well emulate. The latest three paintings discussed are Van Gogh's "The Potato Eater," Holbein's "The Ambassadors," and Jan Gossaert's "The Adoration of the Kings."

Lund Humphries have also published recently at around $16 a most complete and sumptuous memorial volume on Paul Nash, whose death in 1946 was a great loss to contemporary British art, in which he had been a leader for thirty years. I think Nash's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countrymen tend to overrate him as an oil painter, as may well be the American case with John Marin, but he was an exceptionally fine watercolorist and illustrator. Perhaps with the passage of time he will seem altogether a more personal artist, and less like a sensitive barometer to waves of advanced expression reaching London from the Continent. At any rate, the British revere him, and it is worth an effort to find out why, for the era is at last ended, surely, when our two English-speaking nations could understand each other in art only if both spoke French.

We Americans did once understand the English Pre-Raphaelites; indeed we rated them at England's ecstatic word. Now we tend to underestimate them, even at their rare best, and Robin Ironside's "Pre-Raphaelite Painters" (Phaidon Press, $6.50 here) provides a chance to consider them anew. The Pre-Raphaelites' sentiment still seems ludicrous at times. But their technique was often extraordinary, and a startling emotional intensity occasionally breaks through the artifice which they called simplicity. Their influence has never entirely died out in England, and Ophelia's death scene in Olivier's film of "Hamlet" derives, of course, from Millais' painting for which Elizabeth Siddall posed in a tub filled with flowers.

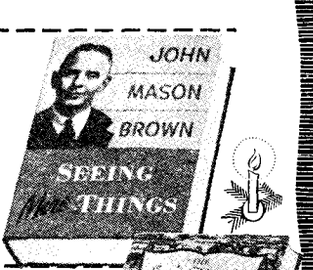
Having recently discussed a number of art books released by American publishers, I should like to mention some books and catalogues issued by our museums. Many months ago in this column I suggested that American art museums should get together and do something to assure wider and simpler distribution for their major catalogues. Such publications are listed in *The Museum News*, published by the American Association of Museums, and are mentioned from time to time in various art periodicals. Specialized bookshops carry some of them, though never on a separate or fulsome shelf. Really to see what any museum outside New York has published, you must go to its own display cases—an exciting but seldom feasible experience. There is so much talk these days about bringing the museums closer to the public, I should think someone, acting for all the institutions which do not have suitable publication outlets, would get around to seeing what the boys in the back room will have. As things are now, only those who stand at the front desk in our institutions have a clear idea of what has been published. And short of ordering by mail three distinct kinds of ammunition for a boy's air rifle, I know of nothing more difficult than writing to museums for

Whittlesey House

Give the books this Christmas that give pleasure all year round

Seeing More Things

By JOHN MASON BROWN. The author of the *S. R. L.* column, "Seeing Things" writes an engaging new book of essays on the world of the arts and human affairs. $3.50



The Seven Miracles of Gubbio

By RAYMOND L. BRUCKBERGER. The wise, witty and moving tale of St. Francis and the wolf—an ideal holiday remembrance. *Illustrated.* $1.50

Wayfaring Stranger

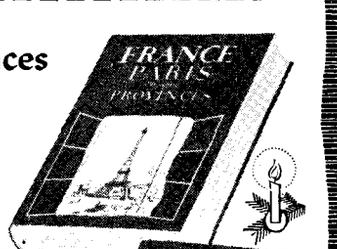
By BURL IVES. The engaging autobiography of a man who sang his way into America's heart. "Fascinating reading."—*Phila. Inquirer.* $3.50

The Concert Companion

By ROBERT BAGAR and LOUIS BIANCOLLI. "Will make symphonic music more understandable and satisfying."—*Book-of-the-Month Club.* Covers more than 500 works. 868 pages. Now only $4.95

France: Paris and the Provinces

By ROGER ROUMAGNAC and PIERRE ANDRIEU. "Enough to make any lover of France phone immediately for reservations."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.* Over 400 illustrations, 300 in color. $5.00



This is San Francisco

By ROBERT O'BRIEN. "Every word of it is fascinating reading . . . I've never seen any book about a city with even half as many good yarns."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* *Illustrated.* $3.75

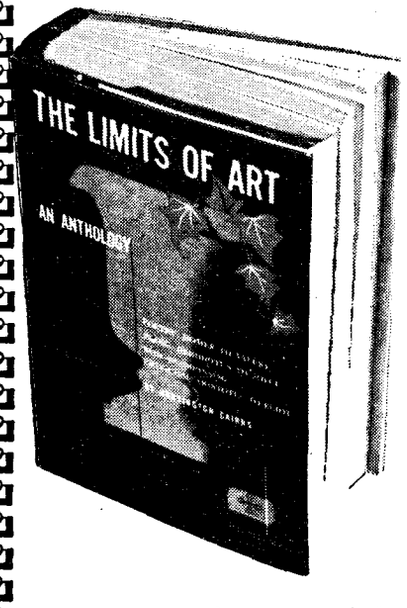
At all bookstores

"Buy Give-A-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller's"

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co.
New York 18

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most original anthology ever published. In many ways, the most useful."—H. L. MENCKEN.



The world's great prose and poetry from *Homer to Joyce*

WITH CRITICISM OF EACH WORK BY THE GREAT CRITICS FROM *ARISTOTLE TO ELIOT*

• This anthology is unique in the history of literature. THE LIMITS OF ART brings together, for the first time, the works that the critics of 2,000 years—from ancient Greece until today—have adjudged *perfect or the greatest of their kind in poetry* and prose.

Each selection is accompanied by the critic's appraisal. Most of the selections *appear in the original language, but* translations are provided in each case. Here at last in one monumental volume are the riches of the literature of all time—the great writers and their critics, from *Homer, Pindar,* and *Catullus* to *Joyce, Eliot, Valéry,* and *Gide.*

"Unique in scope, variety, and excellence. The first radically new idea for an anthology in the past 100 years."
—*ALLEN TATE*

THE
Limits of Art

Collected and edited by
HUNTINGTON CAIRNS
1500 pages, $6.50 at all bookstores

BOLLINGEN SERIES XII
PANTHEON BOOKS, INC.
41 Washington Sq., N. Y. 12

their catalogues. We seldom know the exact address or price, and the latter frequently turns out to be some such discouraging sum as 63¢ or $1.01 (does this include postage?). I remember the triumph I once felt in toting up catalogues listed by the Art Institute of Chicago until I arrived at an even $7; I still feel that I have never received more for my money.

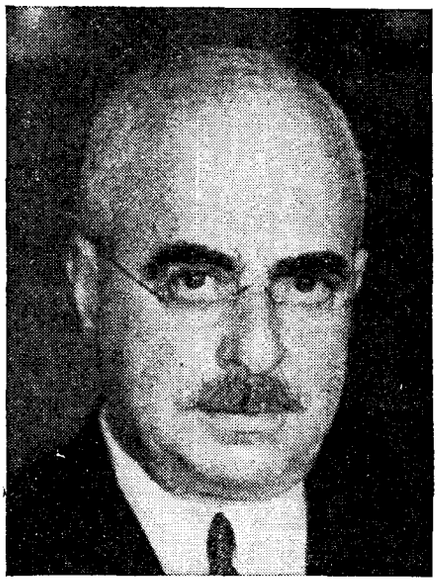
I think of the matter now because in recent months our museums have published a number of catalogues in book form which seem likely to become essential works on the subjects to which they relate. Two of these, fortunately, are being distributed by established publishers—James S. Plaut's "Oskar Kokoschka" (Chanticleer Press, $3.50 bound), and Alfred H. Barr, Jr.'s "Painting and Sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art" (Simon & Schuster, $5 bound). The first of these books documents the large exhibition at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art of a leading Central European expressionist who has also remained one of the durable figures of twentieth-century painting as a whole. The book has an able text by Mr. Plaut, a selected bibliography, and a list of previous exhibitions. In the matter of Mr. Barr's book I am prejudiced, having been connected for some years with the museum whose collection it describes. But since the collection is almost entirely Mr. Barr's creation, I feel free to call attention to the extraordinary range of styles covered by his book's 380 plates. Nearly every tenable contemporary approach is exemplified, from extreme realism to extreme abstraction; the arrangement by categories is succinct and revealing. The great men of today's art are there, too, in superb examples—Matisse, Picasso, Gris, Miro, among others. The first-named of these painters was given his most complete American showing last spring at the Philadelphia Museum. A large catalogue was issued but, being abroad at the time, I missed it. I have not been able to acquire a copy since, though I have experimented with cajolery, threat, and theft. Let us hope the catalogue will be reprinted at once; it gives a far more complete idea of Matisse's attainments than many commercial publications on that master.

ONE of the most distinguished museum publications of the year in the contemporary field is the catalogue of the large retrospective exhibition of Max Beckmann, organized by the City Art Museum of St. Louis ($1.80 at art bookshops). There is astonishingly little critical material in English on Beckmann, though of all

(*Continued on page 66*)

Paul Sachs & His Friends

By FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR



Paul Joseph Sachs—"for candles and a cake sugar plums from the pencils of the greatest artists."

THE current loan exhibition at the Fogg Art Museum in Harvard University of "Seventy Master Drawings from American Collections"* marks not only the progress of connoisseurship in the United States but one of the happiest events in the art world. Paul Joseph Sachs, whose name is synonymous with the love of drawings and the training of museum workers, has reached the ripe and reflective age of seventy. His former students and colleagues have substituted for candles and a cake the finest sugar plums from the pencils of the greatest artists which taste and fortune have brought to our shores, and the more rewarding bread of gratitude. Seldom in living memory has such a splendid exhibition been assembled in Europe and certainly never in America. It is a tribute to the man and to the amazing institution for the training of curators and art historians which he and Edward Forbes in their guileless intrepidity have created.

The exhibition covers nearly 500 years of the Western tradition. In these drawings, many of which have been fondled and caressed by the illustrious of politics and literature as well as art, may be discerned a homogeneity of thought and effort. Each piece of paper, rather more intimately than the larger monuments of stone and canvas they have left behind them, speaks for the integrity and purpose of the artist. Here are

* "*Seventy Master Drawings from American Collections*," *Loan Exhibition, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Through January 7.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the basic ideas, often preliminary and tentative, yet always infused with the breath of genius, which bare the naked soul of the artist and show him as he was rather than as he wished to be. Paul Sachs, who has devoted his life, and a far greater portion of his means than any rational man should be allowed to do, to collecting drawings, has had the compensation of living privately with the artists and not publicly with them as is the fate of most museum men. His opinions are based upon what Degas may have whispered to him in his bedroom or Ingres admonished him with classical severity at the dinner table. He has not been dismayed by daily contact with the giants of the Renaissance and the Baroque. The "Study for the Libyan Sibyl" in the Sistine ceiling by Michelangelo, lent by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, will take its place in the exhibition with its contemporaries from Shady Hill and enter into easy communion with the spirits of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth centuries who have been bidden to the birthday party.

This pleasant madness for which Paul Sachs's friends have always been indulgent has been imparted by him to two generations of American students. From him they have savored quality and learned that the ethics of the world of banking and affairs from which he came are no different from the ethics of the academic world into which they hope to enter as trustees of public funds and guardians of public taste. Harvard has contributed through the collaboration of Paul Sachs and Edward Forbes to the enrichment of American life far more than may normally be expected of a university. The celebration this month in Cambridge is a recognition by their successor, John Coolidge, of his obligation to these men and of the ever-widening opportunities he is so well equipped to realize in the future.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Milton: "One May Morning." 2. The Bible: Psalm LXVI 6. 3. Thomson: "The Seasons." 4. Read: "Sheridan's Ride." 5. Butler: "Hudibras." 6. Macauley: "Horatius." 7. Byron: "The Isles of Greece." 8. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus." 9. Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet." 10. Kipling: "Mandalay." 11. Kingsley: "The Three Fishers." 12. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind." 13. Berkeley: "Planting Arts in America." 14. Whittier: "Snowbound." 15. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 16. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 17. Scott: "Marmion." 18. Tennyson: "The Princess." 19. Lang: "The Odyssey." 20. Emerson: "The Snow Storm."

LIPPINCOTT BELL RINGERS

From Coast
To Coast* Critics Agree

"Betty MacDonald (The Egg and I) has done it again!"

*Saturday Review, Philadelphia Inquirer, Buffalo Courier Express, Seattle Post-Intelligencer

"THE PLAGUE AND I

is, if anything, funnier than her first . . . it's racy, flippant, irreverent and uproariously funny."
—*Chicago Sun-Times*

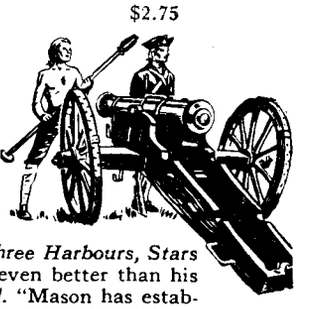
"One of the most notable humorous books on clinical experiences since the late Irvin Cobb's *Speaking of Operations*."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

No increase in price over THE EGG AND I • $2.75

TWO BEST SELLERS BY MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO WRITE THEM!

Pat Frank's
An Affair Of State

The author of *Mr. Adam* tells "a fast-paced cloak and dagger story that is one of the most entertaining and enjoyable novels of the season."
—*Chicago Tribune.* $2.75



F. van Wyck Mason's
Eagle in the Sky

This latest novel by the author of *Three Harbours, Stars on the Sea* and *Rivers of Glory* is "even better than his three earlier works."—*Boston Herald.* "Mason has established himself as dean of the historical novelists."—*Chicago News.* $3.00

The Art of Being Happy

Edited by Samuel and Esther Kling. "They have gathered together all the wisdom and wit of the centuries. It will make multitudes of people happier."—DOROTHY DIX. $3.50

Chrysantha

By Margaret Drake. A delightful novel of a damsel who captivates, corners, and captures her man. "I don't know when I've had so many laughs and chuckles and smiles."
—AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL. $2.75

Diary of Independence Hall

By H. D. Eberlein and C. V. D. Hubbard. A lively, present-tense history of the major events that centered in Philadelphia's Independence Hall through the years 1733-1824, drawn from contemporary newspapers, letters, documents, and official records. *Illus.* $3.50

At all bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

R. S. V. P.

SOMEWHERE there must be a book that tells all about it, where I could go to straighten it out in my mind. But I don't know where the book is, and maybe I couldn't read it if I found it!"

It wasn't a boy anxious to learn how to sail a boat or fly a kite who uttered this lament. Neither was it an urban dowager turned gardener at her newly acquired country place. Nor, for that matter, was it an office-bound older man, facing at last the pleasures of a vacation out-of-doors and hence needing to rediscover golf or fishing.

No, it was a President of the United States, a President speaking right at the White House. As a matter of cold and poignant fact, it was Harding, Warren Gamaliel. It was Harding lamenting his lot as Chief Executive, Harding harassed by the cares of high office. It was the same Harding who, in the same setting, could cry, "My God, but this is a hell of a place for a man like me to be!"; the identical Harding who could wail, "My God-damn friends, they're the ones that keep me walking the floor nights!" It was Harding, William Allen White tells us in his "Autobiography," wondering what he should do when he had to take a position on an important tax bill.

The belief that somewhere a book is always to be found which will tell us what we should do or think under any and every circumstance may be both laughable and touching when voiced by a supposed leader. Yet such confidence is undeniably American. In the instance of Mr. Harding it might almost be cited as a proof of his "normalcy."

Among the books certain to be secretly consulted or even openly displayed by all sorts of perplexed Americans during the coming years is a fat volume recently issued by Simon & Schuster. The questions to which it supplies ready answers on page after page may be less momentous than were those which agitated Harding. They can, however, be equally embarrassing. For the tome I have in mind is none other than "Vogue's Book of Etiquette."* Due to Millicent Fenwick's long research and careful writing, it is so complete a guide to traditional forms and modern usage that, ten to one, it will make Emily Post look to her *fourchettes*.

There is bound to be something absurd about all books of etiquette; something humorless, pontifical, snobbish, and silly. Their admonitions have none of the interchange of conversation or the willingness to make immediate exceptions. They take with deadly seriousness what most people feel should be taken for granted. The subjects on which they hand down solemn decisions never seem more trivial than when they are accorded the dignity and finality of print.

Books of etiquette face the problem of being Baedekers written for residents as well as tourists. Their market is bound to be a mixed audience, composed of those in the know and out of it. It consists of social climbers and *arrivistes* no less than the long-arrived. The very idea that good manners can or need to be codified is ridiculous to those who think they have them, and irritating to those who do not care about acquiring them.

Moreover, "society" is no longer a fashionable word. This, of course, increases our willingness to smile today at volumes concerned with the amenities of social intercourse. Then there is the matter of certainty. Authors of books of etiquette push this to such a point of infallibility that it becomes unbearable. Theirs is the last word on every subject. Compared to them, Macaulay is indecisive and critics undogmatic. Not content with being lower courts, they must function as the supreme court, too. From their verdicts, one gathers, there is no appeal. Yet what they are so grave, and even condescending, about is usually nothing more significant than how to send or accept an invitation or give a party.

All of us, in our time, have smiled when skimming the pages of old books of etiquette. I have before me, for example, a charming little "Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society," which was published first in London more than 100 years ago and has recently been reissued. In it are to be found such gems of wisdom as, "'Do not pick your teeth *much* at table, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not a pleasant thing." Or, "Ladies should never dine with their gloves on—unless their hands are not fit to be seen." Although at present we may laugh at these precepts, a lot can be read between the lines of such a book about the manners, the society, the class feeling, the elegance of the great houses, and the shopkeepers then turning into merchants in a changing England.

I must admit I approached Mrs. Fenwick's volume hoping for chuckles of the same kind. What is more, I found them. I could not help smiling to read that "after an active sport such as tennis, when normally they might have worn a brightly colored sweater, men (in mourning) should wear a white sweater instead." I was no less interested to learn, by way of useful information, that "when one is entertaining royalty, the line under the crest (on the menu) reads 'Diner' (or 'Déjeuner' or 'Souper') "de Leurs Majestés (or 'Altesses')."

Likewise I was grateful to be told that "the whole question of kissing hands is becoming very complicated" for American girls, since foreigners no longer kiss hands with their old-time consistency. The terrible result is that a "foreigner's nose often gets bumped" by young ladies who had made up their minds that all they could expect was a handshake. I was also pleased to discover that "young girls, no matter how seriously they may be working, spend at least half their free time thinking about men." "And how right they are!" adds Mrs. Fenwick, with more realism than romance. "A good job may not last a lifetime, but it is always to be hoped that a marriage will."

YET, much as any of us may be tempted to smile at some of the things Mrs. Fenwick is duty-bound to take seriously, I for one am grateful for her book. In spite of all its seeming staidness, it makes its concessions to the present. It is fully aware of what has happened and is happening. To be sure, at times Mrs. Fenwick may appear to indulge in delusions of grandeur, as when she tells us what to tip stewards on a "big yacht" *after a month's cruise*; refers to the domestics in American homes as "the household"; or offers as a suggested menu

*VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. By Millicent Fenwick. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 658 pp. $5.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Broadway's Newest Sweetheart!" —WINCHELL
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
LOVE LIFE
A New Musical
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
NANETTE FABRAY RAY MIDDLETON
Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
46th STREET Theatre
W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A RIOT!"—Morehouse, Sun.
JOSEPH M. HYMAN, presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats Wed & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

"Annie Remains the Ace!"—Winchell
ETHEL MERMAN
In the World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with MILTON WATSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
EVES. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Les huitres en coquilles, Le consommé Brunoise, Le pompano Bercy, Le filet de boeuf Richelieu, La sauce Madère, Les pommes soufflées, Les haricots verts au beurre, Le suprême de volaille Jeannette, La salade Russe, La mousse aux fraises, Les friandises —and all this for *Le 15 Décembre*, 1948!

Even so, and in spite of her Trianon-Blenheim-Ward McAlister moments, Mrs. Fenwick has faced the facts of contemporary society. She knows that yachts are no longer plentiful; that the day of the "great houses" is almost gone; and that the chef has been replaced by the casserole, the Nanny by the baby-sitter, and the footman by the accommodator. She is intermittently aware that maids are scarce, that prices are soaring, and that most American families (including those who entertain) get along—quite nicely, thank you—with the wife doing the cooking.

Moses contented himself with Ten Commandments; Wilson with Fourteen Points; the Episcopal Church with Thirty-nine Articles. Not Mrs. Fenwick. How could she? The laws she is laying down are ordinances. Her edicts range from glassware and flat silver to engagement presents and writing paper. She is conscious of how paradoxical and absurd etiquette can be. Yet she has the wisdom to realize that, though its "ramifications are trivialities . . . its roots are in great principles." She believes "good behavior is everybody's business, and good taste can be everybody's goal." Whenever egos touch and conflicts of interest arise, says she, common sense demands a system; a system that will make things more agreeable, because easier, for all, once it is accepted. Evidently she subscribes to the sane theory that conventions represent organized common sense in the field of behavior.

I have no way of knowing how other readers of "Vogue's Book of Etiquette" will feel about this or that of its manifold entries. Many will doubtless accept it as Gideon; others as a companion volume to Bennett Cerf's "Shake Well Before Using." But I do know that, in this well-nigh mannerless world, I have a list—not a little list, a long one—of people who would benefit from mastering Mrs. Fenwick's book, particularly her chapters on the responsibilities of hosts and guests and good manners in general. Come to think of it, I could name some nations that could also read it to advantage. Good manners, however despised by those who neither have nor want them, can make their contribution to peace, international no less than intramural.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

"A VIBRANT WORK OF ART." —ATKINSON, TIMES
MARGO JONES presents
Summer and Smoke
by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
MUSIC BOX, 45 St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"An Uproarious Musical Show!" —ATKINSON, TIMES
A MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTION
BOBBY CLARK
IN THE MUSICAL SMASH
As The GIRLS Go
with
IRENE RICH
WINTER GARDEN
B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A MUSICAL IN A MILLION" —GARLAND, Jour-Amer.
MAGDALENA
Starring IRRA PETINA • JOHN RAITT
DOROTHY SARNOFF • HUGO HAAS
Music by HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS
ZIEGFELD Theatre, 54th and 6th Ave.
EVGS. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

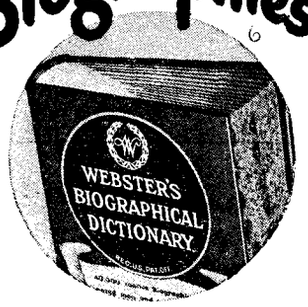
MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with
JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40. NO PERF. MON.
HENRY MILLER'S THEA. 43rd Street E. of B'way

New Stages, Inc. presents
ANN DVORAK
in Jean-Paul Sartre's
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
Directed by MARY HUNTER
Adapted by Eva Wolas
TOGETHER WITH
RICHARD HARRITY'S
HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS
Directed by JOSEPH KRAMM
CORT THEA., 48th St. E. of B'way Cl. 5-4289
Evenings 8:45. Matinees WED. & SAT. 2:45

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Merriam-Webster Book of

Biographies



gives you essential facts about 40,000 Noted Men and Women

WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY contains more than 40,000 concise biographies, with pronunciation of names and all essential facts. Includes scientists, statesmen, explorers, writers, painters, actors, radio personalities, eminent figures from every other field. Valuable to writers, speakers, readers. Prepared by the famous Merriam-Webster editorial staff. 1,736 pages, thumb index. $7.50. At your bookdealer or order from the publishers.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY,
811 Federal Street, Springfield 2, Mass.

Buy Give-a-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller

Two of the most important best-sellers of the century

Civilization on Trial

$3.50

ARNOLD J.
TOYNBEE

A Study of History

$5.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

BUY U.S. BONDS

FICTION

(*Continued from page 34*)

to escape from the influence of the Great Midland through the university. Dave tries to conquer it through his work as an organizer. When Dave, returning from combat in Spain, tries to take up his married life again, Stephanie, having thought she had put him out of her mind in favor of the young instructor she has been living with, finds that she must go back to him. Yet her desire for a secure and gracious life keeps interfering with her happiness, even after joining the Communist party and teaching at a labor school.

There are two troubles with "The Great Midland," and for one of these Mr. Saxton is not responsible. First, the job has been done before in many places. One cannot read Mr. Saxton's story without remembering Dos Passos, Farrell, and a host of writers not so well known. Second, the book gets off to a misleading start through the introduction of a number of characters who turn out to be minor. By the time the reader finds out whom he is supposed to be rooting for, he has lost the sense of being emotionally engaged in what happens to them.

Mr. Saxton has a belief in the importance of his story which gives it a solid quality. The struggle of labor to obtain its rights in the period from 1919 to 1941 is his major concern. The theme of his story thus requires an emphasis on Dave. Yet Stephanie's personal problem—the choice between ease and mission—seems to interest him more than Dave's. Dave is dedicated to his work and therefore has few inner doubts; his conflict is with external forces. So Mr. Saxton keeps coming back to Stephanie, and the novel never quite surmounts this difficulty. Similarly there are scenes which, however well done, do not seem to add anything.

Still, "The Great Midland" is a good novel. It has deftness, honesty, conviction.

Town Hall, Sat. Aft. at 3 p.m. Jan. 8
CLIFFORD
CURZON
TICKETS AT THE BOX OFFICE
Columbia Records *Steinway Piano*

Carnegie Hall, Sat. at 3, Dec. 11
MARYLA
JONAS
TICKETS AT THE BOX OFFICE
Columbia Records *Steinway Piano*

BETTY • DAN
GRABLE • DAILEY
in
"When My Baby Smiles At Me"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
20th Century-Fox

On VARIETY Stage
MICKEY ROONEY
Special ROSARIO & ANTONIO
Extra BORRAH MINEVITCH
and HARMONICA RASCALS

On ICE Stage
"EXCERPTS from MLLE. MODISTE"

ROXY
7th AVE. & 50th ST.

"The Red Shoes"
AN EAGLE LION FILMS RELEASE
A J. Arthur Rank Presentation
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
BIJOU Theatre CO-5-8215
All Seats Reserved • Mail Orders Now
Matinee daily at 2:30—$1.20, 1.50, 1.80 (tax incl.) Extra Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30) Evenings at 8:30—$1.20, 1.50, 2.40 (tax incl.) Late show Saturday evening at 11:30

Paramount presents
JOHN LUND
WANDA HENDRIX
BARRY FITZGERALD
MONTY WOOLLEY
in
"Miss Tatlock's Millions"

in Person
STAN KENTON
And His Orchestra
featuring
JUNE CHRISTY
plus RED BUTTONS
RAUL & EVA REYES
Extra Added Attraction
NELLIE LUTCHER

TO 1 P.M. 55¢ (Tax included) Except Sat., Sun. & Hols.

PARAMOUNT
TIMES SQUARE • Midnight Feature Nightly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction Notes

ROCK HAVEN, by Adelyn Bushnell. Coward-McCann. $3. Here is a tale of two brothers, totally unlike, exemplifying contrasting yet in each case consistent ethics from the cradle to the grave. In a readable manner Miss Bushnell proves blood to be thick and virtue justly rewarded. Pitting puritanism against perversion, blending New England innocence with international rowdiness, indicating avenues of reckless amorality far off the rigid path of behavior, she succeeds in embroidering a front-parlor sampler.

Home is best for the evil wanderer as for his tranquil brother. This home, being a small town in Maine in which Miss Bushnell is at her ease, ensures her moral a comfortable resting place.

* * *

THE MOVING STAIRS, by Paul Pickrel. Harper. $2.50. Mr. Pickrel herewith presents a token of his affection for the decent, often ineptly termed "little people" of this earth. With quick, observant strokes against a typical small-town background, he creates rounded characters. Some are moral, others have strayed, still others have been proven false, but a fundamental innocence pervades their lives. Their unrealized dreams persist. Young Pat renounces art for love; her perenially lax mother marries her latest "Gentleman Caller"; Grampa grows old while the seasons pass and nothing really changes. Simplicity, humor, and a refreshing tenderness mark these pages.

* * *

GAY PURSUIT, by Elizabeth Cadell. William Morrow, $2.75. "Gay Pursuit" is fun, and its fun consists of an unadulterated English county flavor: tweeded lords, picture-hatted old ladies, jodhpurred daughters, casually earthy sons encased in well-tailored flannels, horses, dogs, and old retainers ramble contentedly through an ancient, dilapidated but still stately mansion. There is a bazaar, several picnics, some confusion as to how many fiancés a girl can have at once, and an assured pursuit, by the young man of the house, of an up to now London sophisticate. The case rests on the greensward, happily for all concerned including the reader.

* * *

HOSPITAL ZONE, by Elizabeth Seifert. Dodd, Mead, $2.95. An inveterate ambulancechaser turns again to medical matters. We observe hospital intrigue, ambition, and craft being laid waste by the man of pure science. Not for him a glittering center, nor flambuoyant glandular surgery. Rather research and a small practice. For lay students Miss Seifert's Hippocratic

FAMILY INFORMATION AND ENTERTAINMENT

F. D. R.
His Personal Letters—Volume II—1905-1928
$5.00 ● *Edited by* ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT
These letters unfold the human story of a man destined for a prominent and fateful role in American and World history.

MARIONETTES ARE PEOPLE
$2.50 ●
You can make your own Marionette personality. A simple, practical and complete book by Edith Thane.

WHAT GRANDPA LAUGHED AT
$2.75 ●
Grandpa did some huge chuckling from the Chicago World's Fair in the Gay Nineties to the outbreak of the First World War. Homer Croy's collection of jokes is historical and uproarious.

THE GREAT YEAR
$3.00 ●
An appealing and memorable book by Dilys Bennett Laing, written with simple, distinctive charm. In it, a twelve month in the lives of its characters becomes the eternal year.

THE LONG WALK
$3.00 ●
Betsey Barton's novel of deep compassion. Of it, Anne Morrow Lindbergh says: . . . "It pierces through the physical struggle to the basic spiritual one common to us all."

BLACK IVORY
$2.50 ●
Norman Collins' swashbuckling tale of the sea, slavers and the wild Ivory Coast of Africa. For all the boys in the family.

THE WEATHER BREEDER
$2.75 ●
Sylvia Chatfield Bates' touching story of clashing racial types and the fascinating Indian superstitions of Martha's Vineyard ". . . a truly singular novel." *Saturday Review of Literature.*

IT WAS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED
$2.75 ●
By Val Teal . . . "Fresh and clean as Monday's wash—sparkling with gaiety and delicious humor." *Books on Trial.*

FOLK SONG: U.S.A.
$6.00 ●
. . . "John A. and Alan Lomax book is the top flight of our folk songs selected by the outstanding authorities on indigenous American music." *New York Times.*

✓ CHECK THIS LIST AND MAIL TO YOUR BOOKSELLER

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give a book of lasting importance and distinction

The Swiss Without Halos

By J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD. The entertaining story of a remarkable and contradictory country. A "charming new book ... reveals a promising talent for social and intellectual history." —*N. Y. Times.* *Illus.* $3.75

The Maxims of Marcel Proust

Edited, with a translation, by JUSTIN O'BRIEN. 428 aphoristic remarks from REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST, which give the essence of Proust's philosophy. Professor O'Brien's introduction is a masterpiece in itself. French and English on facing pages. $3.00

The Columbia Encyclopedia

Complete in One Volume, America's supreme authority—the ideal reference for home, school and office. 63,000 articles and over 5,000,000 words. $19.50

Chamber Music

***The Growth and Practice of an Intimate Art* by HOMER ULRICH.** An informed enthusiast writes the first full account of chamber music from its beginnings to the present. "Valuable as a work of information . . . as a guide to appreciation."—*Etude.* $6.00

At all bookstores

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Morningside Heights, N. Y. 27

lore is impressive. But, though she states facts with a specialist's phraseology, her touch tends to shock. May satisfy the curious but is hardly what the doctor ordered.

* * *

SONG BEFORE SUNRISE, by Jonreed Lauritzen. Doubleday, $3. This old Western has a new look. Along with the world of muscle, there is mysticism and the unseen finally proves more powerful than gunplay. Indian raids, refinements of torture, brawls, feuds, and feats of legendary fierceness in and around Santa Fe before the USA took over make for exciting reading. But it is the passion of a rugged voyageur for an elusive, almost saintly Navajo girl that sets the spiritual note. Strong men of the mountain tremble, and desire becomes dust before her. The frontier mind has come up against and been conquered by ancient lore.

Vivid in action, often caressing in mood, always manifestly movie material.

* * *

FIRST CITIZEN, by Richard Sullivan. Henry Holt, $3. Over-indulgence has done in Mr. Sullivan. This is a real pity as there is much to recommend in his novel. His portrait of an egomaniac, his fine secondary capsule characterization, his splendid sense of simultaneous action rae matched in value by a drunken scene guaranteed to cure and a mounting madness guaranteed to craze. Success, originally made possible by insurance collected on his dead child, drives Kingsley Bond ruthlessly onward. But he goes too far for credulity. His wife in distraction crucifies herself in the front hall beside the inert body of her drunken daughter, on the eve of his mayoralty acceptance speech. The jig, naturally, is up. So is merit. Flamboyance has obscured good writing. Mr. Sullivan should, for his own sake as well as ours, have stopped this side of the guignol.

* * *

THE BURNISHED BLADE, by Lawrence Schoonover. Macmillan, $3. Mr. Schoonover gives us the historical novel total and unashamed. From the burning of Joan of Arc straight to an unforgettable death by impalement in the remote empire of Trebizond, his tale is packed with vigor. Eastern lushness, skullduggery in high places, an overabundance of event mark the progress of Pierre, sent out from France to investigate a certain smuggling in opium and precious jewels. Mission accomplished, and how. It reads with excitement, valid atmosphere, period precision, and dramatic tidiness.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

LITERARY HIGHLIGHTS

(*Continued from page 18*)

Deal and the war years emerged from his youth of carefree privilege.

THE AGE OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION. By Dixon Wecter. Macmillan. An admirably managed narrative, full yet discriminating, covering the pre-Pearl-Harbor period of the Roosevelt era in all its aspects, political, social, economic, and cultural.

THE GREAT REHEARSAL. By Carl Van Doren. Viking. A discussion of the welding of the American Constitution and of the Constitutional Convention which gains depth of interest in its parallels with and divergences from the problems which confront the United Nations. Quite aside from its pertinence to the present the book has importance as a study in American history.

THE WHOLE OF THEIR LIVES. By Benjamin Gitlow. Scribner's. An engrossing account of the machinery, creed, and attitudes of the American Communist Party from 1921 to the present, a work not alone interesting as a chronicle of events and personalities but as a psychological study.

THE SAINT AND THE DEVIL. By Frances Winwar. Harper. A colorful but carefully documented biography of Joan of Arc.

A MAN CALLED WHITE. By Walter White. Viking. The autobiography of an eminent Negro whose personality and work have put their stamp upon inter-racial relations.

LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Little, Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press). An autobiography which is of exceptional interest in view of its portrayal of Victorian England and of unique personalities and because of the high quality of its writing. There is nothing in the autobiographical field which has appeared in recent months which has the literary flavor and the picturesque quality of this book which continues the annals of a remarkable family.

FAMILY CIRCLE. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton Mifflin. The co-author of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" tells the story of the life of her gifted father, Otis Skinner, and his no less gifted wife, with girlhood experiences of her own interwoven into the fabric of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. Interesting to anyone but especially to devotees of the theatre.

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Knopf. The second volume of a work which, like the notebooks of Henry James, is of the highest interest to all concerned with the working of the creative imagination and the art of the writer.

Miscellaneous

SEEING MORE THINGS. By John Mason Brown. Whittlesey. Reflections on life and literature, the theatre and childhood, by one of the most accomplished present-day practitioners of the art of the essay. Mr. Brown can be caustic and lambent when he writes of the meretricious but through all his comment runs an understanding of the precarious plight of mankind which is warmed by compassion.

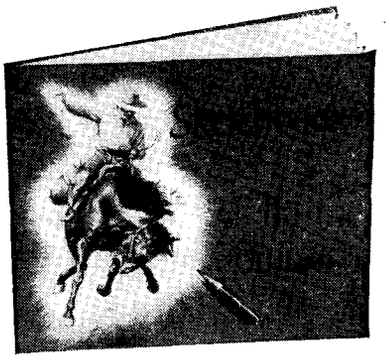
CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL. By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford. Studies in past and present-day problems by the author of "A Study of History."

THE ROAD TO SURVIVAL. By William Vogt. Sloane. OUR PLUNDERED PLANET. By Fairfield Osborn. Little, Brown. Two urgent and eloquent denunciations of the reckless disregard with which America has wasted its resources and appeals for soil conservation before the rapidly approaching moment arrives when the damage which national carelessness has wrought will be irreparable.

MALABAR FARM. By Louis Bromfield. Harper. The author of "Pleasant Valley" describes with more technical details than before but with no less engaging ardor his farming venture in Ohio.

THE PLAGUE AND I. By Betty MacDonald. Lippincott. As the reviewers with one accord and remarkable similarity of phrase have said, "Betty MacDonald has done it again." She has written a lively, gay, and highly entertaining volume. This time it has to do with her experiences in a tuberculosis sanatorium, a subject she manages to treat with good taste despite her sprightly humor.

KANSAS STATE WILD FLOWERS. By William Chase Stevens. University of Kansas. A handsome volume, lavishly illustrated and containing full descriptions. Journey's end for the present reviewer, who for years pursued fruitlessly a search for the name



HORSE LOVERS

who know Mr. Anderson's many books about horses will have a chance in this book to share some of the secrets of his drawing skill.

This distinguished artist's discussion of basic rules of drawing, the points of accent, the balance and rhythm of vital lines, the use of tone and shading to indicate form and color, will be extremely interesting and helpful to advanced or beginning artists.

Over 60 sketches make this *sketchbook* a choice art book.

C. W. ANDERSON'S

Sketchbook

$3.50 at all bookstores MACMILLAN

ART BOOKS OF DISTINCTION *you will be proud to give*

CEZANNE
by Bernard Dorival
A superb volume. 200 pages crammed full of interesting and authoritative material on the life and works of this great master. 136 plates in black and white and 24 in full color, individually mounted. **$12.50**

DEGAS DRAWINGS
by Jean Leymarie
Degas' enchanting drawings will delight the eyes of any beholder. 24 reproductions in color, printed on every other page to allow for removal and framing. 4½"x7" **$2.50**

THE MADONNA IN ART
by Henri Gheon
Still one of the best beloved books. A large and handsome volume containing 148 reproductions of Marian masterpieces from the Byzantine era through the 17th century; 20 plates in full color individually mounted. **$15.00**

Hieronimus BOSCH
by Jacques Combe
A strangely revealing and exciting book of the most challenging painter of all times who, today, is considered the Father of Surrealism. Excellent text. 142 plates with 22 in full color, individually mounted. **$12.50**

or choose a gift from among the titles in THE COLUMBIA SERIES
"The handy-size art book with big volume appeal"
GAUGUIN by R. Cogniat
GOYA by J. Adhemar
MANET by M. Bex
MEMLING by G. Bazin
Each volume in this series is an art treasure in itself. Over 100 beautifully printed reproductions in black and white and 8 in full color, individually mounted. 6" x 8". Price: $3.00 each.

at your bookseller or **CONTINENTAL BOOK CENTER, INC.**
110 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a purple flower which blooms profusely on the Kansas-Oklahoma prairies in July and August. Not one, but several pictures and descriptions of the Kansas gayfeather identify it here.

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING. By Bennett Cerf. Simon & Schuster. A kaleidoscope of quips, anecdotes, jests, and bon mots by the conductor of *SRL*'s TRADE WINDS department. Good measure, pressed down and running over, this is a volume for the living room, or bedside table, for the dentist's and doctor's office, or for anyone at all who enjoys cleverness and humor.

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE. By Emily Kimbrough. Dodd, Mead. Gay sketches recounting the experiences and contretemps of a popular lecturer.

BIRDS OVER AMERICA. By Roger Tory Peterson. Dodd, Mead. One of the best-informed and most eloquent of our bird lovers writes with warmth and contagious delight of the birds of the country.

DAYS WITHOUT TIME. By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead. Adventures in the out-of-doors, poetic in description as they are beautiful in illustration, which are lit throughout with love and lovely description of nature.

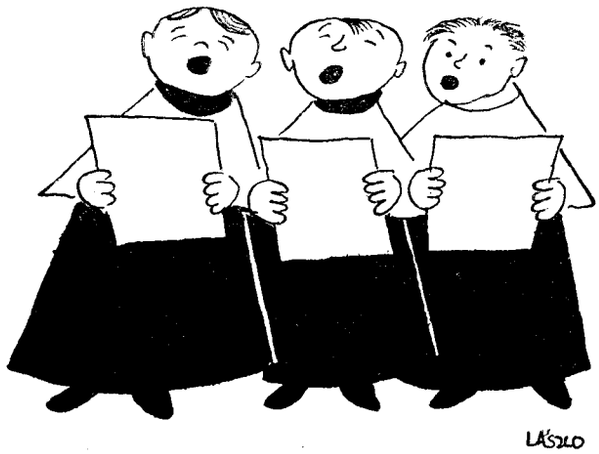
Reference Books

Four indispensable works have appeared during the past year. They follow:

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY. Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. Random. No matter how many other dictionaries a library—home or general—possesses this is an indispensable addition to them. It is that rare thing, a dictionary which is not only up to date in its coverage and excellent in its definitions but highly interesting reading.

THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by William Rose Benét. Crowell. An invaluable work which construes its purpose as a literary handbook broadly enough to include in its entries almost any reference on which the well-read person may want information. It fills the gap left by the passing of the old "Century Dictionary of Names," long since out of print.

SUPPLEMENT II: THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf. Just what it says, a second supplement to that highly scholarly, highly informative study of the



American language which Mr. Mencken's supreme gift for making lively any subject he approaches renders fascinating reading.

THE CONCERT COMPANION. By Robert Bagar and Louis Biancolli. Whittlesey. A comprehensive guide to symphonic music and composers.

War Fiction

THE past months have brought a spate of war novels, some of them good, some of them run of the mill, none of them of a stature to assure them a permanent place in literature. What is striking is that the spirit which after the First World War made the fiction bearing on it take on a propagandistic character and invested it with purposefulness as part of a drive for future world peace is now lacking. In the perturbed and precarious state of the world the problems of the moment seem all-absorbing and though war is painted in no less hideous guise than after the earlier struggle war fiction is now reportorial rather than tendentious. The face of battle is however vividly portrayed in the following volumes.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart. A first novel, pitiless in its revelation of the devastation, physical and moral, of war, brutal, outspoken—a book which by its drive and emotion unexpectedly found a wide public.

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT. By Martha Gellhorn. Scribner's. There is a sternness, a facing of brutal facts, and a faithfulness of interpretation of the spirit of men in battle in this tale of life in the infantry in the European war which is amazing coming from a woman. Miss Gellhorn makes no concessions to sentimentality even though she writes with compassion.

STRAWS TO MAKE BRICK. By Alan Marcus. Little, Brown. A postwar, not a war, novel, this is an informed, accurate, and vivid portrayal of the working of the American Military Government in Germany.

THE YOUNG LIONS. By Irwin Shaw. Random. A novel of extraordinary vitality and scope, loosely knit and moving with mounting interest from place to place, from 1938 through the war years.

WORLD WITHOUT VISA. By Jean Malaquais. Doubleday. A war-torn world has seldom worn grimmer or more desperate aspect than in this picture of Marseilles under the Pétain regime. Overlong, ill-disciplined, it is nevertheless a powerful novel.

GUARD OF HONOR. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace. Tale of an air-training camp in Florida, with the cross-currents of military politics and ambitions, and a procession of Army personnel from the GI's to the high brass to give it interest, here is a novel marked by the excellent craftsmanship, the intelligence, and the sheer story-telling skill which lend distinction to everything Mr. Cozzens writes.

Historical Fiction

THE historical romance still holds prominent place in the fiction lists. It ranges the world and the ages for its themes and in the main continues to demand more than the pages of the average novel for unfolding its tale.

THE IDES OF MARCH. By Thornton Wilder. Harper. "A fantasia on certain events and persons of the last days of the Roman republic," as the author describes it, this story of the last eight months before the assassination of Julius Caesar, told mostly in the form of diaries and letters, with Caesar for protagonist and Cleopatra, Catullus, and Clodia Pulcher among the characters, is perhaps Mr. Wilder's finest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work. It is marked by high imagination, beauty of style, and richness of thought.

REMEMBRANCE ROCK. By Carl Sandburg. Haracourt, Brace. An enormous, panoramic novel, woven of multiple strands, this book opens with an account of Plymouth Colony and advances through the centuries to the beginning of the Civil War. "The people, yes"—in this volume as in other works of Sandburg's.

THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE. By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin. Miss Forbes's meticulous research forms a solid substructure for her vivid picture of Salem in the days of its glory and later decline and her lively tale of a family that epitomized its fortunes. Characters and events keep pace with each other in interest and an absorbing love story is brought to a truly artistic conclusion.

TOWARD THE MORNING. By Hervey Allen. Rinehart. The story of Colonial Pennsylvania continues to unfold as Mr. Allen's skilful pen moves on through the years.

THE NAZAROVS. By Markoosha Fischer. Harper. A novel in the true Russian tradition, vivid, full, alive with emotion and action, this book depicts through the fortunes of a family the march of Russian life from the Revolution to the outbreak of the Second World War. Mrs. Fischer, though she writes with deep feeling, maintains an admirable detachment in her portrayal of political events.

RED PLUSH. By Guy McCrone. Farrar & Straus. A tale of Victorian Glasgow and of a family of substantial position. The various generations are skilfully thrown into conjunction, the atmosphere of the time is vividly reproduced, and the incidents of the novel are plausible and interesting. This is a book to delight anyone who enjoys a full-flavored, full-bodied story, civilized people, and the remembrance of time past.

A CLOUDED STAR. By Anne Parrish. Harper. The fictionized chronicle of that remarkable Negro woman of pre-Civil-War days who led many of her people to freedom through the underground railway. The heroic character of Henrietta Tubman and the simple, poetic nature of her people are effectively portrayed.

General Fiction

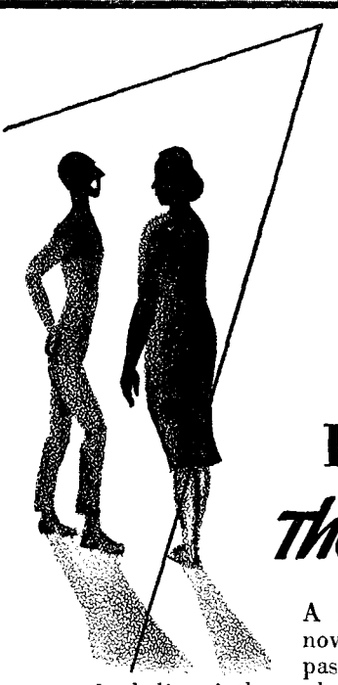
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. By Alan Paton. Scribner's. A novel of South Africa, revealing and arresting in its portrayal of a people and a profoundly disturbing situation, which, published without fanfare, has won widespread encomium and success.

THE SKY AND THE FOREST. By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. Mr. Forester returns to the African scene in a book brushed by the poetry and mystery of the Dark Continent in its depiction of a native of the Congo who thought he was a god.

TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER. By Betty Smith. Harper. The author of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" here pictures persons a cut higher in the social scale than those in her first novel, "little" men and women whose hopes and frustrations, joys and defeats bear the impress of truth.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER. By Graham Greene. Viking. One of the most talked-of novels of the year, the story of the conflict in a man's soul and of his relation to his fellows and his God.

TIME WILL DARKEN IT. By William Maxwell. Harper. A tale in which a Southern family is thrown into close relations with the differing traditions and outlook of Illinois folk, a novel of delicate psychological relationships and profound human emotions, done with the sensitiveness, the poetic insight, and the grace of expression



3 solutions to your *Christmas* gift problems

Introducing a new and important novelist

DAVID BALLANTYNE

The Cunninghams

A rich, full-bodied, three-dimensional novel, told with such maturity and compassion that only with difficulty can the reader believe it the work of a young man in his early twenties. The scene of the story is New Zealand: the protagonists an invalid husband and his wife who loves him but cannot remain faithful to him—a situation rendered more poignant by the devotion of both to their children. $3.00

The Song of the Cold

By EDITH SITWELL

A new volume of poems by the distinguished British poet. An attractive gift book. $2.75

James Joyce

Two Decades of Criticism

Edited by SEON GIVENS

A one-volume collection of the foremost critical essays that have been written on Joyce in the past two decades. $5.00

At all bookstores

VANGUARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give the gift that keeps

GROWING!

NEW features are being added to *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* continually. Each year *SRL* — long respected as the magazine of *ideas, information* and *entertainment*—becomes bigger and better. That's why, when you give *SRL*, you give the gift that keeps growing throughout the year.

There's no Christmas present as flattering as *SRL* because it's the source of the important ideas that start tomorrow's conversation. And — unlike most gifts—it arrives 52 times a year . . . reminding the recipient of your thoughtfulness and good taste week after week.

***Fill out and mail the coupon below—take advantage of* SRL's *money-saving Christmas rates* TODAY!**

ORDER BLANK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send *The Saturday Review* for one year to the following:

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Gift Card Should Read from _____

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Gift Card Should Read from _____

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Gift Card Should Read from _____

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Gift Card Should Read from _____

SPECIAL
Christmas Gift
RATES

1 One-year subscription $6.00

Additional one-year subscriptions $4.00

Your own subscription (new or extension) may be included at these special rates. Add $1 per subscription for Canadian and foreign postage, excluding Pan-America.

MY OWN NAME IS:

_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
(Zone)

☐ Please include my own subscription
☐ New ☐ Extension

I ENCLOSE $_____
☐ or bill me after Jan. 1, 1949.

12/4

characteristic of all Mr. Maxwell's work.

WISTERIA COTTAGE. By Robert Coates. Harcourt, Brace. The story of a psychotic which marches grimly on from the first illusory pleasantness to a defined and inevitable end of horror, this a study of insanity brilliantly and terrifyingly developed. Mr. Coates never relaxes the mounting tension of his narrative and produces his effects with economy and sureness.

INTRUDER IN THE DUST. By William Faulkner. Random. Though he makes no concessions in his style to the reader—and that style puts every handicap in the way of easy comprehension—Mr. Faulkner keeps interest glued to the page as he unfolds his chronicle of the false accusation of a Negro for murder and the successful effort to save him from mob violence. There is moving characterization, striking episode, and occasional lovely description in this book, and more compassion than has ever softened Faulkner's work before. Propaganda for the Southern point of view in regard to civil rights mars the novel as an artistic achievement.

THE PLAGUE. By Albert Camus. Knopf. "A Journal of the Plague Year" 1948 model, this is the powerful depiction of the outbreak of bubonic plague in a small town. It can be taken, either as a vivid, realistic deeply moving story or as an allegory of war.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. The Faustian legend transmuted to fit Hitler's Germany. There are long sections here which will be greatly interesting to those versed in modern music and throughout is the philosophical content which the world has come to expect from Mr. Mann.

THE HICKORY STICK. By Virgil Scott. Morrow. A long—overlong—but vehement, impressive, and profoundly disturbing arraignment of the educational system and the intramural politics of some of our smaller educational institutions. Mr. Scott's black admits no white, but even allowing for a one-sided view there is enough truth in this indictment to make the picture shocking.

RAINTREE COUNTY. By Ross Lockridge, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. A panorama of Middlewestern American life, varied, bustling, picturesque, covering the span of years from the Civil War through the First World War. One phase of American development in epitome.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DESTRUCTION OF SCIENCE IN USSR

(Continued from page 15)

Party members among the geneticists attending the conference hastened to recant their "heresies" publicly. The presidium of the Academy of Sciences, headed by the obedient physicist Sergei Ivanovitch Vavilov, brother of the great geneticist who had been done to death, toed the Party line by removing from their posts in utter disgrace the greatest Soviet physiologist, Orbeli, the greatest Soviet student of morphogenesis, Schmalhausen, and the best remaining Soviet geneticist, Dubinin. Dubinin's laboratory, long known for the admirable work done there by numerous careful investigators, was closed down.

It is significant that although Orbeli and Schmalhausen were biologists in fields other than genetics, they recognized the fundamental place genetic principles occupy in the biological sciences. Now that the real Russian geneticists are gone, scientists in kindred subjects are more open to attack. Indeed, the attack has already begun; recently *Pravda* reported that at the meeting of the Academy of Medical Sciences this September a whole group of leaders in physiology, microbiology, epidemiology, psychiatry, etc., were being severely criticized for "supporting Mendelian views."

Although it has been a long time since the teaching of genetics was permitted in the USSR, the Academy of Agricultural Sciences has ordered the revision of textbooks and courses in biology to remove all traces of genetic doctrines. In September the minister of higher education, Kaftanov, confessed that his department had been too lax in the past and promised that all university teachers and research workers infected with the "reactionary theory"—the phrases are his—of "Mendelism-Morganism" would be eradicated. The publishing houses were to be purged likewise.

These developments have been given wide publicity in the Soviet press, and popular feeling is being deliberately stirred against the scientists. At the same time, the scientific academies are making public obeisances to Stalin himself, thanking him for his direction and his "daily assistance to scientists," and pledging themselves to correct their errors. Malenkov, Deputy Premier of the Soviet Union, and since Zhdanov's death widely considered as the most likely successor to Stalin, is now specifically mentioned in press dispatches as considering Lysenko one of his most important protégés.

Nowhere in the world today do laymen—either politicians or ordinary citizens—have the kind of education which would fit them to judge the merits of a theory in natural science. In appealing to them the anti-scientist has the advantage of being able to make whatever assertions he likes and to play upon emotion and prejudice. On the other hand, the scientist's meticulous statements of the details of his evidence and of the often intricate steps of his reasoning are likely to fall upon deaf ears. But if he simply resorts truthfully to calling his opponent an ignoramus or fakir he is himself suspected of prejudice.

It would be unfair to genetics to give the impression that we could state the case for that science in the

A Christmas BOOK FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

The Land of the CROOKED TREE

"U. P. HEDRICK'S memories of boyhood in northern Michigan are as fresh as the first bloodroot of spring."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"I enjoyed it immensely... a delightful book."
—LOUIS BROMFIELD.

Woodcut decorations

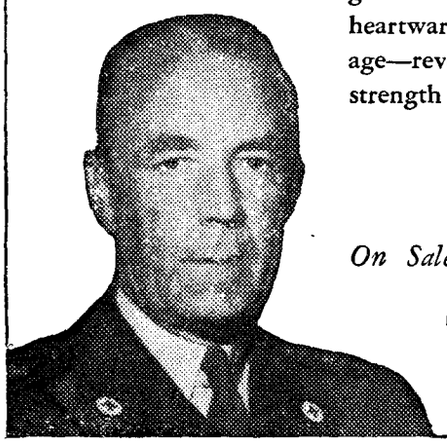
At all bookstores. $4.00

OXFORD

from the pen of Count Folke Bernadotte

Instead of Arms

Completed just before his tragic death, this is Count Folke Bernadotte's own story of his struggle for peace. A vivid and heartwarming account of courage—revealing his great inner strength and love of humanity.



per copy 300

On Sale at all Bookstores

published by the house of

BONNIERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

METROPOLITAN OPERA ANNALS

A Chronicle of Artists and Performances 1883–1947

Compiled by
WILLIAM H. SELTSAM

Introduction by
EDWARD JOHNSON

751 p. 127 Photographs

$7

Published in association with The Metropolitan Opera Guild, this book records all performances through the 1946-47 season. Opinions of leading critics are included for each season.

"A treasure-house of operatic history."—Olin Downes, *N. Y. Times*

"Pure gold!"—*Washington Post*

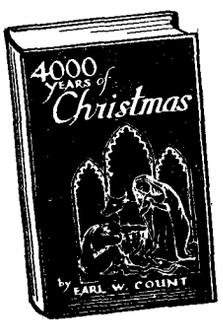
"The opera fan and fanatic should find it as handy as a cook-book."—*Newsweek*

"An excellent job."—*Book-of-the-Month-Club News*

"A unique and highly valuable compilation."—*Musical Courier*

At your bookstore or postpaid (with full return privileges) from

THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
960 University Avenue
New York 52, N. Y.



"A welcome gift for all who keep Christmas in their hearts . . .

with beguiling simplicity, Dr. Count traces Christmas from its earliest beginnings in ancient Babylonia, tells how the civilizations of 4000 years of history shaped Christmas into the magnificent celebration which is the climax of the Christian year for moderns."—*Religious Book Club*

4000 YEARS OF Christmas

by Earl W. Count

"Informative, interesting, inspiring, told simply but enthusiastically."
—*Christian Herald*

Henry Schuman, Inc., Publishers
20 East 70th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

Please send me my copy of 4000 YEARS OF CHRISTMAS — for which I enclose $2.00.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

space of a magazine article. However, certain of its cardinal accomplishments, which have been denied by the Lysenkoists, should be pointed out here so that we may understand the issues involved.

One of the fundamentals of the science of genetics is the demonstration of the existence in all forms of life of a specific genetic material, or material of heredity, which is separate from the other materials of the body. This genetic material is composed of thousands of different kinds of ultramicroscopic particles, called genes, of which each cell has two whole outfits (one derived from each parent). Most genes are contained in microscopically visible bodies, called chromosomes, and are inherited according to definite rules discovered in the last century by the Czech Mendel. The other materials, making up the body as we see it, have been developed as a result of the coordinated activity of the genes, and in this process of development, both in embryo and in adult, environmental influences play a very considerable role in helping to determine just what kind of product, *i. e.* what bodily traits, shall be formed. Moreover, the developmental reactions started and guided by the genes are so adjusted that, in many cases, a given kind of modification in the environment results in an especially suited, or "adaptive," modification of these other materials of the body, so as to cause it to function better under the given conditions.

The genes themselves, however, are not changed in any directed or adaptive way by influences outside of themselves. Although they are relatively stable, they do sometimes undergo sudden inner changes in their chemical composition, called mutations. These mutations occur as a result of ultramicroscopic accidents. But order does emerge from these accidents. For the relatively frequent individual who inherits a mutated gene that is detrimental to life tends to die out, whereas the rare one who inherits a gene that chanced to change in a beneficial way tends to live and multiply. Thus, under natural conditions, a population may, in the course of ages, become ever better adapted in its characteristics, *i. e.*, it may evolve. In this way has modern genetics implemented Darwin's theory of natural selection and given it a firm basis.

THE gene theory, then, gives us a unit on a lower level than the cell, and in a sense more fundamental than the cell, and even more necessary for a comprehension of all biological sciences, including agriculture and medicine. It is indispensable for a rational interpretation of the origin of life, of the relation between inanimate and animate, of the way in which organisms have undergone change in the past, and of how they may become changed, either in the course of natural breeding or in response to artificial manipulations, in the future. Moreover, through analysis of the genes of an organism, and of how they operate, we may hope to unravel ever more of the tangled web of biochemical processes which constitute its development, its physiology, and its pathology—studies which are already well under way. Finally, this knowledge must affect our whole philosophical outlook, and many phases of the anthropological, psychological, and social sciences.

Lightly waving away the amassed evidence for this coherent modern conception of living things, Lysenko and Present deny the very existence of genes or of a separate genetic material, ignore the all-important distinction between heredity and individual development, and offer—in the name of Darwin!—a return to pre-Darwinian days that had been all but forgotten by modern biologists. They would have the heredity itself respond in a directly adaptive way to outside influences, and would also have it able to incorporate the directly adaptive changes which the body may have undergone in its development. Thus, instead of explaining in a rational way the origin of the body's adaptive structures and reactions, they force upon the germ cells themselves (1) the ability to give that type of response which is to be to the advantage of the future body, and (2) the ability somehow to mirror changes already incurred by the body that contains them. This leaves entirely unexplained the origin and the *modus operandi* of the germ cells' assumed ability to respond adaptively, and hence it also fails to explain the origin of the body's own adaptive abilities. The Lysenko-Present doctrine therefore implies a mystical, Aristotelian "perfecting principle," a kind of foresight, in the basic makeup of living things, despite the fact that it claims in the same breath not to be "idealistic" at all. And, though verbally accepting natural selection as playing some role, it fails to make use of it for the solution of the main problem, that of why organisms do have adaptability.

In support of these fantastic claims, Lysenko and his followers offer no properly documented, controlled, or repeatable factual evidence. Mainly they attempt to convince by citation of authority, and quote two in particular. The more important of these is Darwin. Under the influence of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

current opinion of his day, Darwin accepted to some extent the old doctrine of inheritance of acquired characters, which had been brought into prominence not long before by Lamarck. However, Darwin ascribed to this now disproved doctrine only a secondary role. His own most distinctive contribution was the theory of evolution through the natural selection of accidental changes in heredity, and this has, as we have seen, been abundantly substantiated in the present century. Yet it is mainly the erroneous feature borrowed by Darwin from Lamarck which the Lysenko group insists upon as "Lysenkoism." Moreover, Lysenkoists rely heavily on the work of the old practical plant breeders, especially the Russian Michurin and the American Burbank, who produced new varieties by trial-and-error crossing and rule-of-thumb selection. Despite the usefulness of some of these varieties, however, the writings of these men contributed nothing to our understanding of the biological principles concerned. On the contrary, they adopted the same grave theoretical misconceptions as were usual among laymen of their day. Yet the importance of Michurin as a scientist has been insisted on by Stalin himself, so that the Lysenko group often refer to themselves as "Michurinists."

AS this militant mysticism spreads, it is certain to have dire repercussions in every branch of intellectual activity within the USSR and the countries in its growing sphere of influence. This one important falsehood, persisted in, will poison more and more of the structure of knowledge, affecting its practice and theory.

One curious effect of the Lysenko doctrine has been on the Communist conception of the nature of man and of racial and class differences. In the official view, individuals or populations which have lived under unfavorable conditions and have therefore been physically or mentally stunted in their development, would tend, through the inheritance of these acquired characteristics, to pass on to successive generations an ever poorer hereditary endowment; on the other hand, those living under favorable conditions would produce progressively better germ cells and so become innately superior.* In a word, we should have innate master and subject races and classes, as the Nazis so blatantly insisted.

True, the Russian theory differed from that of the Nazi in certain ways. For example, the stocks of supposedly inferior heredity would, according to the Russians, have become inferior because of their worse conditions of living, while according to the Nazis, their assumed hereditary inferiority was primary and their lower economic status was a result of this. Moreover, according to the Russians, but not the Nazis, this hereditary inferiority, although an accumulated effect of many generations of poorer conditions, would nevertheless be remedied by "two or three generations" of bettered conditions. No explanation is offered of why the improvement should occur so much more readily than the deterioration. Yet, on both views alike, genetics is so perverted as to make inevitable the conclusion that the races and classes of mankind today are arranged in hereditary hierarchies corresponding to the economic hierarchies. From this it would follow that if a child were transferred at birth from one group to another, its inborn biological handicap or advantage could not be cancelled in its generation.

Modern geneticists, on the other hand, realizing the tremendous role physical and social environment play in the development of human mental traits, would not assume that culturally or economically less developed peoples are *ipso facto* inherently less capable. Indeed, the non-inherited effects of cultural differences on mental *development*—as contrasted with innate *endowment*—are so great that no valid conclusions concerning hereditary differences in mentality between existing human populations may be drawn at all.

This similarity between the Nazi and Communist theories was of course the reason why the Russians were reluctant to allow Western geneticists to come to the 1937 International Genetics Congress to attack the Nazi racial fallacies. It explains why the Communists did not want to allow any discussions concerning man—or even evolution in general—to be held at that Congress. It shows why they expunged all mention of man from the published proceedings of their 1936 "genetics controversy."

In the light of modern scientific knowledge, Lysenkoism must be termed a superstition, as much a superstition as belief that the earth is flat. It is an exceedingly dangerous superstition, for it not only leads to an entirely false conception of the nature of living things and to erroneous methods in the attempt to control other organisms, but it leads to social and medical policies which would, in the end, degrade rather than advance humanity.

*The writer was told in 1936 that this was the "official" doctrine of the Communist Party, i. e., held by the Party peerage, by Yakovlev, head of agriculture in the Party. Yakovlev was later purged, but this does not affect the validity of his testimony.

RUPP'S CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

By *Adolph Rupp*, *Head Coach of Basketball, University of Kentucky, and Co-coach, 1948 U. S. Olympic Team*

• For the fan or player—an informal, cogent and highly lucid book, covering every phase of basketball from pre-season training to team administration. Over 100 drawings, photographs, and diagrams. $3.00

BASEBALL:
Individual Play and Team Strategy

Second Edition

By *Jack W. Coombs*, *of Duke University*

• A big-league player and veteran coach discusses each position on the diamond, outlining tactics, offering a host of valuable "tips," and citing the qualifications of top-grade players. $3.50

CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL

By *Dana X. Bible*

• If you are a player, or a spectator, you will want this full inside story of our gridiron sport by star-maker, rule-maker, Dana X. Bible, active coach for 34 years. "Carries with it the impact of outstanding authority . . . an absorbing behind-the-scenes revelation." —*Cleveland News* $3.00

At all bookstores

PRENTICE-HALL

another DECKER book

47TH STREET

by Frank Marshall Davis

"An exciting new book of poems . . . a kind of sardonic humor that I know of in no other poet of our race in America. . . . A book every lover of Negro literature should own." —*Langston Hughes*

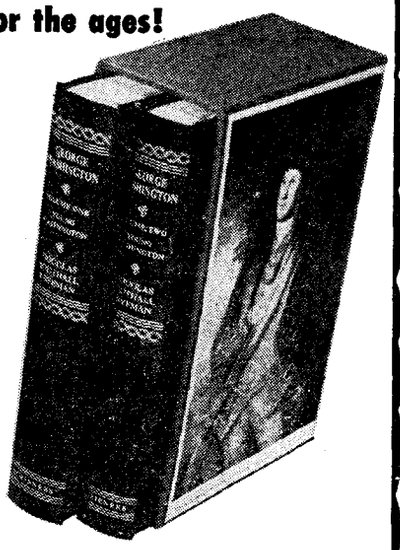
$2.50

published at Prairie City, Illinois, by THE DECKER PRESS - *"perhaps the chief and last remaining publishing institution on this continent to which poets of talent may turn with justifiable hope" Checklist sent on request*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Truly a biography for the ages!

"Dr Freeman is restoring to the nation a part of its rightful heritage that it somehow let slip away."—*N. Y. Times*



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Vols. I and II: "Young Washington"

by **Douglas Southall FREEMAN**

Two volumes, handsomely bound, boxed, $15.00

At all bookstores • Charles Scribner's Sons

F.D.R.'S VOICE ON RECORDS

Now you can hear the imperishable words of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as they were recorded when he spoke them.

If you were thrilled by the voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and heartened by his message you will want to own or *give as a life-long gift* these incomparable *limited edition* records. These are the famous RCA recordings of Roosevelt's radio speeches, capturing the magic voice and words that swayed and inspired a world in crisis and in war.

The speeches include all the historic statements of the late President, from the First Inaugural, March 1933, to the Jefferson Day Address, April 1945 . . . covering the whole cycle of events that rocked the world to its foundations.

No collection is so complete or so competently recorded. This is an heirloom possession for collectors, an American documentary of the highest order for historical archives, libraries.

Ideally adapted for entertainment and inspiration for large and small gatherings of Veteran, Labor, Social, Political and other organizations.

12 unbreakable, flexible Vinylite 12 inch records, in 2 handsome Albums, complete . . . . $24.50 Postpaid

Give The Gift That Becomes An Heirloom

Order from sole distributor

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE

Largest Distributor of Foreign Language and English Speech Records

216 RCA Building **Circle 7-0830** **New York 20, N. Y.**

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND** books supplied; also genealogies, town histories, incomplete sets completed, back numbers all magazines, etc. **All subjects, all languages.** Send us your list of book-wants—no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.*)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

117 West 48th Street, Dept. S. New York 19, N. Y.

We also buy old books, magazines, prints, letters, documents, etc. Send us your list.

A LASTING XMAS GIFT!

William Shakespeare, Gentleman

by William Downton

At last, Shakespeare the man! Marlowe and Shakespeare. Jonson and Shakespeare, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets and Shakespeare. Shakespeare not as a legend, but as a man of flesh and blood. Written as his life should be written, as Theatre. Limited Edition. $2.75.

Send check or money order to

WILLIAM DOWNTON

236 Dickinson Ave. **Swarthmore, Pa.**

1 in 8

will die of Cancer . . .

. . . give to conquer Cancer

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

THE FINE ARTS

(*Continued from page 52*)

the artists identified with German expressionism, perhaps only he has maintained his full powers—and these are very considerable indeed—right up to the present. The catalogue has numerous clearly printed plates, an excellent text by Perry T. Rathbone, a first-rate bibliography, and other useful factual material. And from the San Francisco Museum of Art comes a catalogue of its exhibition of the three Spaniards Picasso, Gris, and Miro. The show was dedicated quite justly to the memory of Oakland-born Gertrude Stein, who was the powerful patron of Picasso and Gris, though she never seems to have appreciated the full worth of Miro. The catalogue is rather awkwardly printed, but it contains statements by various authorities and by the artists themselves; included are interesting excerpts from the Stein letters at Yale which that University, praises be, has consigned to the intelligent and appreciative editorship of Donald Gallup.

The Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, and the Whitney Museum of American Art have just issued a catalogue ($1.04 by mail, including postage) of their joint exhibition of the works of Thomas Cole, founder of the Hudson River School and a key figure in American romanticism. Except for a mimeographed checklist published by the Albany Institute of History and Art in 1941, this is the only separate modern survey of Cole's art—a shameful fact to record. The catalogue has a careful and illuminating foreword by Esther Isabel Seaver, which I wish could have been much longer, and anyone interested in the history of American art, or in romanticism as a world movement, should be glad to have it.

The Cole exhibition is being held to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Cole's death. In 1848 France was wracked by revolution. To commemorate *that* event, "Tel" editions in Paris have printed one of the most fascinating picture books I have ever seen, entitled "1848" ($8 here). The personalities and the art, the rages, blood, and mirth of that strenuous year are illustrated with superb editorial skill, ending with the unforgettable photograph of Victor Hugo in exile, perched high on a Jersey rock. This is a book which anyone interested in history, or for that matter in the pageantry of a momentous crisis in human consciousness, would treasure for this Christmas—and for many to come.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
CHRISTMAS LIST . . . . FROM THE NEW RELEASES		
CAROLS FROM THE LONG CHRISTMAS. Margaret Dodd Singers. Gloria Chandler Recordings GM55 (2 10" *plastic*)	Good balance, good diction, nice presence. But there is distortion in high range (in dubbing from original?); it won't sound on most home machines.	Dodd-arranged group of less common tunes, beautifully sung. A few are outstanding, some a bit plebian; all will sound relatively well, the day after Christmas.
MOUSSORGSKY, PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION (Original). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor DM 12 9 (4)	Stunning job of piano recording — though credit must go to composer and player for such a gorgeously recordable sound.	Original form—and astonishingly effective, in this dynamic Horowitz performance. One can almost "hear the orchestra" (of *familiar* Ravel arrangement).
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SCHEHEREZADE. Phila. Orch. Ormandy. Columbia MM 772 (5) Long Playing (LP): ML4089	Latest hi-fi killer-diller from Columbia —terrific! Cymbals, bass drum, triangles. Need one say more?	Nothing new about "Scheherazade" except the recording; a reasonably full-blooded performance. Good Xmas music for musical beginners, hi-fi enthusiasts. "Sadko" is rather Tchaikovsky-like symph. poem, heavy, but with some fine color, *à la* Rimsky. Nice melodies. Striking performance.
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SADKO. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor DM 1252 (2)	A big, broad recording for a big broad piece; over-all pickup a bit lacking in perspective depth, but the mellowness suits well.	For anyone who likes "old" music, this is of great interest. Four concertos, each for a season, based on sonnets by Vivaldi himself (?). Naive, as program music, but dramatic and mostly of high quality as music. Kaufman is good in fast mvts., goes soft (19th.c concerto style!) in slow ones. Over-all performance highly alive, authentic to orig. scoring.
VIVALDI, THE FOUR SEASONS. (4 violin concertos). Louis Kaufman, violin; Concert Hall Society String Orch. E. Nies-Berger, organ, E. Weiss-Mann, harpsichord, Swoboda. Concert Hall AR: Vol 1 (Spring, Summer) Vol 2 (Autumn, Winter) (3 plastic in each). (*Available separately*) .	Such an excellent job of over-all balance that striking imbalance of violin solo is *annoying*—it could have been so perfect. Solo is too loud, too close by far; another case of a Big Name overawing engineers? High range seems unduly pre-emphasized, bass weak; adjust controls accordingly for good results.	
DVORAK, SYMPHONY #4. New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia MM 770 (4)	Another in great series of Walter recordings made some time back; wide range, mike pickup not quite as full and deep as other (later) N.Y. Phil. jobs. Seems bit low in level.	High time we got to know the "other" Dvorak symphonies. (See also #1, C MM 687.) This is melodious, Brahms-like but less weighty. Should appeal to any taste for sincere romantic music *in unmatchable* Walter performance.
THOMSON-STEIN, THREE SAINTS IN FOUR ACTS. Original (1934) Negro cast. Double chorus, orch. cond. Thomson. RCA Victor DM 1244 (5) (*Condensed by composer*)	Close-range, studio-style recording, a good idea for this music. Words are maximum intelligibility — obviously important. Adequate tonal range, fine perspective, depth. Chorus sound is sometimes a bit raucous.	A maddening—or fascinating work, as it may strike you. Reams of highly reasonable nonsense, set to non-dissonant music, faintly gospel in tone. If you like O. Nash, E. Lear, you can't help lovin' this stuff. Beautifully performed, fine singing.

Some outstanding recordings now reissued on LP (Columbia Long Playing): Schubert, Symphony #7 ("Great C Major"), N. Y. Philh. Walter, ML 4093. Stravinsky, "Sacre de Printemps," N. Y. Philh. Stravinsky, ML 4092. Brahms, Symphony #2, N. Y. Philh. Rodzinski, ML 4068; Symphony #3, Phila. Orch. Ormandy, ML 4088. Beethoven, Symphony #2 Pittsburgh Symph. Reiner, ML 4085; Piano Concerto #4, Casadesus, Phila. Orch. Ormandy, ML 4074. Mozart, Piano Quartets K. 478, K. 493, Szell, members Budapest Quartet, ML 4080.

LONDON RECORDS

CHRISTMAS CAROLS
Royal Choral Society under direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent includes: Bethlehem, Silent Night, Holy Night, The First Nowell, Good King Wenceslas, O Come All Ye Faithful, Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, In Dulci Jubilo. La 42. 4–10" records $5.10*

CHRISTMAS CHIMES
Charles Smart at the organ and Tommy Blades at the chimes includes: Adeste Fidelis, Silent Night, Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, It Came Upon a Midnight Clear, Joy to the World. La 41. 3–10" records $3.15*

ERIC COATES— BY A SLEEPY LAGOON
The New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eric Coates. Includes: By a Sleepy Lagoon, Song of Loyalty, Bird Songs at Eventide, Television March, Knightsbridge March, Wood Nymphs. La 43. 3–10" records. $3.94*

A NIGHT IN TIVOLI
George Hoeberg conducting The Royal Symphony Orchestra of Copenhagen includes: Christian IX Honormarch, Queen Louise Waltz, Concerto Polka for 2 Violins and Orchestra, Briz Polka. La 34. 2–12" records $5.25*

*Plus City Sales Tax in N. Y. C. Add 25¢ for packing. Shipped anywhere Express Collect. (Prices subject to change.)

Write for our FREE Catalog of Records.

RABSONS Dept. 123
111 West 52nd St., New York 19, N.Y.

"Only $2.75 for a book of 145 cartoons by *Helen E. Hokinson?*"
AT ALL BOOKSTORES
WHEN WERE YOU BUILT?
E. P. DUTTON & CO.

IN THE HOUR OF WORLD CRISIS,
KNOW YOUR AMERICA
Listen to the grand epic of these United States, from the earliest beginnings to the present day, as it is unfolded in
AMERICA WAS PROMISES
by Archibald Macleish
The recorded reading of this great poem by its author makes an unforgettable and inspiring impression. A limited Edition Collector's item.
Two 12-inch records, 2 sides, Text in Brochure, in Album. **$4.50** postpaid
Send for English Literature and Foreign Languages Bulletin
Order direct from
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
104 RCA BUILDING • NEW YORK 20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIGNEMALE IN THE PYRENEES

France offers the Holiday you've dreamed of

For winter sports or lazing in Mediterranean sunshine—France offers more today than she ever did before. Plenty of ships and planes direct to the gay and sunny Riviera.

Gladys Swarthout, lovely soprano on RCA-Victor Records: *"I look forward to a holiday in the South of France. There you meet all the world—you can relax—de luxe! It's heaven on earth!"*

Everything is ready, waiting—service—hospitality—heated hotels...the food for which France is famous... travel and beauty spots and shrines. And the *new low franc* goes farther. See your friendly travel agent now.

THE BEACH AT CANNES

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

A service agency of the Ministry of Public Works, Transportation and Tourism

BOOKED for TRAVEL

ANY OF THESE PORTS IN A STORM

Acapulco

Sailfish and movie stars at Mexico's Pacific Coast Riviera, which the Mexicans themselves call El Puerto Maravillosa. Mexico City's citizens fill the place during Christmas week, called *Semana Santa* down there, but the Hollywood emissaries are on hand most anytime.

Antigua

One of the British-owned Leeward Islands, once headquarters of the British Caribbean Command, and site of Admiral Horatio Nelson's first command. The island grows sugar cane, cotton, and pumpkins, and most everything is on display at St. John's market, an al fresco bargain basement. Long on starchy British naval history.

Barbados

Of all the West Indies this is the most easterly. It is one of the Windward Islands, British, and studded with windmills. Bridgetown is the capital, the Marine is the best hotel, the Club Morgan the best nightclub, and Bathsheba is the place to bathe.

Cap Haitien

Where self-appointed King Henri Christophe, once emperor of Haiti, built the palace of Sans Souci and the incredible fortress called La Citadelle. Most of both are still standing and open to sightseers. The Hotel du Roi Christophe is a pleasant tropical palace.

Cartagena

Colombia's No. 2 port, once used by Spanish galleons as a loading port for Inca gold. Part of the ramparts still stand and some are thick enough to be used as a road. The Hotel del Caribe is beautiful and new, surrounded by a lagoon and the sea. Carriage trips around the city, boat trips to Bocachica, and bullfights on Sundays and holidays in February and March.

Ciudad Trujillo

Plastered with photos, oil paintings, and marble busts of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, savior and president of the Dominican Republic. If you can stand the politics the Hotel Jaragua is a magnificent establishment, probably the best in the Caribbean, complete with swimming pool, outdoor nightclub, terraced dining room, casino, and marble bust (in the lobby).

Curacao

Dutch island thirty-eight miles off Venezuela. You'll land in Willemstad after Queen Emma, the pontoon bridge across the harbor, swings aside to let you through. Curaçao is virtually a free port and in the Punda section of Willemstad you can buy French perfume, Swiss watches, oriental ivory, Delft porcelain, liquor, and the famous Curaçao liqueurs.

Kingston

Biggest city of Jamaica, the British crown's biggest West Indian colony. The Myrtle Bank is *the* hotel. You can dine at the Dixie Doodle, sip heavy Jamaica rum at the Glass Bucket or the Silver Slipper. Excursions by car to Old Ferry Inn and Spanish Town, and to Milk River, where you can shoot alligator. That would be something to tell 'em about back home.

La Guaira

Port city for Caracas, Venezuela. Cruise ships put in here, and passengers debark for an overland trip to Puerto Cabello stopping overnight in Caracas. Stops at the orchid farms (three for $2) and at the Hotel Jardin in Maracay, an extravaganza built by late dictator Gomez.

Puerto Cabello

Passengers taking the overland motor trip pick up the cruise ships here the next day. It is a half-hour drive to the beach called Playa Ganango.

Port au Prince

Haiti's colorful capital and, by U. S. standards, very inexpensive. Dine at Kahlmar's Cafe in the Camps de Mars, where at night you can listen to the voodoo drums from out the hills. Sisal shoes and bags, magnificent mahogany salad bowls and bookends at a fifth what you would pay here, for sale along the waterfront. The Splendid is a typical hotel and near enough to the center of things for a trip to the bar for ginger ale and Haiti's Rhum Barbancourt. Price: 35¢.

San Juan

A not too glowing manifestation of American colonial policy. Until the new Hilton hotel is completed you'll have to do with the Normandie, which has a swimming pool in the lobby, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Charts the Winter Cruises

Line	Ship	Ports of Call	Duration	Sailing	From	Minimum Cost
ALCOA	Alcoa Cavalier	Ciudad Trujillo, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Trinidad, Kingston	17 Days	Dec. 24—Jan. 14	New Orleans (Ends at Mobile)	$545
	Alcoa Clipper	Same	Same	Dec. 31—Jan. 21	Same	Same
	Alcoa Corsair	Same	Same	Jan. 7—Jan. 28	Same	Same
AMERICAN PRESIDENT	Pres. Wilson	Honolulu, Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Kobe, Yokohama	40 days	Jan. 5—Feb. 18	San Francisco	$1,415
	Pres. Cleveland	Same	Same	Jan. 28—Mar. 16	Same	Same
	Pres. Monroe	Round the World	99 Days	Feb. 11	Same	$2,470
	Pres. Polk	Round the World	Same	Mar. 11	Same	$2,716
BERGEN	Stella Polaris	Havana, Port au Prince, Ciudad Trujillo, Trinidad, Curacao, San Blas, Kingston, others	28 Days	Jan. 8	New Orleans	$645
		All the above plus Bahia, Rio, Recife	47 Days	Feb. 7	Same	$1,035
CANADIAN NATIONAL	Lady Nelson	Bermuda, Antigua, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, others	33 Days	Jan. 20	Boston	$513
CUNARD	Mauretania	La Guaira, Curacao, Havana	11 Days	Dec. 23	New York	$335
		Nassau, Havana	8 Days	Jan. 5, 15, 26—Feb. 5, 15, 26—Mar. 8, 18, 29	Same	$240
	Britannia	Bermuda, Barbados, Rio, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Bahia, Trinidad, Colon, Kingston, Havana	48 Days	Feb. 1	New York	$1,250
	Caronia	La Guaira, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana	14 Days	Feb. 12, 28—Mar. 17	New York	$425
DELTA	Del Mar	St. Thomas, Rio, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Curacao	47 Days	Dec. 23	New Orleans	$900
	Del Norte	Same	Same	Jan. 20	Same	$900
FURNESS	Queen of Bermuda	Bermuda	6 Days	Every Friday after Feb. 12	New York	$125
GRACE	Santa Paula Santa Rosa	Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Cartagena	12 Days	Dec. 24, 31—Jan. 7, 14, 21	New York	$435
	Santa Monica Santa Sofia Santa Clara	Cartagena, Barranquilla, Maracaibo	18 Days	Dec. 25—Jan. 1, 8, 15	New York	$435
HOLLAND-AMERICA	Veendam	Bermuda	6 Days	Jan. 5	New York	$140
			7 Days	Feb. 16		$155
	Nieuw Amsterdam	San Juan, La Guaira, Curacao, Kingston, Havana	13 Days	Dec. 21—Jan. 5	New York	$395
		Same as above plus Cap Haitien, Ciudad Trujillo, Cristobal	18 Days	Jan. 21—Feb. 11—Mar. 4		$550
MATSON	Lurline	Honolulu	12 Days	Dec. 22	San Francisco return Los Angeles	$316 1st Class $276 Cabin
MOORE-McCORMICK	Brazil Uruguay	Bahia, Rio, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Trinidad	38 Days	Dec. 31 Feb. 25	New York	$1,110 1st Class $710 Cabin
	Brazil	All the above plus Bermuda and Bridgetown	42 Days	Feb. 11		$1,230 $710 Cabin
	Argentina	Same as above	45 Days	Feb. 28		
		Rio, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Trinidad	36 Days	Mar. 16		$1,100 1st Class
PACIFIC CRUISE	Corsair	Banzanillo, Acapulco	10 Days	Jan. 4, 16, 28—Feb. 9, 21—Mar. 5, 17	Los Angeles	$351
PORTO RICO	Borinquen	San Juan, Ciudad Trujillo	11 Days	Dec. 23—Jan. 6, 20	New York	$216
STANDARD FRUIT & S.S. CO.	Contessa	Havana, La Ceiba	10 Days	Every Saturday	New Orleans	$200
	Cefalu	Havana, La Ceiba, Honduras				
UNITED FRUIT	Antigua	Cristobal, Puerto Barrios	11 Days	Dec. 23—Jan. 6, 20	New Orleans	$230
	Quirigua	Havana, Puerto Barrios		Dec. 25—Jan. 8		
	Jamaica Talamanca Veragua	Havana, Cristobal, Puerto Barrios	17 Days	Every Friday	New York	$375
UNITED STATES	America	San Juan, Curacao La Guaira, Panama, Havana	14 Days	Dec. 23	New York	$420
		Same as above plus Port of Spain	16 Days	Jan. 29		$480

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRUTH . . .
MORE EXCITING
THAN FICTION

Disgraced in his Southern home . . . loved by his Northern soldiers—a great general who never lost a battle. Fletcher Pratt says: "A fascinating study of one of the most interesting personalities of the Civil War."

THOMAS: ROCK of CHICKAMAUGA

By RICHARD O'CONNOR

$4.00

The 39 most thrilling spy stories of all time, of real men and women, of daring and death, pursuit and escape—from the harlot of Jericho to the atomic spies of the cold war.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF ESPIONAGE

Edited by KURT SINGER

$3.00

at all bookstores
PRENTICE-HALL

MIRACLES OF THE MODERN WORLD

Personal narratives relating intimate incidents of how faith works in the successful and happy lives of men and women such as Eddie Rickenbacker, J. Edgar Hoover, Faith Baldwin, and others.

GUIDEPOSTS

Edited by NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

2nd printing before publication. $1.95

A fascinating one-volume review of political, economic and cultural progress in Hawaii . . . yesterday's languorous, flowery islands—today's modern center of trade and agriculture.

HAWAII:
A History

By RALPH S. KUYKENDALL and A. GROVE DAY

Illustrated. $3.00

at all bookstores
PRENTICE-HALL

the Condado Beach. One eats best at La Mallorquina or at Jack's, the only air-conditioned nightclub in town. Swimming at Escambron Beach Club, and trips out of town to Luquillo, a tropical rain forest.

Trinidad

The calypso capital of the world is opening an $80 000 tourist reception center at King's Wharf this month, reason enough for local fireworks all winter. In Port of Spain the Angostura Lounge in the birthplace of bitters, the Hotel de Paris, has a reputation for Planters Punch, and the Queen's Park has fine French cuisine. Dancing six miles from town at a place called the Perseverance Club.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

FOOTLOOSE IN FRANCE. By Horace Sutton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 382 pp. $4.

THIS is the first guide book, strictly postwar France, that I have not wanted to throw out of the window. I have not been back to France since the war, because I know what was there and realize that France is different, now, and will develop in new modern ways. Until I read Mr. Sutton's book, I did not dare go there, because if I went there, I would be expected to write about it and those who read what I wrote would blame me for their disappointment.

France is not on her feet, but she is getting stronger. Paris is not the gay Mecca foolish travelers who spend their time around the Place Vendome would have you believe. But if the French, with all their troubles, can tolerate tourists, or old residents, one will do well to respond and try to carry to France the understanding the French merit. Sometimes I almost wished the Germans had leveled a few old buildings, destroyed a few landmarks, and ravished many works of art.

After some years in Spain, when I returned to the United States, having seen Spain under Fascist invasion aided and abetted by the Democracies, no one asked me about the Spanish people, but how, they all demanded, are the irreplaceable works of art? What I replied had better not be included in this book review.

Mr. Sutton does not write a guide book that sounds as if it were intended to prepare a girls' hockey team for hearing a Chautauqua. Neither does he take his clients for imbeciles because they do not know wines, or French, or their way around Paris.

Gertrude Stein, a fine old Parisian, once warned me that "writing is never information." Mr. Sutton proves her wrong. His directions have a lyrical undertone, whether he is writing about getting a passport, or spending nine days ploughing the ocean in the old *DeGrasse*, all that is left of the finest steamship line the world has known to date. He says the French are not like us, but he likes the French and he likes us, and the French must like him. They are never demonstrative, our allies, the French. One is not invited often to their homes. They do not say: "You must meet the wife," and if you are the right kind of man they rather hope you will not.

The only item that put me off a little was a warning in Mr. Sutton's book that if I wandered around the Hotel Ritz or Cartier's in Paris I might run into Sonia Henie and/or Jack Warner. That is a terrible thought. Two terrible thoughts, for one who has suffered under Hollywood. The compensation is that the wanderer on the Right Bank is just as likely to meet Orson Welles or Charles Boyer.

Mr. Sutton reveals the middle-class Paris, not the Bohemians, not the Faubourg St. Germain of Proust, not the unworthy poor. He does not mention much about the politicians, and that is just as well. I am for De Gaulle, myself, always have been, and eventually I will have plenty of the best of company. A tourist in France has no need of politicians, or of understanding them. The restaurants and hotels listed are on the expensive, respectable side. That is all to the good. No matter how much one is to love France, eventually, it is well to make a moderate conservative start. The Cathedrals are enumerated, also the Chateaux, the best vintage years, and how to get around the law concerning identity cards. I lived in France four years, straight, without an identity card, then was summoned to a Commissariat of Police to explain why so much foreign mail was arriving addressed to a then non-existent magazine called *transition* (with a small "t"). Having a female friend in the office that dished out cards, I made an emergency appeal and got one, properly antedated, in about three-quarters of an hour. To my intense chagrin, the Commissaire of Police did not ask to see it, and I never found any use for it again. Other Americans I have known got into real trouble for failing to have one a few hours after the legal time limit before which a tourist may be without one.

All I can say about Mr. Sutton's book is that, having read it, I am applying for a passport, a visa to France, and as soon as they come through, will be on my way.

—ELLIOT PAUL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Film Forum

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

When The New York Times *conducted a survey of its foreign correspondents to determine in which countries the private-enterprise system still flourished, it discovered that the U.S. and Canada stood virtually alone in upholding this system in its original form.*

To the many appraisals of private enterprise which have appeared recently, the movies have added their quota. Most of them, as these reviews show, are one-sided, the critics failing to explain the prosperity of which the system is capable, the defendants assuming that social progress in America ceased about 1900, and that all is already for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

In the absence of a film which trenchantly argues the case on both sides, we recommend that our readers use all the existing films as source material for what is sure to prove a vigorous discussion.

DEADLINE FOR ACTION

Produced by Union Films for the United Electrical Workers of America. Available from Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. (32 min.)

This trenchant and hard-hitting film tells the story of a worker, Joe Turner, who tries to learn the secret of postwar high prices and layoffs in the history of the depression and the trustification of big business. While the film effectively dramatizes the present concentration of wealth in America, it also exaggerates its political power—as witness the recent election. Because it is designed for union audiences, "Deadline" takes for granted a legislative program of reform, and therefore confines itself to destructive criticism.

Nevertheless, the film is packed with action and argument, much of it convincing and true. It is not surprising that the bulk of its very large sales went to company executives who felt that they must get out an answer to it—and quick.

CROSSROADS FOR AMERICA

Produced by Academy Films for The Research Institute of America, Inc. Available from Film Program Services (address above). (31 min.)

Produced as a reply to "Deadline for Action," this film tends to cast serious doubt on the veracity of the medium itself. Using the same story as the earlier film, the same basic premises, even many of the same visual images, "Crossroads" arrives at diametrically opposite conclusions. Its hero, Dave Nelson, is aware of the cross-currents in American life. But for him strikes are only incidental to a larger unity, the concentration of wealth is an unimportant obverse to the multiplication of wealth by shareholding, while the figure of Lincoln, invoked by Joe Turner as a threat to the Capitol's reactionary occupants, is to Dave Nelson a symbol of the united force of the American Government.

Indeed, the only black spot that Dave Nelson can find is the Communist agitator (not mentioned, of course, in "Deadline"), whose stratagems are effectively exposed. Much of the film, however, is devoted to a defense of the economic status quo, and it has therefore not got the vigor of protest which makes "Deadline" so effective. These are two films which should be shown together, but there is a world of relevant material which both of them ignore.

IN BALANCE

Produced by Wilding Pictures for Burroughs Adding Machine Co. Available from the sponsor, 219 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. (34 min.)

"In Balance" argues the case for high business profits, and tries to justify the payment to shareholders of comparatively low dividends during a prosperous period like the present, at the same time warning employees that profit-sharing schemes are not in their own ultimate interest.

This rather sour-tasting pill is wrapped up in the tale of two Gloucester fishermen, Captain Tad Simpson, who wants to share the profits of a good year with his crew, spending only the minimum on refitting his ship, whereas his brother Ben would spend most of his profits on the ship and let his men be content with the good wages they draw.

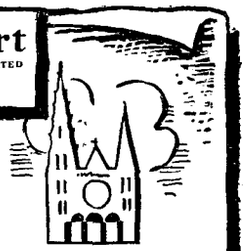
A writer who has access to the Burroughs Company impresses on the brothers the need for adequate reserves, and the film thereupon nosedives into a narration of company activities. It is rather abruptly wound up to the story's denouement —the hard-headed Ben going on from success to success, the warm-hearted Tad, who, when his ship's engines break down and his crew deserts, is finally forced to sell out and, too proud to stay in Gloucester, disappears and is never seen again.

The churches may discover with some embarrassment that this unprogressive argument, this false balance between "the head and the heart," is put into the mouth of a minister. But in more ways than this the film is tendentious and unrepresentative of enlightened management. The technique of presentation is uniformly mediocre, but the technical quality is high.

—Raymond Spottiswoode.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rinehart
& COMPANY · INCORPORATED
Publishers



A rare experience for Francophiles in Newark or Nice

FOOTLOOSE IN FRANCE

By HORACE SUTTON
Travel Editor of The Saturday Review of Literature

A BAEDEKER for the cosmopolite, a Bible for the tourist, this gay, informal travel book is the most informative book on France written since the war.

It contains *everything* that the traveler need know to roam with pleasure and profit . . . and will save the armchair dreamer lots of money.

Here is France today —the deserted battlefields of Normandy, the roisterous night life of Paris, the Loire with its stately chateaux and fabulous brandy—and valuable, practical tips on applying for passports and visas; where to eat, what to drink; Michelin hotel and restaurant listings, and how to get around on the Paris Métro. With 112 splendid pictures, maps of the Métro, the air routes, railways and roads.

$4.00 at all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

ON READING TOYNBEE

DOWN History's channel Toynbee steers,
Passing multiple thousand years.
What insignificant time I'm in
That equals but the point of a pin.

Under his eyes the challenges grow,
Civilizations come and go,
Rout and rally, rally and rout,
Breakdown, rise, belief, and doubt.

Cultures flow, and then they freeze,
When they plunder, pillage, and seize,
Until at last they reach too late
The deadly universal state.

Space is out, and time dissolves,
The thought dimension wheel revolves,
And, as I feel my senses nod,
I thank the Lord I believe in God.

—DONALD FRENCH.

* * *

DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY

I am sorry that the subjoined communication is anonymous:

> You may have a good translation of "Don Quixote" handy, or perhaps you prefer the original—then so much the better, for Cervantes has a flavor second to none. Pray read once again the sixth chapter of the first book; and do not take it amiss that in this letter some of the homely phrases are again set down by a wondering reader in the defense of his perusal of *The Saturday Review of Literature*:
>
> This Chapter Sixth, as you may recall, deals with the purging of Don Quixote's library by the joined forces representing, on the one hand, in the persons of the niece and the housekeeper, the home, and, on the other, in the village curate and the village barber, the public. (What, I wonder, would Cervantes have had a member of the fourth estate contribute, supposing he had worked one into the scene?)
>
> The first volume dealt with is condemned to the flames by the Curate, because it furnished the law and the precept for a bad sect; but the Barber, having heard that it was the best of its genus ever to have been written, that it was, indeed, unique in its art, would have it spared on that account—and to this the Curate agreed. On they go, agreeing, disagreeing, compromising, but always making short shrift of the Hidalgo's treasured books. Of one entitled "The Knight of the Cross," the Curate states: "With a name so holy as this book has, it would be possible to forgive its ignorance; but on the other hand, it is often said that the Devil hides behind the Cross: to the flames!" A bit later, he holds forth on the inadvisability of attempting to translate verse from one language to another. And on top of this, they consign to the oblivion in a dry well, one whole series of works "until it is more surely seen what's to do with them." (Are there no dry wells extant in these latter days?) And in all this the Barber agreed, for he considered the Curate to be proper Christian, and a friend of Truth.
>
> The judgments on some books are mildly severe: one is to be torn to shreds and to be burnt, so that not even ashes shall remain of it (anyone who has tried burning books and magazines without stripping out the leaves will know how the ash *does* remain. I recall once becoming absorbed in reading an article when all that remained was one friable leaf whose print however, still remained quite legible.) Others will serve the ends of justice and mercy when they shall have been edited, but they should by no means occupy places in the Hall of Fame, and meanwhile, says the Curate to the Barber, "do you take these, old fellows, to your house, but don't let anybody read them." To this the Barber agreed, but not wishing to be burdened with the said books, threw them on the fire.
>
> But look you, of this library, there falls at the feet of the Curate one book, of a kidney with the rest, an old acquaintance of his, and he will by no means permit that it be cast aside; look at his reasons, as he praises the author's style! "Here the knights have enough to eat, and they sleep and die in their beds, and they make their wills before they die, and many other things which all the rest of this class of books lack. Do take it and read it." "Very well," agrees the Barber, "but what shall we do with these little books which are left?" "These," said the Curate, "can be nothing else but poetry," and he would spare them all, because "they are books for entertainment, without injury to third parties."
>
> The housekeeper has all this while been breathing about, consigning books to oblivion, but now the niece speaks up—against poetry! She is afraid, his books of knight errantry gone, her uncle the Hidalgo will be tempted to turn poet, "which, they say, is an infirmity cruel and incurable." And so they begin to make short work of the poetry, saving only this volume and another. With what extravagant praises does the Curate greet one author! And here he treats of a thesaurus, "This book needs to be cleansed, but put it aside, because its author is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other more heroic, more elevated, works which he has written." Comes another friend whose style he admires, and yet enough, for here Cervantes has put himself into the picture (as though he were not there all the time) and the play is nearly done. Remains some praise for heroic verse; but the Curate tires, while the Barber is yet examining titles. Somehow we never quite reach the end of Don Quixote's library, because he himself commences to raise the devil when he finds what's afoot—and that's another story.
>
> If you've read all this, just one word of explanation: there's one segment of the Universe that's labeled by some, "Practically Nothing," and this is apropos of what may be found there.
>
> *"Lo que ha de ser . . ."*

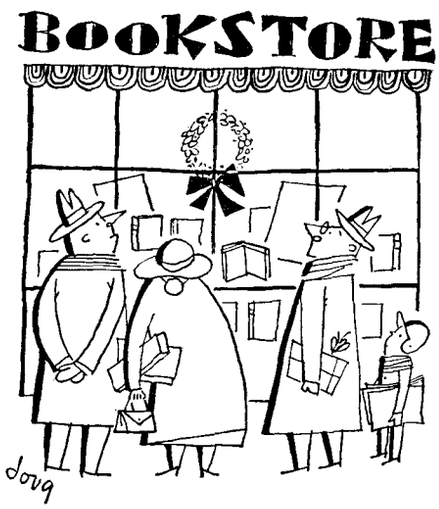
* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 766)

H. M. KALLEN:
THE LIBERAL SPIRIT

It is to my feeling the foremost document in the National Bible of Freedom, but it has been felt as the charter of liberty everywhere. . . . We know it as the Declaration of Independence. . . . Every co-operator . . . ought to know it by heart.



"FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE SEASON!"—ATKINSON, Times
JOSEPH M. HYMAN & BERNARD HART present
LIGHT UP THE SKY
A New Comedy by MOSS HART
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

EVERYBODY GIVES—
EVERYBODY BENEFITS!
Help the
COMMUNITY CHEST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 17¢ a word; 26 times 19¢ a word; 13 times 22¢ a word; 6 times 24¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review. 25 West 45 Street. New York 19, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. IRENE HERLOCKER, *6345 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.*

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 81 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LITERARY AGENT—Fiction, non-fiction books marketed. Also stories, plays. R. R. FULLER, 211 East 62 St., N.Y.C. 21.

FREE LEAFLET. Research, editorial, ghostwriting services. EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, 132 Nassau St., N.Y.C. 7. COrtlandt 7-0470.

WRITERS! Conscientious sales service for your book, short stories, articles, plays, television. Write today for FREE circular! DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 264 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 11.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE. Established 1928. Intelligent, superior work. Prompt, personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF ART GALLERY, 137 East 35 St., N.Y.C. LExington 2-4770.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, marketing. Wide experiences. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

AUTHORS.—Novels, articles, short stories, non-fiction revised, edited, marketed. New writers assisted and trained. Suitable Mss published and distributed. COSMOS PUBLISHING CO., 475 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 17 and 1535 N. Hudson Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-1364.

COMPOSITION, REPRODUCTION PROOFS, PRINTING—pamphlet to complete volumes. Modern type faces, excellent service, reasonable prices. Estimates. EAGLE MADISON PUBLISHING CO., Madison, N. J. Madison 6-2000.

TWO LITERARY CRITICS, both published writers, will analyze, edit your manuscript for publication. Personal interviews, references, reasonable rates. L. EPPLEY, 121 West 75 St., N.Y.C. 23.

MANUSCRIPTS QUICKLY, neatly, accurately typed. A. FINLEY, R #1, *De Kalb, Illinois.*

MANUSCRIPT TYPING on IBM Electromatic. Up to 15 clear copies. IDA E. NETZER, 155 West 20 St., N.Y.C. Phones: CHelsea 2-3184, PLaza 8-0221.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book" Dept. 5. EXPOSITION PRESS, One Spruce St., N.Y.C. 7.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. *Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction.* Editorially recognized advice, recommendation, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., N.Y.C. 18.

WRITING A BOOK, THESIS, SHORT STORY, PLAY, ARTICLE? Expert style-improving, revision, manuscript typing, secretarial services. Special attention to foreign writers. Top references. SARA CLYNE, 49 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. Circle 5-4262.

GHOSTWRITING, EDITING: Fit material for market. EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES, formerly RKO, Paramount, Columbia. 158 West 99 St., N.Y.C. RI. 9-4998.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, EDITED. Intelligent handling. Prompt, courteous service. GLADYS LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

CLASSIFIED

PROFITABLE PROFESSIONAL GUIDANCE FOR WRITERS. Successful sales suggestions. Special beginners' department. Criticism. Marketing. AUTHORS' AND PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, 31 West 92 St., N.Y.C.

MONTES LITERARY AGENCY. Literary excellence, marketing, editing, typing service. 35 8th Ave., N.Y.C. CHelsea 3-0019.

PROMPT, ACCURATE. EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH. University facilities. ROBERT E. McCANN, 2400 Durant, Berkeley 4, *Calif.*

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALIST—reasonable—STELLA BLUMENTHAL, Hotel Edison, West 47 St., N.Y.C. Circle 6-50000.

EXPERT MANUSCRIPT TYPING, steno. Highest recommendations. ROBERT CHRYSTAL, TR 3-6911 or SH 3-0541.

EXPERT MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, dictation, research. Work called for. ELIZABETH ZEE, 636 East 13th St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-4887.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE. Westbury, N.Y.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for efficient, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, N.Y.C. 67.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30 page catalog. We buy books. Send lists. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied. Send wants. CLIFTON'S, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. RALPH HEINEN, 909 Greenwood Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not here—I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, Rt. #6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Indiana.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES BY BROOKSIDE, send for free folder. BROOKSIDE PRESS, 28 Fairview Avenue, Staten Island, N.Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues 30c. Books Bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 83 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LIBRARIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) N.Y.C. REgent 7-4606.

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Brazilian Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Native teachers, conversational method, graded classes. 24 evening hours, $16. (French also in afternoons.) New term starts Jan. 3. Open to men and women. Enroll now. YWCA, BALLARD SCHOOL, Lexington at 53 St., N.Y.C. 22. PLaza 5-4500.

BOOKS

BOOK BARGAINS. All classifications. Free catalog. BRIGUGLIO'S. 106 Jefferson St., Beckley, W. Va.

JACOB BURCKHARDT Welteschichtliche Betrachtungen Stuttgart, 1946, $1.25. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller & Importer, 100 West 72 St., N.Y.C. 23, Dept. 22.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢–$1, none higher. Remarkable values; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Box 304-S, Hempstead, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Malaya, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. We are now working on Catalogue 133—all Asia. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 11 East 12 St., N.Y.C. 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, N.Y.C. 8.

CLASSIFIED

QUOTE ANYTHING BY—Van Rod, Alera, Vergereau, Des Vignons, Blackeyes, Desergy, D'Alpinac, Galding, Williows, Saddler, Inten, Goot, Glauss, Leca, D'Icy, Starbine, De Villiot, Morton, Gwynn, Van Styk, Lennox. Write for list. READERS MUSEUM, 31 Barclay, N.Y.C. 7.

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. American (488 titles). 2. Fiction (1600 titles). 3. Medicine—Aviation—Music, etc., 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles). 6. Art (Fine & Applied).

SAVE TO 90%. New Books. Free 24kt gold personal name imprinted. Free catalogues. OBERSTEIN, 545 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

RECORD MART

READY—Catalogue of outstanding classical records, foreign, domestic, 10¢ postpaid, including sample copy "Just Records." ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., N.Y.C. 17.

SPECIALIZED SERVICE CATERING to collectors of vocal records. Deletions available. State "wants." Mail orders only. RECORD COLLECTORS SERVICE, Room 1108, 8 West 40 St., N.Y.C. 18.

OPERATIC RECORDS—Send for *catalogue listing* thousands of rare Caruso, Galli-Curci, etc. Box 50-A.

ALL LANGUAGES BY RECORD. All makes—sold, bought, rented. Free catalog. ALIN, 475 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. RHinelander 4-3624, MUrray Hill 3-1093.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 Street, N.Y.C.

EDUCATION

FRANK PIERCE JONES, Ph.D. *Individual and class instruction in the principles of coordination and control discovered by F. Matthias Alexander.* 180 Marlborough Street, Boston; 407 Carnegie Hall Studios, N.Y.C.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, varied interests, would correspond interesting mature, young lady. Box 266-D.

COMMUNISM. Comprehensive library on Communism and related subjects for sale as unit. Over 1500 books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc. Fifty-page mimeographed catalog, $2.00; returnable if catalog is returned. Box 267-D.

HERE IS READING of the finest! Bound volumes of Harpers, Atlantic Monthly, Century, Scribners. Each volume contains many hundreds of pages by literary giants of the past, profusely illustrated. Period—1857 to 1910. Single bound volume, $5.75. 5 volumes, $21. 10 volumes, any period, all or any listed, $30. Wonderful gift for father, mother or grandparents. Box 268-D.

EXCHANGE OFFERED: sympathetic, understanding feminine ear for varied masculine tales of joy or woe. Box 272-D.

PROFESSIONAL WRITER, adventurer, beachcomber, seeks correspondence with potential Beachcomberett. Box 273-D.

ENJOY YOUR PIANO AGAIN! Ten-lesson Refresher course—$10. First lesson—$2. Brush up. Unusual gift. Forjedor Publishing Co., Box 103, College Park Sta., Detroit 21, Mich.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 5 cartons; $1.50 postpaid. Send check or money order. King Co., Box 569-C, Dover, Delaware.

IS THERE A VITAL, imaginative couple or person interested in running established children's summer camp at charming, modernly equipped, pre-revolutionary farmstead near Boston, and possibly running guest business there in winter. No capital necessary but must be mature, enthusiastic, cultured and willing to sell camp idea to parents. Box 212-D.

THE NEXT BEST THING to going to Paris is scanning La Vie Parisienne. Exotically illustrated. Single pre-war issue, $2.50; 5 issues, all different, $10; bound volume, 26 issues, $29.75. Box 269-D.

POSSIBLY THE MOST amazing bookshop in the country. Visitors constantly exclaim with unlimited joy at the myriads of bargains in out-of-print books. Fiction, literary, historical and scholarly stuff in colossal quantities. Curiosa, sets, erotica, rarities . . . all subjects all price ranges, Economical, prompt, intelligent service. 81,652 good books close as your mailbox. All inquiries answered. Catalogs issued. Send in your want list. Mere poverty need not prevent you from owning a magnificent library. H. H. Evans, 1157 Sutter, San Francisco 9, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WANTED quiet, aesthetic, intelligent girl to share Bloomfield, New Jersey apartment with ditto. Box 274-D.

EXPERIENCED BUSINESS-WOMAN, bookkeeper, 35; interested in permanent or seasonal position in Southwest. Please write for qualifications. Box 275-D.

LOVELY YOUNG LADY invites correspondence from fine, intelligent, personable man. Box 276-D.

COLLEGE PUBLICITY DIRECTOR and former combat infantry officer desires correspondence with spirited, cultured lady. Box 277-D.
LADY wishes to correspond with mature gentleman; exchange Spanish for English. Box 278-D.

YOUNG WOMAN equipped with energy, intelligence, good humor, past experience personnel, eager for stimulating, not stagnant, job with emphasis on human interest rather than high salary. Box 279-D.

WEEKEND, VACATION HIDEOUT, year-'round. Adorable alpine hut. Cuisine nearby Inn or potluck. Artist colony near Merritt Parkway (Conn.), couple preferred. European-traveled hostess. References. Box 280-D.

STUDENT, 24, versatile, reliable, wishes position as tutor, companion, governess, secretary, to travel abroad summer, 1949. Box 281-D.

YOUNG MAN needing a shoulder to lean upon, seeks feminine counterpart. Box 282-D.

HAVING TROUBLE, SANTA CLAUS? Here's the answer to your problem. . . . Story Parade Magazine. Fine stories for children 6 to 12, with lots of pictures, lots of color, puzzles, jokes, things-to-do, poems and special features. Many children actually prefer it to comics! Write now for Christmas gift card with subscription. $3.00 one year, $5.00 two years, $7.00 three years. Story Parade, SR, North Road, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

VIEW THE WAR between the States in the panoramic pages of Brady-Miller's, "Photographic History of the Civil War," 10 huge volumes with hundreds of actual on-the-spot photographs, text, $57.50. Also Harpers Weekly, 1861-65, 5 bound volumes, 250 weekly issues, profusely illustrated, text, $87.50: Also New York Tribune, 1861-65, 20 elephant folio-bound volumes, over 1500 separate issues, day-by-day report of battles, $575. Box 270-D.

WOMAN, 42, would like to be of service in motherless home. Box 283-D.

WOULD MAGNANIMOUS FEMME dedoldrumize epistolary male interested geography, photography, psychiatry, farming? Box 284-D.

BOOKMAN, 34, transferring to New York early January wishes share apartment with couple or rent 1½-2 rooms. Box 285-D.

YOUNG LADY, college grad; experienced research, types; seeks interesting part-time position as physician's, art dealer's, writer's or commercial assistant. N.Y.C. Box 286-D.

SETTEMBRINI invites cloistered Gastorps, Chauchats exchange disquisitions on teeming, hyperesthetic world of phthisis. Box 287-D.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS (over 100 dealers in 27 cities thruout the world) invites your inquiries. Send lists, or mention interests. TAAB, 529 S. Melville St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MILLINERY—Your pet hat Reblocked, Remodeled. Fur hats, felts, made to order. Miss Ruth, 66 Fifth Ave., 3rd Floor, N.Y.C. GRamercy 5-4196.

CARIBBEAN SUNSHINE ALL WINTER IN LOVELY JAMAICA. Completely modern 3-bedroom, 2-bath, stucco-home, sunporch, high in north-coast hills available by the month. Separate house for gardener, 2 domestics. For details write Box 288-D.

PROFESSIONAL WRITER, published books, formerly featured writer important newspaper; seeks individual with flair as patron plus means to advance $1500 research financing, important biography well advanced in work. Exchange 15% of book royalties. Details. Box 289-D.

WOULD DIVORCEE OR WIDOW with child like to share her apartment with divorcee with small child in or near Chicago? Box 290-D.

VETERAN, young, challenges anyone for assignment demanding complete submission and devotion to duty. Must be an honorable project, nothing frivolous. Foreign-born, honest, hard-working, self-sufficient, discreet. Have graphic arts training. Box 291-D.

INFANT NURSE, housekeeper, governess, cook—competent, and experienced. Can also serve as secretary, Katherine Gibbs certified. College woman with daughter seeks live-in position. Own child can attend private kindergarten. Box 292-D.

JOB-GETTING LETTERS—For Outline of What to Write—mail $1. MATILDA ROGERS, Job Resume Specialist, 240 West 73 St., N.Y.C. 23.

MAMMOTH PAPERSHELL PECANS. 5 to 50 lbs. 60¢ lb. prepaid. Over 50 lbs. 50¢ lb. express collect. Samples furnished. Umfress Pecan Orchards, Helena, Arkansas.

WANTED UNFURNISHED APARTMENT—1½–2 rooms, East Side-Village, N.Q.C. Maximum $50 month. WAtkins 4-1889. WAtkins 4-3286.

WRITER, TRAVELER, photographer welcomes correspondence from liberal-minded girl interested in life s diversions. Box 293-D.

AMOUR DU FRANCAIS? Speak French in 12 lessons. Also advanced. Parisienne. LExington 2-0521.

WANTED—Junior Partner under 35. Established business in imported books. Education, personality, character, enthusiasm. After trial period must be able to invest. Samuel J. Hume, Berkeley 8, Calif.

PUBLISHING POSITION WANTED. '43 Bryn Mawr graduate, research, editing experience. OSS Europe and N. Y. organization. Fluent French, German, Spanish. Best references. N.Y.C. Box 294-D.

LOVELY 7-room furnished home, garage, overlooking ocean. Rent to May 1st. $85 a month. Marion Smith, 12 New York Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J.

YOUNG GIRL, Anglophile, invites correspondence imaginative man about British literature, movies, customs. Box 295-D.

PSYCHOLOGIST, fanciful, feminine, vivacious, whimsical, surrounded by other people's problems, wishes to maintain balance by correspondence with professional man, mature and relatively stable. Box 297-D.

REGISTERED NURSE: Treatments, Irrigations, you; home—hourly. TRafalgar 7-6137—Service 24 hours.

GRATIS comfortable home in Quaker community, semi-country, near Philadelphia for woman willing to share its duties and pleasures with elderly female in good health. Employee not desired, but financial allowance could be arranged. Not too talkative please. References exchanged. Box 298-D.

GENTLEMAN would discuss the enduring, the good, the true. Like-minded miss respond? Box 299-D.

LADY with varied interests would enjoy corresponding with interesting gentleman. Box 301-D.

BUSINESS WOMAN, mature, many interests, seeks correspondence sincere, mature gentleman. Box 302-D.

ATTRACTIVE FEMME, rich in experience, happy in career, young in heart, would correspond with sensitive, mature, successful man, also lonely. Box 303-D.

HI STRANGER! Let youngsters on your Christmas list climb up on the corral gate at the T Double A Ranch in Arizona and watch Puncher train his colt "Tamale." Let them ride with Puncher on cattle drives, watch Indian dances and follow wild Arizona trails through Puncher's letters. Five illustrated letters for One Dollar. Sample letter twenty cents. Every boy and girl wants this year's Puncher letters. First letter and gift card arrive for Christmas. Puncher, T. Double A Ranch, Camp Wood Route, Box 3-S, Prescott, Arizona.

EXPLORE EXOTIC TEA FLAVORS in the special Caravel "Taste Test" Assortment. 16 choice varieties—Blacks, Greens, Oolongs; from India, Ceylon, China, Japan. Attractive package with unique gift appeal. $2.50, postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal-Business assignments, representations undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

YOUR NAME (or other lettering) on one dozen quality pencils, $1 postpaid. Box 305-D.

DISK JOCKEY would correspond with piquant lass about anything except music, show business. Box 306-D.

COPYWRITER, young woman, seeks position top-notch training possibilities. Editorial, retail experience. Salary Secondary. Box 307-D.

PARTNER WANTED restore and develop rare Southern Verman;, eighteenth-century mansion informal international vacation place or headquarters, interesting group activities. Box 308-D.

VETERAN, MALE, athletic, interested in Arts and Psychiatry, invites interesting correspondence. Box 309-D.

MATURE GIRL, pleasant, interested in languages, literature, invites correspondence with cosmopolitan gentleman. Box 310-D.

WRITER-EDITOR — NEWSPAPERS, magazines, books, Unusual ability, experience. Secretary. Full, part-time. Box 312-D.

GIRL interested British literature, drama invites correspondence young man of similar interests. Box 296-D.

UNDERSTANDING, personable female, mature, interested books, world events, occasional frivolity. Similar male, please write! Box 313-D.

FOLLOW IN THE ETHICAL-DIETETICAL FOOTSTEPS in these great vegetarians—Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Alexander Pope, Shelley, Voltaire, Gandhi, Richard Wagner, Tolstoi, Thoreau. Free details. Box 133-D.

YOUNG MALE ARTIST desires change of job. Diversified background. Will consider anything—artistic or not. Box 315-D.

GIVE A BRITISH MAGAZINE FOR CHRISTMAS! Write today for our classified catalog of over 1000 British magazines, technical journals and trade papers. All subscriptions direct from England to you and your friends. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35th St., N.Y.C. 16.

PHYSICIAN'S COUNTRY HOME, until June, $100 monthly. Ideal for artist or convalescent seeking quiet and rest. Located in Shavangunk Mts., 67 miles from George Washington Bridge, N.Y.C., 9 from Middletown. Altitude 1500 ft. Large living room, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 toilets. Excellent oil heat, attractive, modern furnishings—superb views. Owner: RHineland 4-1150 N.Y.C. or Box 320-D.

USE YOUR HOME as magazine subscription station. Represent all magazines. Liberal commissions—we supply everything. Big Christmas business ahead. Catalog, full details, free. McGregor Magazine Agency, Dept. 28, Mount Morris, Illinois.

A PLEASANT SMILE and 50¢ will admit you to unique refreshment party where dancing, singing, marching, talking, learning World Government you can help bring World Peace. Eight (8) P.M., Monday, December 13, Community Church, 40 East 35 St., MUrray Hill 3-4780. Murray Hill Chapter, United World Federalists.

ARE YOU SEEKING A GOOD GOVERNMENT JOB? Do you yearn for security, complacency, and absurdity? Are you drawn inexorably toward the Bureau of Hybrid Corn? Then familiarize yourself with the new manual of government writing which tells you how: Federal Prose: How to Write in and/or for Washington, by Masterson and Phillips. $1.25 at your bookstore or from The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N.C.

HARRISON SHORTHAND COURSES by correspondence: hobby, personal note-taking, executive use. Male instructors (reporters). Inquiry invited. Box 110-D.

VACATIONS

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. VALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida.

YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

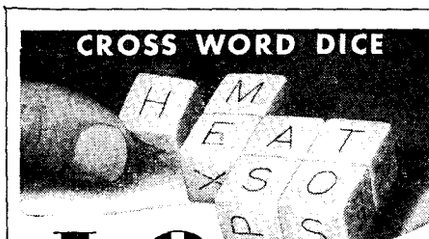
GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

APPLE HILL farmstead, built 1762, again offers warm informality, modern conveniences. From $140 monthly inclusive. Special rates: writers, artists, couples. Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

LANIER (on the Piscataqua) Eliot, Maine. Food, lodging, gardens, pines, salt-river beach.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come see for yourself. Accommodates 55, 29th season. Rates, $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.

WAITING FOR A WEDDING? Planning's fun when you include Lake Placid's delightful HOTEL MARCY in your honeymoon plans. Write for free booklet.



I·QUBES

EXCITING NEW GAME FOR PUZZLE FANS

More fun than a barrel of puzzles! Seven dice, lettered in red and black—all in a compact leather case. Master the simple rules. Then—let 'em roll! Now see how many crosswords you can make. One person can play—or a roomful. It's fascinating at parties, at home, travelling—anywhere! Get I-Qubes at your favorite store, or send $2.50 to sole distributors, M. Wille, Inc., Dept. R-3, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Dealer inquiries invited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED